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of
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MICHIGAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, ANTIQUITY, & TRADITION

CHIEFLY NORTHERN

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER LOWSON

ALL EVER PUBLISHED.

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PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

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INVOCATION.

" O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent ;
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content ;
And Oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle."

WE promise our readers that they will from time to time find in our magazine many entertaining and amusing gleanings from the waysides of literature relating to Scotland in the days that are gone.—Descriptions of old Battlefields, and Castles, Keeps and other ancient remains—Extracts from rare old manuscripts and books—Effusions of the olden muse, with illustrative notes—Articles on ancient manners, habits, laws, and customs—Historical and biographical sketches of Scotland's notable sons and daughters —and likewise Tales, Legends and Traditions of mountain, flood and field.

A New Year's Greeting to Readers of "Caledonia."

"A GUID New Year to ane an' a,"
Wi' routh of health an' wealth an' love!
An' for a' blessings, great an' sma',
Be thankfu' to the powers above!
Come let us crack on early days,
An' a' the pleasures we had then;
Tho' we who ran about the braes,
Alas! are women grown and men.

In days langsyne our freens o' yore
Met round the ingle, bleezin' bricht,
A' leal, wi' meat an' drink galore,
An' sangs an' tales the lee-lang nicht;
An' ilka hoose was snod and clean,
An' ilka neebour, neebour dear;
An' a were happy, morn and e'en,
In honour o' a leal New Year.

Frae hoose to ha' jocund they went,
For weeks on end a feast was held;
On happiness a' hearts were bent
In days o' yore, when *merts* were felled.
An' oh! hoo dear were neebours then,
Thro' weal, thro' woe, wi' eident care—
Ane wid borrow, ane wid lend—
The fowk noodays hae nocht to spare.

Games o' yore noo hae nae marrow—
Greasy poles nae native grapples,
Nae hurlin' noo o' the blin' barrow,
Nae bread, nae bun, nae apple raffles.
Ball shootin's, as in days gane by—
The last auld relic o' the past,
For drink and gamblin' on the sly—
Enjoyment to the wind is cast.

Gie ony day in a' the year
A heeze to keep oor hearts a' soond;
Frae first to last let it draw near,
It canna come owre af'en roond.
Let feasts an' seasons ha'e some aim
Aye for our guid, ne'er for oor ill,
For ilka year we're nearer hame,
Where perfect love our cup shall fill.

By The Editor.

No. I.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, POET.

"Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made His Prophets Poets."—*Bailey.*

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is perhaps the best known, and also one of the best loved, men in Scotland. Men of all Churches, and of all shades of political opinion, have a kind feeling for, and a good word to say, of the genial Professor of Greek.

His benevolence is so great, his shrewd common-sense remarks so pungent, his love for the whole human family so undoubted, that every one who knows the Professor, as Lecturer, Poet, and Scottish Home Ruler, is bound to love and admire the boisterous, breezy genius of this young man of eighty-five. No! he will never grow old; his mind is as fresh, and young, and buoyant, as it was forty years ago.

He cannot be called a typical Scotsman: he is a citizen of the world—variable as a Frenchman, metaphysical as a German, and musical as an Italian. Fergus Mackenzie said truly of him the other day, when speaking of him in the class-room:—"Imagination

and fancy, enthusiasm for great ideals, pathos, humour, fine insight into men and books, far-seeing knowledge of life, scorn, indignation, tenderness, came in flashes from the old man eloquent in the course of one brief hour. A heroic note from Plutarch, a deep thought of Plato, a happy character of Sir Walter's, some sturdy deed of Knox's, filled up the time delightfully to some students, foolishly to others, and it was only in after years that they began to reap the harvest of these desultory conversations. Then they recognised they had been getting wisdom instead of Greek." And, more than all, what makes the name of Professor Blackie so dear to every Scotsman, is the fact that his patriotism knows no limit—sometimes expressed in fervid prose, sometimes gushing forth in tuneful numbers. In a recent contribution to "Old Ebony," this patriotism finds vent in verse that rolls like the torrent that dashes from the rocks of our native mountains:—

"Praised be God! no race of crouching
Slaves is bred on Highland hills,
'Neath the sweep of snow-capped mountains,
Gusty glens, and tumbling rills.
Not a race of foundled children,
Basking 'neath a southern sun,
Sleeping half the day, and thankful
When their span of work is done,

But a race of men, strong-hearted,
Deedful, daring, fearless men;
Finding dear delight in wrestling
With the storms that shake the Ben—
Men for every chance well bucklered
That man may meet beneath the sky;
And for every prize the noblest,
Bravely sworn to do or die.

Such were they who made proud Edward
Pay presumption's lawful meed,
When he marched with bristling legions
To enslave the Scottish Tweed.
Many wives and many mothers
Then his folly taught to mourn,
When, like dust, his thousands fled
From kilted Scots at Bannockburn."

John Stuart Blackie was born on the 28th July, 1809, in the city of Glasgow. His father was a Border man, belonging to the little town of Kelso. When the subject of our sketch was about

three years of age the family removed from Glasgow to Aberdeen, where his father acted as the first agent of the Commercial Bank of Scotland. So we find that the Granite City of the north had the honour of teaching young Blackie his letters. At the age of twelve he was sent to the Aberdeen University. Here he had the best grounding in Latin that Scotland of that day could give. He came to the College of Edinburgh when he was fifteen, and was fortunate in having as his Professor the great "Christopher North," poet, philosopher, and humorist, perhaps the greatest man Scotland has produced since Burns. After five years' study in Edinburgh, chiefly literature and divinity, Blackie went to Germany to study languages. He told Arthur Warren the other day, in a few sentences, the history of this time:—

"There was Niebuhr, the biggest man Germany has produced; and there was Bunsen, the greatest man I ever knew for all-round culture. Bunsen looked like Goethe. I told him so, and I found that others thought so. But Bunsen had a sweeter mouth than Goethe. My father's teaching, the nature God gave me, and Bunsen's influence, have been the great shaping forces of my life. Goethe I never saw, but I studied him, and I knew him. In that German town I saw and heard many of the greatest thinkers. The recommendations of those learned German ones procured my appointment as Professor of Latin Literature at Aberdeen University. I was "called" at the age of twenty-five, but I was not meant for a lawyer, and I abandoned my briefless career at the age of thirty. I taught at Aberdeen till 1852, when I was appointed Professor of Greek at the University of Edinburgh. Thirty years later I retired from the Professorship. That is the story of my life."

His real life is to be found in his books—in his "Self-Culture," where he teaches that "the great art of the teacher is to teach people to teach themselves;" in his "Life of Burns," which is free from the cant which so disfigures all biographic sketches of the Ayrshire ploughman; in his metrical translation of Goethe's "Faust," where we have one genius putting the thoughts of another into another language—never well done unless, but seldom to be found; in his "Homer and the Iliad," a grand work at which he laboured for ten years. He also lives in his lectures—"Bonnie Prince Charlie," "Scotch Songs," "The Philosophy of Love," "Scottish Nationality," &c., &c.

I had the pleasure of hearing him deliver the two first-named, and a finer intellectual treat I never had before nor since. It was not so much the lectures themselves, but the unique digressions he treated his audience to every five minutes or so, on nearly every topic under the sun. And then there was the sterling, earnest enthusiasm of the old man, with his utter abhorrence of all cant and humbug, his bitter contempt for what he called gentility. And then, in the middle of a period of fervid eloquence, he would burst into song, waving his arms and stamping his feet like a boy of sixteen. For the time one forgot he was listening to a man upwards of eighty.

Some years ago, while lecturing in Glasgow on a Sunday, his subject being, if I remember aright, "The Philosophy of Love," he was extolling the great excellence of the love songs of Scotland, when, in his fervour, he burst out singing, "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!" His audience applauded him to the echo; but what a terrible shock the "unco guid" got when the fact was recorded in the newspapers next day. The due observance of our Scottish Sabbath is strict, very strict; but Professor Blackie doubtless is of the opinion that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

His lecture on "Scottish Nationality," which he delivered to the Perth Gaelic Society, in the year 1891, is brimful of common-sense, perhaps sometimes somewhat grotesquely expressed. The subject matter is so well suited for the pages of our magazine, that I will take the liberty of summarising what he said.

Their national character was their noblest inheritance, and if they began not to respect themselves they would be despised by the whole world. He said to them, as an old man of eighty-one years and seven months, to beware and preserve their nationality—always to keep themselves out and out, through and through, thoroughly Scottish. There was little or nothing of the Scottish element in Scottish education. Not a single lecture on Scottish history was given in Edinburgh. He maintained that national music was the proper nourishment of national character. The root of all nationality was the mother tongue. The real language that nourished characters like Burns or Scott, or the men who fought at Waterloo, was the national poetry and the mother tongue. He had seen many who could not, and would not, sing a Scottish song—they said they were too high set. It was said it was vulgar to use

the Scottish tongue. He told them that the Scottish dialect was the musical dialect of the English language. He knew half-a-dozen languages scientifically, and the English was the most barbarous, hotch-potch, mixty-maxty of all. Then the English were so conceited. There was no more pretentious beast than John Bull. Gaelic, they said, was hoarse and guttural. They did not know the beautiful Greek language, the most musical of all languages, was full of the guttural "ch." The mother tongue was the key to the hearts of the people. They were, he said, in great danger of losing their nationality, because Scotsmen going to London flunkified to John Bull. London was a monstrosity. Let Scottish business be transacted in Edinburgh, and Imperial business be done in London. If they did not make a bold stand as a nation they would become a mere province of England; they would be swept out of the memory of Europe.

There are many amusing anecdotes told of the Professor, his high spirits, and his kind, laughing, buoyant nature. Everybody has heard the good story told by Dr. Stodart Walker, but it is so good and characteristic that it will bear another telling. One day Professor Blackie caused a notice to be written on the blackboard of the class-room, stating that "Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day." The story continues that a wag of a student, entering the room after, very unkindly rubbed out the letter *C*. Still, furthermore, so runs the anecdote, the Professor himself enters, and, seeing the obliteration of the *C*, immediately proceeded to wipe out the *L*.

This wonderfully versatile old man, who is now in his eighty-fifth year, has in his time done much good work for the world. He has written, if we count pamphlets, between thirty and forty volumes, on a great variety of subjects—all bright and good and healthy reading. By his voice and pen he obtained the sum of £10,000, with which he founded the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University. He has trained many men to be ornaments to society, and useful to mankind. Now, when he has become aged, he has troops of friends, and a host of devoted, grateful followers. Truly, truly, a fitting reward for a well spent-life.

A LOVE STORY OF TO-DAY.

By JAMES STURROCK,

Author of "Sketch of Dr. Norman Macleod," "Sermons on Scottish Song," "The Prince's Charm," &c.

"Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun or star,
Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast."
Wordsworth's "Laodamia."

CHAPTER I.

"We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness."—
Shelley, "On Love."

CHRISTMAS was drawing near—merry Christmas! with its glad memories and bright hopes—when one particular Friday night, as David Graham sat alone reading before a cosy parlour fire, his old friend, Allan Marchmont, knocked gently at the door and stept in. David was always delighted to see Allan, and very naturally too, for they had been bosom friends and companions ever since they sat together on the same form at school.

Both were natives of Lochdale, a royal burgh in the north-east of Scotland, whence they came to Glasgow nearly six years ago, and within a few weeks of each other. Both were promising young men about twenty-five years of age; tall, well made, good-looking fellows.

Graham was fair and somewhat ruddy, with a rich light brown beard; his forehead was broad, smooth, and well rounded at the temples. In quiet moods his large, deep-grey eyes were thoughtful

and dreamy, but they would flash with fire and merriment in the presence of gay company.

Marchmont had dark hair and a pale olive complexion; his head was moderately high and long; his brain, however, was fine, and his clear fresh blue eyes reflected a superior practical intelligence, lively feelings, and a keen sense of humour. Though he had only a slight moustache, his was one of those pale classic faces which require no whiskers to set them off.

Graham was now the manager of one of the departments in the warehouse of Mercer & Co., general drapers. Marchmont had passed as a Procurator, and was chief clerk in the office of Sharp, Easy & Stately, solicitors.

Graham knew very little about law, and Marchmont as little about drapery. In some important points of character, too, they differed widely; yet these two friends had much in common, and each seemed to be the complement of the other.

Marchmont was in capital spirits this evening, and it was soon evident that he was very desirous that Graham should go home with him to Lochdale at the New Year. After the usual enquiries about health and mutual friends, "My dear fellow," said Marchmont, "you are living in clover. Here you are in your own sanctum, with all your choice books and your fiddle within easy reach of you. The time is your own. You can read what you like, and do what you like. Happy man! Compare your studies with mine, and be thankful. Ah, well, merry Christmas will soon be here." Then slapping his friend affectionately on the knee, he exclaimed, "My dear fellow! Are you going home at the New Year?"

"I don't know yet; I'm just considering the matter," answered Graham cautiously.

"You should go, man. Just think of it—Friday—Saturday—Sunday—(counting slowly on the points of his fingers): remember we won't get such a chance again in a hurry."

"It would be very tempting if Lochdale wern't such a dull place in winter. Are you going?"

"Certainly! Why, it will be like a week's holiday."

They were earnestly discussing the matter when some one tapped at the door. It was the landlady, to say that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Graham for a minute.

Graham excused himself to Marchmont, and left the room.

"Then you have quite decided upon going?" said Marchmont,

after some further talk, on Graham's return. The Christian sentiments of the season had quickly turned the scale. Though Glasgow was more attractive than Lochdale at the New Year, Graham had resolved to deny himself for the sake of others, and replied emphatically—

"Most certainly."

"Then give me your hand. We'll go home together."

"Agreed," said both; and ratified the engagement by a hearty shake of the hand.

"The fire is low," remarked Graham; "we have been quite oblivious of it during the heat of our debate."

After putting on coals he went to a side table, and lifted a large jug.

"Hallo! What's that? a Roman jug?" cried Marchmont, "one would think so from its nose. You recollect Artemus Ward said, 'I could cry like a child over a jug a thousand years old, especially if a Roman one?'"

Graham laughed. Pouring out the liquor—it was only buttermilk—in a tumbler. "Here, Allan, take a draught of that for auld langsyne. It will remind you of The Haws."

Marchmont, being dry, took a big drink; smacked his lips, winked, and showed other signs of enjoyment. "Zounds, old boy, but that's rare stuff."

"Not bad for Glasgow. You mind the delicious nectar we used to get from Sally at The Haws, with the sweet golden flakes of butter among it? Of course, this couldn't compare with it; still it is good and fresh. I call it the poor man's claret." Waving his arm,

> "Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,
> Sweet was his mutton, and his claret good."

"Now, Allan, you like plain fare. There you have cheese and butter from The Haws, and biscuits and jam from Lochdale. You see how liberally my people furnish my table, and yet I—ungrateful dog!—would hesitate about going to see them at the New Year. Help yourself."

"Many thanks. Well, I must say, the buttermilk is good kitchen to biscuits and cheese. I shall keep a supply too."

After supper, Marchmont said, "Here is a curiosity I have brought; I had almost forgotten it." Unfolding a paper: "This is the draft of a love letter which Jonathan Weathercock gave me to-day for perusal. You remember the old clerk in our office who

writes poetry—that is Weathercock. The gay old boy handed me this, saying, 'Take it home and read it; don't let any one in the office see it.'"

"Oh! I shall be keen to hear it," cried Graham eagerly, rubbing his hands briskly.

"To let you appreciate the epistle better, I must explain that the poet affects to be in love with a handsome young lady, who passes the office nearly every day about twelve o'clock. They tell me that as the hour approaches he gets restless, and fidgets about on his stool 'like a hen on a het girdle.'

"To proceed, however, with the epistle," said Marchmont, clearing his throat affectedly; "Lend me your ears—listen to this seraphic strain—

"My dear Miss W * * * * *

You may remember the gentleman who had the pleasure of picking up the book you let fall one day last week. It was I, your humble servant.

The little incident may have slipt from your memory, but on mine it is stamped in letters of gold. Oh, that I were a book of yours, to be caressed by your soft white hands, and to bask in your sweet smiles. Foolish books! they know not how enriched they are when near you—they feel not the glory which gilds their pages when your bright eyes shine on them.

Ah, how well I remember the matchless way you thanked me: it would have made your fortune on any stage. Speech like yours 'sounds as if it should be written on satin;' your musical 'thank you' sings in my ear like an air from heaven, while the accompanying angelic smile haunts me night and day."

"Eh! Master David—you ardent lady worshipper—what think you of the gay Jonathan?"

"He'll do: an old stick burns fiercely."

"Oh, but that isn't the half of it—read the rest to yourself till I set my pipe agoing."

"What a gush!" exclaimed Graham, after finishing the document, as he met Marchmont's smiling gaze, now smoking serenely.

"Yes, a fine piece of verbal flower work," answered Marchmont.

"Very showy, indeed," rejoined Graham, glancing over the manuscript again; "comes more from the fancy than the heart, I think. Certainly an extraordinary letter to send to a lady—an entire stranger. Do you really think he despatched it?"

"I cannot say. I hope not. I should have told you that when Weathercock handed me the scroll, he also remarked, 'I cannot

stomach the letters you lawyers write: they are husks only fit for swine! Now, there's the sort of thing in which the soul of a man can find ample scope and pleasure.'"

"That is perhaps a key to it, Allan. The poet is disgusted, and no wonder, with your legal style, and has given you here a specimen of letter-writing after his own heart. His admiration for the lady, I believe, is quite sincere, and he has only relieved his pent-up feelings by expressing them. But who is Miss W.? Who is the peerless beauty who hath waked the poet's sigh? I see a number of stars after the W; quite a constellation in fact, hiding the fair lady's name."

"Five stars in all," said Marchmont; "I counted them—for I was curious to guess her name—six letters in all. But I could make nothing of it. Some day, however, the number of the stars may form a clue."

"Singular being! Weathercock. I should like much to be introduced to him."

"That can easily be done. After we return from Lochdale I shall ask him up to my lodgings some evening; he will be glad to come; and if he will drink a little toddy, we may expeet some amusement."

"Very good—capital! I wish you would invite Joshua Leadbetter too; he would sing a love-song—quite the thing for Weathercock."

"Certainly I shall tell Joshua to come—he would enjoy the fun immensely."

"Thank you. We shall have a rare night of it." After a meditative pause, "I WONDER WHO IN ALL THE WORLD MISS W. IS!"

Well, Weathercock in that letter, you see, terms her a sweet girl graduate—in plain language, I suppose she is either a student or a teacher—more than that I cannot tell you. And as to whether he ever despatched a fair copy of this letter, I rather think not. I'll tell you why. He was speaking to me the other day about a married lady whom he esteems very highly. He had passed her house the previous evening after dark, and he could not resist looking up at the windows, and ceremoniously doffing his hat! I asked him, what earthly good lifting his hat would do? the lady did not see him, or even know that he was passing, 'Oh, it doesn't matter for that,' he replied quickly, with feeling. *Ergo*, the man who could lift his hat to a lady in secret could also indite a letter to one without the least intention of sending it."

After some further discussion relative to the letter, Marchmont looked his watch, and finding it was later than he expected, at once rose to take leave.

Before separating, they arranged to have another meeting to settle about the homeward journey.

After seeing Marchmont to the door (off the premises they humorously called it) Graham resumed his seat by the fire, and mused. Looking dreamily at the fading embers, he said to himself, "Poor Weathercock! how I pity him. Another soul out of its sphere: a lawyer's office is no meet nurse for a poetic child—Marchmont, though a clever, good fellow—and a merry, cannot fully understand the poetic soul: he hath no wings to cleave the empyrean."

CHAPTER II.

"Anticipation forward points the view."

Burns.

"And so it is settled about going home," said David Graham to himself before going to bed after the delightful evening he had spent with Marchmont. "I am glad to-morrow is Saturday—yes I shall write to my father to-morrow afternoon, he would get it no sooner though I wrote it just now, and posted it in the morning."

"What does my father say?" reads his letter; 'we shall be very glad to see you at the New Year, if you find it convenient.' "There's a fine door of escape, if I had liked. My dear father! how unselfish you are. Well, I shall certainly try and make it convenient."

After going to bed, and before falling asleep, he was greatly charmed by hearing the Waits, on the quiet street, playing the *Adeste fidelis.* It gave such a sweet flavour to his new born happiness.

On Saturday, after tea, he penned the following letter to his father.

Miss Drysdale's,
45 WAVERLEY PLACE,
GLASGOW, *19th December, 18—.*

My dear Father,

I duly received your letter. Many thanks for your cordial invitation home at the New Year. You may be sure I shall try to come, and I do sincerely trust nothing will prevent me—not even a snow storm—so much would I like to spend two or three days in the old home. Only one who, like myself, has been away for half a dozen years

and living in lodgings, can realize the wondrous charm of being once more under the paternal roof. I fully expect it will be convenient for me, and certainly I shall leave no stone unturned so as to get away.

Allan Marchmont was up seeing me last night, and we had such a pleasant talk about going north. Allan said his mind was quite made up; he was bent on the journey 'weather permitting fither or no,' as the Aberdeen carter put it. So we shall go home together. Won't it be delightful?

Kindly tell grandfather that Marchmont and I will be along at The Haws on first Saturday of the New Year. I am eager to see how the dear old farm is looking in mid winter. And the everlasting hills, too, in their mantles of snow, will be grand. Even in winter nature is beautiful to the artistic eye, but yet I would not much care just now for being at the other side of Ben Katelow. I shall be content to admire the noble Ben at a discreet distance.

How happy I shall be if I find the folks at home all well and in good spirits—not, of course, forgetting my particular friend old Sally, who will rejoice to get another blink of her favourite. But I must stop: a friend has just called. Other news when we meet.

Please tell Robert (he likes to hear from his big brother) that I shall answer his letter very soon. With kindest love to you all.

I am,

Your very affectionate son,

DAVID GRAHAM.

Mr. MATTHEW GRAHAM,
Bookseller and Stationer,
LOCHDALE.

CHAPTER III.

"O thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Marlowe.

"But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever."

Burns.

After Graham had written to his father, the current of his thoughts was homeward bent. His mother wished him to try and leave Glasgow by the two o'clock train, and thus accomplish the half of the journey in daylight. David replied that both he and Marchmont were to endeavour to start at that hour. But they did not manage it. Marchmont came up to Graham's lodgings, on the evening preceding Hogmanay, and told him that a crotchety old lady had taken it into her head to have her will signed before the year expired, and that Mr. Sharp, who was going out of town, had

asked him to attend to the lady when she called. There was no help for it but to take the four o'clock train.

"We can drop a line to our folks to-night telling them when to expect us," said Marchmont, "they'll get it to-morrow forenoon sometime."

"That will do nicely," answered Graham, "I'm quite glad that my mother will go to bed to-night still in the happy belief that we are to arrive at tea-time,"

"Yes, I am sure it will be jollier going by the four o'clock train, for it will then be dark," said Marchmont, rubbing his hands with glee. "Does not your favourite poet, Longfellow, say some fine things about the evening lamps being lighted.

"So he does. Upon my word, Allan, what a man you are for striking the electric chord. But if I remember rightly, it is "*Ere* the evening lamps are lighted," that the poet sings of the "Footsteps of Angels."

"Never mind, my dear fellow, you may sit beside a wingless angel in the carriage, and make love to her under the dim lamp light."

"Ah, that would be a joy indeed; more especially if, in the after time, I could fondly say of her in the poet's words,

> And to me the being beauteous,
> Who unto my life was given,
> More than all things else to love me—

Time enough for what follows after we have met that fair saint on earth. She must be somewhere, you know, Allan."

"To be sure, she is; or you are to marry a girl more than twenty-five years your junior! Well, we shall see. I am sure the ladies will be franker in the lamplight. We must keep a sharp outlook for one or two nice girls."

"We must. It would be very pleasant indeed if we were successful. We shall do our best."

Graham and Marchmont expected the pleasure of their holiday to begin in the railway carriage. They were to enter one where there were some young ladies whose appearance promised some romantic entertainment on the long journey. No difficulty was anticipated in choosing their fair fellow travellers, provided they were both forward in good time.

In Graham's quiet cosy parlour it seemed so easy to walk along the platform, and pick and choose their companions, but when they

reached the station they discovered they had 'reckoned without their *host*. So it happened they found themselves bundled in among a bevy of mothers and babies. Hogmanay, however, not being the season for giving way to melancholy, they accepted the situation cheerfully, and soon found the 'overland route' to the heart of the mothers by toying with and praising their children.

At Perth Station twenty minutes were allowed. On alighting Graham and Marchmont hurried to the Refreshment Rooms, which they found full to overflowing, and, as they expected, drinking rather than eating prevailed. Elbowing their way through the crowd they got to the far end of the counter, away from the liquor taps. Soon they caught the eye of one of the barmaids, who, smilingly, brought them coffee and sandwiches.

"Now I feel ready for an adventure," said Graham gaily on quitting the Refreshment Rooms. "Oh! if the being beauteous would only appear now, Allan."

"Hardly worth while for all the distance. I wouldn't give a smoke at this moment—no—not to travel with a Countess."

On being assured that the Aberdeen train would not start for ten minutes yet, Marchmont lit his pipe and strolled along the platform.

Graham sat down and watched the bustling scene. Among the crowd he noticed the learned and popular Sheriff of Perth, and at once there flashed across his mind's eye the gay scene he had witnessed when incidentally on the same platform in Autumn last. What a change! Then the afternoon sun filled the station with a flood of warm light, and he was privileged to see the Prince and Princess of Wales and many of the nobility and gentry. Between the royal carriage and the dining saloon a crimson carpet was laid, on which a white gloved and swallow tailed guard of honour moved about, armed with shining batons; and the gay, elderly gentleman who delighted to chaff the young ladies pressing forward on the rope fence, eager and panting to catch a glimpse of Royalty, was the Sheriff alluded to—now alas! no more. Graham remembered well, after the Prince and Princess had stepped into their carriage after dining, how the pent-up emotions of some of the young ladies found vent in a gush of tears. Others sighed heavily, and envied the wedded bliss of the royal pair. In particular, he observed one handsome lady whose languid air and stately eyes seemed to betoken an empty heart—a heart still "thirsting after its likeness,"

and yearning to give it to some noble swain in exchange for his. Very touching to see the proud and haughty belle, conscious of her beauty, and that she was the cynosure of all eyes, looking somewhat wearily, as if she beheld nothing to admire, just such a lady as Alexander Smith, in his Life Drama, has so finely pictured; one who soothed herself to sleep with her own lute, who floated about the lake feeding her swans, and had nought to stir her blood unless she scolded her women thrice a day. Opulent but unhappy darling, her passionate cry was,

> Oh, empty heart!
> Oh, palace rich and purple chambered,
> When will thy lord come home?

On this Hogmanay the scene was changed. A motley crowd of the "lower ten" jostled each other in the gaslight. Their dress was sombre, and, in many cases, ill-fitting enough, but quite warm and comfortable, judging from the happy faces and the merry laughter. Graham's imagination, in Autumn, was kindled by the dazzling show of Royalty and the assemblage of youth and beauty, but on this eventful night his bosom throbbed with kindly feelings as he heard the broad northern accent, familiar to his ear in the old home; he rejoiced to think that, beneath the plain garb and rough exterior, there beat hearts as noble and as fond and true as ever palpitated under robes of silk and satin.

He sauntered towards one end of the station where it seemed quieter and the lights fewer. He almost started when he saw his shadow on the wall. Then, while retracing his steps, he remembered again Longfellow's lines, and, glancing at the tall grim shadows, he sighed, saying to himself; "Ah, but where is the being beauteous?" He was awakened from his reverie by two ladies moving past him in haste to catch the Dundee train. These were the Misses Thimble, two sisters, employed in the same warehouse as himself. He was glad to see them. They, too, were having a holiday—a much needed one. Poor and plain looking, what chance had they of a husband? Marriage was a happiness too great for them. Their only hope was a bigger wage and shorter hours. What a contrast to the lazy sybarite of the palace, stretching out her white hand to the warmed air, and wondering when her lordly sweetheart would come home. The poor Misses Thimble, if they ever dream of a husband—and, no doubt, they sometimes do—the longing of

their heart is of a more homely kind. In their hours of ease they may be heard cheering themselves with a popular song, the chorus of which has nothing to do with lords and earls, but is simply, "I wonder wha'll be my man!"

As Graham approached the bookstall he saw Marchmont waiting for him.

"Well, you've had a pleasant smoke, I hope."

"Delightful! Now you may ask any favour you like."

"Thank you. Then let us try for better luck this time."

Here the bell rang loudly, and the porters shouted that all passengers were to take their seats. Then followed a sudden rush to the carriages.

Graham and Marchmont joined the throng. The train was already pretty well filled. They opened a few doors without finding an empty seat; some of these doors they closed again reluctantly where they saw one or two fine young ladies. At length they were successful. Graham had opened a door and glanced in, saying to Marchmont, who was close by, "there's room for one here;" at the same time looking a mute appeal into the face of the lady next the door on the left side. Quickly interpreting his wish, her eyes beamed and she kindly edged up a bit. With a "Thank you" Graham sprang into the limited space thus set free, fearing to lose the seat by a moment's delay.

Marchmont quietly took the vacant seat opposite, apparently well pleased.

Graham was more than pleased—he was happy. The lady's face was one of the type he dearly loved. Apart from her good looks her courtesy was prepossessing. Some ladies with a spurious modesty would have thought it imprudent to make room for a gentleman, but this young lady had evidently enjoyed a wiser and a happier training. He will never forget her lambent smile and gracious movement in answer to his anxious look for a seat.

To accommodate a stranger she had made a sacrifice, for Graham, when he sat down, found there was just room for him and nothing more. He liked his seat all the better for that: he enjoyed the lady's proximity immensely. She was pressed closely up to his left arm—near his heart. How auspicious!

The snow—the expected snow—had come, indeed it was now falling heavily, causing some to fear there might be a block on the line; while others were delighted with the snow: it was so season-

able for Hogmanay. As for Graham, he was like Tam O'Shanter,

"The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle."

Since the snow began to fall the temperature had risen somewhat, but it was still cold and dark enough outside, so that the warm sense of comfort within made Graham nestle more snugly into his corner. Stimulated by the coffee and sandwiches he felt a delicious glow kindling within him, which was nursed by the genial surroundings and the pleasant thought of going home. But more than all was he charmed by the nice young lady, whose presence alone filled his heart with a sweet tranquil joy.

Lounging back in his seat, he meditated on his fair and amiable neighbour. As he peeped slyly towards her, all he saw were glossy braids of dark hair, a cheek, pale but smooth and plump and ready to dimple with smiles, and, in particular, he saw an extremely handsome ear. Unadorned with ring or pendant, that ear was a jewel in itself. He well knew that such a shape and texture—such fine and delicate convolutions—were the symbols of divine harmony.

"Who can tell" he said to himself "the angelic music to which that ear hath listened. How many God-fearing generations have gone to the moulding of that lovely gem? Hath it been daily tuned by the organ in the dim cloister? or by the rippling flow of a Highland stream, with all the woodland choir in full concert?"

He might have mused in this way a long time, but Marchmont broke the spell. He wanted to talk.

"Graham, when do you expect to be entered at Stationer's Hall?" This was a playful allusion to Graham's paternal roof.

"In an hour and a half or so—that is, if the snow don't hinder us."

"After you have entered Stationer's Hall, of course, all rights will then be reserved."

"Yes, to do as I please, and to eat and drink *ad libitum*."

"Ah! speaking about meat and drink, do you mind the feeding we had on board the Columba, sailing round the Kyles of Bute. At this festive season, what would one not give for a sailor's appetite?"

Marchmont delighted to recount his pleasure trips. Graham encouraged him to talk, now and then interjecting a humorous remark, and watching to see whether his fair neighbour were

interested. Her bright face looking towards them left no doubt of that, and he at once became animated, if not inspired. Leaving scenery, hotels, &c., they contrasted the characters and manners of the people of various nations—particularly the Scotch, English and French. In that theme there was more inherent eloquence for Graham, and he went into it *con amore*.

Marchmont contended that the French were very frank (he meant no pun) and were thus excellent travelling companions. "We Scotch," he continued, "are as a rule a dour lot with strangers —*dour*, yes, that is the word—now what is the use of wrapping ourselves up in a thick fold of reserve? why be so terribly clannish? Is not every man a brother? and is not every woman a sister?" glancing at the lady opposite, who smiled; "and does not our religion, of which we are so proud, exhort us to be kind to strangers, for thereby we may be entertaining angels unawares?"

Graham took up the weapons of defence. If he had a weakness, a pardonable weakness, it was to merit the virtuous approbation of the ladies. Now was the time to lodge himself in his fair neighbour's affections, and he thought he saw his way clearly.

He maintained that the gaiety of the French was hollow; they "made talk"—a poor apology for conversation—and their tongues were often mere tinkling cymbals. "The Scotch, on the other hand, have really something to say when they open their lips, and their words go straight to the heart." He concluded with a glowing panegyric on the many virtues of his fellow countrymen; their sincerity, their thoughtfulness, their patriotism, and the deep well of human affection behind all their reserve of manner."

After pausing a moment, Graham looked with flushed face towards the lady beside him, eager for her sympathy and support, then impulsively, yet softly, said—

"What is your opinion, Ma'm, please?"

A pleasant smile was all the answer.

"Do tell us, if you please," coaxingly uttered. "Don't you prefer the Scotch?"

"Yes, certainly. I've had a little experience of both the French and English in their own countries, but I like my own people best. But you know I may be too clannish!" glancing modestly and yet with charming humour across at Marchmont.

Graham turned triumphantly towards him. "Do you hear that?" he cried. But somehow or other that French partisan, for the

nonce, did not want to hear, and allowed his companion and the young lady to have it all their own way.

The train had now reached Woodside, a station beautiful with shrubs and flowers in summer, and Graham, after asking the lady's permission, opened the window and looked out.

"Well, Watchman! what of the night?" exclaimed Marchmont.

"Rather cold— sky murky, and the stars not up to their usual doin's, as Artemus Ward would say. But I see that the fairies have spread their snowy table-cloth for their banquet to-night."

It was the off window Graham was at, and seeing a boy with a branch of holly, he signalled him to approach.

"Will you sell me a bit of that holly? just a twig of it?"

The boy handed him a small branch.

"That's a fine fellow. Thank you"—handing him a few coppers.

Graham chucked in his prize with great glee. "We must have our Christmas decorations," he said archly; and proceeded to fix the sprig about the carriage lamp. Being a draper, the art of dressing was familiar to him. In a twinkling he saw that the neatest mode of adjusting the holly branch was to fasten it with a pin, which he instantly produced, as if he carried "the shop" about with him.

Marchmont watched the operation with an amused look, and as if coining something smart to say.

"I know, Graham, you would like very well if that were mistletoe, and that you were dodging about trying to catch a pretty lady under it."

"And perhaps I know some other body who would rival me in that bewitching game." Then looking at the lamp admiringly, "why, the dark yellow light and the green leaves appear to my fancy like the tiniest blink of an orange grove." Turning to the young lady, "Did you ever see oranges growing?" he blandly asked her.

"Oh, yes. I have had the pleasure of walking in an orange grove in the South of France."

"Ah, you have been highly favoured. And just fancy us—the like of us! home keeping-youths, who never crossed the Channel, prating about the manners of people in whose country we never set foot, and who know little or nothing about them at first hand. What presumption. I trust you will pardon us."

"Oh, no offence at all. I believe you both expressed the generally accepted opinions about the people you referred to.

After some farther talk, Graham and the young lady became quite gracious. Marchmont, who was not a lady's man, did not join the conversation, but sheltered himself behind a comic annual, and, alas, for the inconsistency of man, was thus practising what he had been condemning a minute or two ago; while his friend, wise man! was enforcing his arguments by showing what a Scotchman *can* do, when once the ice is broken.

Drawn out by Graham's questions and by his flattering attention, the lady told him some of the places she had visited while on the continent, and spoke also of the manners and customs of the people. She had the art of presenting the salient points of interest in few words and with fine picturesque effect, all the more attractive as there was no apparent effort or affectation about her style. It was charmingly natural. The dim light from the lamp—none the brighter for the holly decoration—and the drowsy looks of the other passengers, were all favourable for this quiet but delicious chat. No one (excepting Marchmont, of course) seemed to know or care that the young couple were strangers to each other—the happier for them! Her voice was low and sweet, and he felt serenely happy leaning slightly forward, looking up into her face with all the varied play of a loving intelligent soul beaming upon it. While looking at the stars at Woodside, he thought of her, and murmured to himself—

> "O thou art fairer than the evening air,
> Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

He could not help wondering who the lady might be, and what she might do. "A lady, who has been so much on the continent, now travelling alone in a third class carriage—at this season. How is that? Has she seen better days? Then a bright thought struck him, "perhaps she's a governess." That she might be so rendered her intensely more interesting to him.

Without a doubt she was exercising an extraordinary influence over him; he yielded himself entirely to the spell of the lady's presence, and to the thoughts and feelings that were surging and swelling within him regarding her.

After a brief silence, conversation was again resumed; in the course of which Graham exclaimed with subdued fervour:

"What an advantage you have over us in having beheld with the eye of sense so many grand sights. What looms in our imagination as mere shadows, are living realities in your memory

—clear and bright as the noon-day. I have enjoyed your descriptions very much, and thank you heartily for your kindness."

The lady smiled, and bowed graciously.

Graham looked his watch and glanced across at Marchmont; so absorbed had he been, he had taken no notice of him for some time.

That gentleman peeped slyly over his book and saluted Graham with one or two nods, which, freely translated, meant: "go it, old fellow; never mind me; you're doing very well," and then pretended to busy himself with a new page of comic pictures.

"You come from Glasgow—are you going far, may I ask," said Graham in his blandest tones to the lady.

"To Montrose," she answered frankly.

"No doubt some eye will look brighter when you come," he ventured to remark.

"I hope so," she whispered with charming naivete.

"Glasgow to Montrose—That's a long road to travel alone: you must be tired of it by this time?"

"Yes, it is somewhat tiresome; but I can't say that I have wearied since we left Perth."

"May I accept that as a compliment?"

A sweet smile lit up her countenance, conveying far more meaning than any spoken reply.

"You seemed to have no one to speak to—that must be my apology for intruding upon you. But after all"—smiling—"frankness is not a *bad* thing on a long and otherwise tedious journey."

"No, not *very* bad;" uttered with a decidedly humorous emphasis on very.

That touch of nature made them both kin.

"Lochdale will be here too soon," thought Graham, and sighed. Never had the journey from Perth been so pleasant, or seemed so short—and yet, in point of fact, thanks to Hogmanay and the heavy snow fall, the time on the road was really the longest in his experience—a most fortunate thing, considering the rare joy he had in the fair stranger's company. How he wished he were going all the way to Montrose with the lady. There was no help for it. Soon they must part—very likely for ever! What was to be said or done in the interval? How could he best crowd a lifetime into a few minutes? Might he ask her name, or address? No; modesty forbade: moreover, he had the instinctive feeling of a canny Scot that it would be injudicious to do so. Because the

lady had frankly entered into conversation with him, as a fellow-traveller, to vindicate, it might be, the charge of dourness laid against the Scotch, was it right or proper to intrude further than the courtesies of the journey permitted? He thought not; but wished very much he could have reasoned otherwise.

He actually trembled at the near prospect of parting from the lady: so deeply had she impressed him. Surely at last he had found his affinity; so much was he charmed with her face and conversation. Her beauty was not the showy kind which catches the vulgar gaze; she had not the peachy complexion which kindles the poet's frenzy; nor the golden locks which delight the painter. But to the discerning eye the lady's charms were of a high order; and Graham had the prophetic insight to appreciate these thoroughly. And yet he was not aware of her crowning charm until the lady opened her lips, and her sweet tones dropped from them like pearls. Beautifully white pearls, too, were visible when she smiled, and a bewitching dimple sported on her smooth and healthy cheek. Graham admired the face for its fine blending of strength and tenderness, intellect and good-nature. Just the kind of girl he had often thought of as an intellectual companion and a loving wife.

While engaged in talk with the lady, and as he felt how much she thrilled his being, these lines, which Marchmont and he had been quoting, recurred to him with tenfold significance—

> "No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

"Ah, indeed! How very well that sounds in Hamlet," he breathed inwardly; "but how different this evening is the reality—to me, at all events. Hath not this fairy taken my heart? Hath not this witch been endowed with power to charm? And this is Hogmanay—the Christmas season—so hallowed and so gracious is the time, forsooth! And that callous man opposite hath left Cupid to fire as many arrows as he pleased into this poor heart of mine. Well, well—I have done my duty—a very pleasant one. Still I wish that cool-headed lawyer had joined more in our conversation—then we might easily have arranged to cultivate the lady's acquaintance without either of us betraying a special interest. He is surely jealous of me—or indifferent, or both: just like him—always the refrigerator when a lady is in the case. I would hand her my card, but his eyes would be on me instantly; if I took out my card case.

What a pity there isn't a snow block and let him go out for a minute. Ah then, wouldn't I make it all right and secure with her!"

Graham looked his watch again, so concerned was he that the journey was nearly ended.

Turning to the lady he said: "I am sorry Lochdale will be here in a few minutes, where we must bid adieu. But I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon again in Glasgow."

"Thank you."

"I shall look out for you every time I am taking a walk. You are down the town pretty often, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. Generally on Saturdays I go into town to see the newest things in the shop windows."

"That is fine. We can hardly fail to meet each other some day."

While he spoke he looked intently at her face, as if trying to imprint it indelibly on his memory. He had never got a full view of it—only something like three-fourths of the lady's face being visible to him. Her hat, too, was worn well down on her brow. How would he be able to recognize the lady—say if meeting her full in the face, and she wearing a different style of hat? He saw the difficulty and immediately said—

"Would you kindly not pass by when you meet me, but stop and speak? I know that ladies are much quicker than gentlemen at recognizing their friends. May I ask you to do me that favour?

"Since you have asked me, I suppose I may try."

"Thank you very much. Now take a good look at me (turning fairly round, and smiling, quite regardless of Marchmont) so that like a detective you can say to yourself: '*I shall know that man again!*'"

The lady blushed and answered, "I'm afraid your photograph taken just now wouldn't be a good one to detect you by; the chances are you wouldn't be so animated and smiling."

"Then I must compose my features (makes an effort); now do I look grave and business like? (bursts into laughter). Its no use—my normal expression won't be forced."

The whistle sounded, the train was now within half-a-mile of Lochdale.

"Lochdale!" exclaimed Graham, with a nervous shiver, and on glancing at the lady, he noticed that her bright face had become suddenly clouded, as if she, too, was grieved to part. This marked evidence of reciprocal feeling touched him tenderly.

As the train slowed, he stooped down and pulled out from below the seat, what he supposed to be his own portmanteau. It was like his—the only apparent difference being a leather strap round this one, and it happened to intersect a written address. His quick eye caught thus much of the address—

MISS W , MONTROSE.

"Beg pardon," he said, hastily returning the portmanteau to its place, and securing his own, which he now remembered placing below the seat occupied by his friend Marchmont.

"Now we must say good-bye. I hope we shall meet soon again."

"Perhaps we may," she said, hopefully, holding out her hand.

Graham gave it a cordial pressure, which he felt was returned, and as their eyes met he trembled.

His father and his brother Robert were at the station waiting for him, and Marchmont's two sisters were waiting for their brother.

They all stood on the platform for a short time talking to each other.

In five minutes the train moved off into the darkness, carrying with it at least one bright spirit. As our hero gazed at the last carriage disappearing round the corner, he mentally ejaculated: "God bless you, my dear girl! May your journey be safe, and your welcome a hearty one."

Before the train left Lochdale, and while the other passengers in the carriage, just vacated by Graham and Marchmont, were gathered about the platform door looking out, the young lady, now known as Miss W, Montrose, rose and unpinned the sprig of holly. Gazing at it fondly, she smiled in wonder when she saw that the shining leaves were thornless: a bit from a high branch of the tree. Touching the holly softly with her lips, she then placed it in her bosom—henceforth to be cherished as a precious souvenir!

CHAPTER IV.

"One whom the strong sons of the world despise.
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
And mellow metres more than cent for cent."

Tennyson.

According to promise, Allan Marchmont invited Jonathan

Weathercock to his lodgings to have a tumbler of toddy and a chat with one or two congenial friends. Weathercock was delighted, and Friday evening, the 8th of January, was the date fixed upon for the little party.

Marchmont had been fortunate in falling in with an old school fellow of Weathercock's, from whom he obtained the full history of Jonathan's career, and also the loan of one of his photographs.

On the night previous to the party, Marchmont went up to Graham's lodgings to tell him all about Weathercock, and to show him the portrait. There he found Joshua Leadbetter, their common friend, who was also to be present at the convivial meeting.

After fully discussing Weathercock's history, and comparing it with his photograph, Marchmont said: "from his soft pensive expression perhaps you think there is no fun in old Jonathan, and that he cannot laugh—laugh! just wait till you hear him. If he does not make the roof reverberate, he will be in very low spirits indeed. After a night with him you can judge for yourselves if it was wise to send such a mercurial and poetical spirit to undergo the drudgery of a lawyer's office.

On Friday evening Graham and Leadbetter were both at Marchmont's at half-past seven. Graham brought his violin with him, as Marchmont wished the poet-clerk ushered in with music.

At eight o'clock, when Weathercock was expected, Graham began to play "Welcome, royal Charlie," his companions joining bravely in the chorus. All three were singing with great spirit—

"O! ye've been lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming;
O! he was lang o' coming,
Welcome, royal Charlie,"

when the door bell rang. The door being on the common stair the poet could not but hear the music. Graham laid down the fiddle. A clear bell-like voice was heard enquiring for Mr. Marchmont. It was Weathercock's.

On entering the room he immediately burst out: "Good evening, gentlemen, I heard the sweet sound of music, and I said to myself 'Surely there is joy to-night in this land.' But I did not expect to come to the very fountain-head of the music. Pray who has been charming the evening air in so sprightly a manner?"

"This is the musician—Mr. Graham—an old friend of mine—and Mr. Leadbetter, another chosen friend."

Weathercock shook the hands of his new friends very cordially, saying: "Gentlemen, I feel proud to be introduced to you." The poet's face was radiant at finding so merry a company, truly a feast to a solitary man like him.

The bell was rung and the servant girl appeared—a young thing in her earliest teens.

"Bring the brass kettle and hot water, if you please, Polly."

"Thank you," said Marchmont kindly, as the little girl placed the requisites for toddy on the table. "Put on coals now, Polly, like a good lass, and we won't trouble you again for a while."

"How pleasantly you address Polly," said Weathercock. "It does one good to hear you syllable her name."

"Ah, Mr. Weathercock, you should hear how Polly-syllables his name," cried Graham with glee.

"What, a pun! Gentlemen," said the host gaily, "let us drink to the prosperity of that jest, the first-born of this merry night. Mr. Weathercock, help yourself to this prime North Port, and may you be able to say 'His port I love.'"

After drinking and laughing at one joke or another, Mr. Leadbetter was called on for a song.

Whereupon the minstrel boy, as they termed him, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, took a sounding pipe from his waistcoat pocket. "Nothing like blowing your own trumpet," he remarked, meanwhile adjusting the pipe. "I don't pretend to be a scientific singer, Mr. Weathercock, and like sometimes to astonish the audience with a flourish of this trumpet before starting a song. It throws dust in the eyes of those charlatans who affect to tell you to a semitone the dual notes of the cuckoo. I have no patience with these cold scientific warblers. But this pipe strikes them dumb. They dare not criticise after the careful and elaborate way I pretend to pitch the keynote. All the rest, I assure you, are native wood notes wild. I shall try 'Bonnie Bessie Lee.'"

Having a fine tenor voice and a strong affectionate nature, Leadbetter rendered this song in a manner which delighted Weathercock.

"Thank you, Mr. Leadbetter," said he warmly. "If I were you, I would take my goods to the best market."

"Well, I'm a mercantile man, and always try to do that. But perhaps you are hinting that I should become a professional singer."

"Oh, dear no, Mr. Leadbetter; not that exactly. No doubt you would be handsomely paid as a vocalist; but what I mean is, that

with your other gifts and graces, physical and mental, you could, with your splendid voice, mesmerise any lady you please. Do you comprehend! I see by your smiling that you do. Yes, Mr. Leadbetter, just you sing once with all your heart to the girl you wish to capture—and—well, you may whistle o'er the lave o't."

"Indeed, Mr. Weathercock, you flatter me highly."

"Try some of this homemade cake, Mr. Weathercock," said the host, "I can recommend it. My sister made it."

"She did. Then it must be very fine." Eats a bit with a critical air and expresses his enjoyment.

"Perhaps you will kindly make a couplet on the cake to send to my sister. It will please her very much, I'm sure."

"Ah, Mr. Marchmont, I am not a good *improvisatore*, but I shall make an effort."

After several laughable attempts, uttered aloud for the merriment of the company, the following was the couplet chosen.

"Sweet cake, so rich and soft, so fine and free,
The girl who made it, is the wife for me."

"Capital! my sister will be charmed with it."

"She would be more delighted to hear our friend singing Bonnie Bessie Lee. I tell you, Mr. Leadbetter, you have but to sing and you invest yourself in a golden halo. No lady could resist its fascination, any more than the poor moth can keep out of the flame. My dear sir, I would not have you selling yourself for money, but you should go where money is, and get it thrown into the bargain."

"I've no objection to that, Mr. Weathercock. Will you help me? Will you introduce me to one or two of the good looking heiresses that come about Sharp & Coy's."

"Apply to him," (pointing to Marchmont); he is the man who comes into contact with the fair clients, and if he dosen't secure a rich wife for himself—he's a Dutchman."

"I'm no ladies' man, Mr. Weathercock. You know well that I have nothing to do with the fair clients except on business."

"Don't tell me. Where there's a *will* there's a way! And the proverb means more to a lawyer than to anybody else. Now, there is Miss Dallas—and her sister—each worth half a dozen thousands or so. Why, gentlemen, two of you could have a wife out of that family."

"Are they nice girls?" asked Leadbetter; "are they as charming as Bonnie Bessie Lee?"

"Ask him" (nodding to Marchmont), "if they could hold the candle to Bessie, the sooner you get your artillery in order the better. See that your voice is clear and mellow that night of the introduction, for the first impression is all important. What a bewitching creature was Bonnie Bessie Lee wi her face fu' o' smiles!"

"But not to be compared to Miss W.!" said Marchmont slyly.

"Compared to Miss W.!" echoed Weathercock, "not for a moment. I would as soon think of comparing a frisky Highland pony to a noble Derby racer!"

The mention of Miss W. startled Graham, he coloured, moved suddenly in his chair, and drank off a glass of toddy to cover his confusion.

"Miss W. must be a stunner," said Leadbetter, lifting the glass to his lips, and looking at the fresh holly sprigs adorning the gasalier. "Is she fresh and blooming like that holly? is she ruddy as the berries?"

"A thousand times brighter than the berries—not much of the ruby in her complexion, however. But oh, she is far above rubies!"

"You dont say so," exclaimed Leadbetter with enthusiasm. "We must drink better health to the pale faced Miss W."

"Oh no, gentlemen—the lady needs no cosmetic—her complexion is simply perfect. Let us toast her with brimming glasses as "The Golden Lily"!

"Yes, gentlemen, "The Golden Lily!" shouted Graham with sincere fervour, for in his mind's eye he saw his own Miss W. and he was transported at the bare probability of Weathercock's Miss W. and his being—to use an Irishism—one and the same lady. Their complexions were alike. Better still, they had both rare and wonderful voices.

"The Golden Lily" was drunk with all the honours, Leadbetter causing some laughter by singing gaily, For she's a jolly good fellow! For she's a jolly good fellow! which nobody can deny."

And nobody sought to deny it!

Apart from the curiosity which Graham had to meet Mr. Weathercock, he had, since his journey to Lochdale, as the reader is aware, another and very important reason for wishing to make that gentlemen's acquaintance, and that was, To ascertain, if possible, whether the "My dear Miss W." of the historical epistle had any connection with his own Miss W., and whether indeed she might not be that

veritable lady herself, as some hints and circumstances would seem to render very probable. But nothing further could be elicited from Weathercock this evening, although the combined efforts of the whole three—Graham, Marchmont and Leadbetter—were exerted with the view of drawing from the poet-clerk such a confession about his ideal lady as would lead to the desired indentification.

Our hero would never despair. HE WOULD TRY OTHER WAYS AND MEANS TO DISCOVER HIS MISS W. Impossible for him to wait the chance—perhaps the far-off chance—of again meeting her—her! the lady he so much admired, in the unromantic and crowded street.

(To be continued).

Starlight and Moonlight,
Beaming and free,
Sparkling o'er darkling
Earth and sea.
Through quivering branches thy mellow rays fall,
And dance on the floor of our Fairy hall.

We dance to the pipe
In the Moonbeam's light,
Joyous and free,
Gladsome are we.
'Tis the Fairies' carnival.

Moving, the soothing
Summer winds sigh,
Breathing and weaving
Sweet melody.
While night flowers open to shed their perfume,
And gleam on the floor of our Fairy room.

We dance to the pipe, &c.

Then swift through the air
Comes the Fairy throng,
Now everywhere
Is music and song.
In the dell, in the rock and the cave.

The croaking of frogs
From mosses and bogs,
The bittern's boom
From the marshes gloom.
The screech of the owl
On its midnight prowl,
The wind's soft sigh
Through the pine trees high.
In dreaming chorus mingle,
With the throbbing voice of the wave,
That breaks on the distant shingle.

Merrily ringing,
Fairy Bells;
Joyously singing,
Music swells.

We dance to the pipe
In the Moonbeam's light,
Joyous and free,
Gladsome are we.
'Tis the Fairies' carnival.

JOHN YOUNG.

A DISSERTATION ON "THE FAIRIES,"

BY

AN OLD HIGHLAND SEER.

"Sure He who made majestic man,
And framed the world's stupendous plan;
Who placed on high the steady pole,
And sowed the stars that round it roll,
And made that sky so clear and blue,
Had power to make a Fairy too."—*Hogg.*

LATE in the fall of last year, when autumn had come and painted all nature in colours, "Sae pensive, in yellow and gray," a young literary friend and I took a holiday—a walking holiday—among the far-famed Grampian mountains.

It is my intention some day to print a history of this walking tour, so I will not dwell on the details thereof at present, suffice it to say, that the wild rugged romantic scenery we saw in our travels so excited our minds, that we were transported away far above this work-a-day world into the regions of fancy and

imagination. This being the case, it will not be wondered at that our conversation should be of:—

> "Many a quaint and curious volume
> Of forgotten lore,"

the mysterious rites of the ancient Druids, of demonology, of magic and astrology, of divination and oracles, of signs, omens, and warnings, and many other things, "strange, sacred, secret and forgotten."

We had been a fortnight on our tour, and were thinking of retracing our steps homeward, but a little adventure delayed our getting home for another week. We had been wandering on the hills all day, and there being a little mist abroad, had lost our reckoning. After wandering about for many hours, we came suddenly upon a secluded little glen, some five acres or so in extent, surrounded by very high mountains, with only one approach to it and no outlet. This little glen contained only one cottage, which, though only of one story and thack roof, was of considerable extent, capable of containing four or five fair-sized rooms. It was very singular in shape, having a broad veranda all round it, somewhat resembling an eastern bungalow. As we came a little nearer we saw that in front of the cottage there was a neat, well kept garden, full of old-fashioned herbs and flowers. I observed among them the nightshade, yellow watercress, mountain-parsley, wolves' bane, rosemary, rue, sage, Solomon's seal, meadow-trefoil, wormwood, and many simples whose name I did not know. We could see from where we stood a thin pillar of peat smoke issuing from the big straw lum of the cottage, and a bright ruddy light was shining from the front windows. We were met on the door-step by a tall man, whose age would be beyond the allotted span of three score years and ten. This man had a very striking personality; he was tall and thin—upwards of six feet—and, notwithstanding his age, as straight as an arrow; his snow-white locks hung in ringlets over his shoulders, but the most striking feature of his face were his eyes, which, when he looked at you, seemed to look you through and through. He welcomed us with the air and dignity of a king—a smile lighting up his fine countenance, and in language, courteous and well chosen, he asked us to enter his cottage to get rest and refreshment after our journey. Seeing that we *hinkered* a little, he said, "I want no introduction

or certificate of character, for, from my knowledge of the science of Lavater, I can see from your faces that we are kindred spirits; for does not the poet Shakespeare say:—

> 'I do believe thee;
> I saw his heart in his face.'"

We were glad to accept of the kind hospitality so freely and so frankly offered, and followed our host into a long, low room, where the only furnishing, except a table and a few chairs, were books. They lined the four walls; they were everywhere, and they mostly had an old, ancient, mouldy look in their black leather bindings. I will reserve till a future time a full description of the habitation of the "SEER OF THE GLEN," for such he was, only stating that we both sojourned for a week in his cottage. During this time he told us many stories of his youthful days, which he had spent mostly in the far East, in India, Turkey, and Arabia, sometimes dwelling in the large cities, but oftener in the wild desolate desert; of the wonderful people he had met, and of the strange things they had taught him; of his return to the home of his forefathers to end his days in peace beneath the shadow of his own, his much-loved native mountains. What interested us most were the "Tales, Legends, and Traditions of the Highlands of Scotland," all of which I hope, in the course of time, to lay before my courteous readers. One night we discussed the subject of the existence of the "little folk," *i.e.*, the Fairies, when he propounded to us this new theory about them, which I give in his own words.—

W. S.

ACROSS all Scotland float tales of a race of beings termed "The Fairies." They are in general represented as a race of diminutive stature, living under-ground, practising some mysterious rites, and as being skilled in metal-working. Two classes of tales are prominent by their frequency and occurrence in different localities. In one, some individual passing by the door of a Fairy habitation—such was invariably located in some mound—sees it open for the time, and a company in the full excitement of dancing to the sound of music of a high-class description. On joining them he only gets out at intervals of one, seven, or nine years, by some acquaintance wiser than himself coming on the anniversary of his

disappearance, and taking him out, the time of disappearance being generally New-Year's Eve.

In the other, newly-born infants of the human race are carried off, and one of their own is substituted in its place. They are represented as having done this in every quarter of Scotland, and to have been actuated in so doing by a desire to establish intimate relationship with the human race, a connection which in some quarters would be termed "Fosterage." This, in ancient times, when established generally, was held as binding the two sides to assist each other in every difficulty.

The following may be taken as specimens of the two classes of tales which exist in connection with these beings:—

In a past generation, two men had gone from the level ground of the Rattray District to Blairgowrie, on a New Year's Eve, to purchase provisions for the New Year's usual festivities. Their purchases had been made, and they were on their return discoursing gaily on the temporal blessings and comforts with which the Omnipotent had favoured them. On a sudden, whilst passing the large mound, which is termed "the Castle Hill of Rattray," the sound of the bagpipes, played by a skilful hand, fell on their ears. On looking round to ascertain, if possible, where the player of such eminence could be, who was discoursing such melody in such a spot at such an hour, they observed a door open on the north side of the mound (the side which they were passing); they could see that the interior was lighted up, and a company was seen as being in the full excitement of dancing. The two gazed at the company, but at last, one losing command of his feelings, exclaiming:—"I maun hae a reel," sprang inside the open door and joined the dance. In his excitement, he carried his purchases along with him, not having taken time to loose the strap, and throw them from off his back. His companion waited outside for a time, but losing patience at last, on his neighbour not making his reappearance, he went home without him. The narrative which he gave, to explain the reason why his neighbour had not returned along with him, was met with incredulity. Hints were freely given, that it was more than likely that some quarrel had arisen, and having murdered his neighbour and secreted his body, he had invented this tale to screen himself from punishment. To lay all these innuendos at rest, and prove his innocence, he agreed to watch the door being opened in the mound on the next New

Year's Eve, and bring his lost neighbour out, or stand to the consequences of failing to produce him alive, as a proof of his innocence, in regard as to having done anything injurious to him. So on the next New Year's Eve, with the Holy Bible secured within his clothes, next his breast, he was standing ready, waiting the door being opened. The sound of a lively pibroch fell on his ear, and the door swung open at the same time, and the company inside appeared to be in the full excitement of dancing as before. He gazed at the assembly so occupied with eagerness, waiting an opportunity to succeed in his enterprise. At last his neighbour appeared opposite the doorway, and leaping in with one swift active bound, he quickly seized him, and dragged him outside. The dancer at once challenged him as being too precipitate in his actions, that he might have been allowed to finish his reel, not having been many minutes in. His companion told him that he was mistaken, and telling him the true facts of the case, insisted that he must go home, in order to let the truth be known. The dancer at last went home along with his neighbour, and it was only from the fact that the child which he had left on its mother's breast could now meet him on its own feet at the door, and the provisions, which he still carried, being pointed out as being in a great manner moulded and useless, that he at last believed that he had been really a year away, engaged as he had been. The prostration of the bodily frame which followed, through carrying the burden which he did through such a lengthened period of excitement, was such that it took some time before he fairly recovered from it.

In a former generation in Glenisla, a worthy woman's child was afflicted shortly after its birth with such a habit of crying, unless the cradle was steadily rocked, that it was a wonder to all what could be wrong with it. The place of residence is said to have been the "Downie." All attempts to find out the secret of what was ailing the infant had failed, and the attention it required, in order to keep it, had been laying a heavy burden on the other inmates of the household. At last, a tailor came to the house one day to make up some clothes for the inmates, as was the general custom in those days. The supply of thread having become exhausted, the mistress said, "That if he would rock the cradle until she returned, that she would go to a neighbouring shop at some little distance for a fresh supply." This was promised, and

the woman departed on her errand. Whilst engaged in the labour of rocking, the tailor was astonished by the child rising up in the cradle, and saying, "An ye'll no tell, I'll gie ye a toon on the pipes." Secrecy was promised as requested, and the child turning round, took out from below his bolster a pair of bagpipes, and commenced playing. The skill which he displayed showed what he really was, and a feeling of sternness filled the tailor's heart. Collecting all the peats he could find in the room, he put them on the fire. The heat at last became intense. The musician accordingly asked what did he intend to do with such a fire? The reply was given at once, "Ye have troubled this house lang, but in the name of the Lord God Almichty, ye sall trouble it nae mair." The musician at once, on receiving this answer, sprung up the chimney and disappeared, playing whilst he did so—"The deil be 'n thae tailors, gin I trust them mair." When he had disappeared, a child's cry was heard at the door—this was the woman's own child seeking admittance, which was quickly given by the tailor. The joy of the mother on her return, when she learned what had taken place, may be imagined, and it may be taken as granted, that when employed there afterwards, that the tailor would be treated to the best which the house could afford to give him.

All these stories may be considered as having sprung from several sources of a very ancient date in the world's history. These sources appear to be historical, mythological, and allegorical, and handed down as they have been by tradition, and repeated in every generation as if they were cases of every-day occurrence, the proper meaning has been in a great measure lost.

In every country flourish traditions of a race of pigmies or dwarfs, as once having existed, who, living in underground habitations or caves, were skilled in metal working. Tradition states that they were the forgers of some of the famed sword blades once so extolled as being the property of Scandinavian heroes. That they practised religious rites of some kind is evident from the fact that their skill in magic is enlarged upon. As a diminutive race is still to be found in some quarters of the globe with the same characteristics which are given or ascribed by tradition to the Fairies, Northern Dwarfs, &c., we may assume it confidently that this race had not died out in Europe at the commencement of authentic history. Of a weak body, unfit to cope with strangers who in comparison with them were of gigantic

stature, they would shun contact as much as possible, until friendliness was assured, and the nature of the country being, as it were, in a great measure an uncultivated one, assisted them in eluding observation. This would account for their sudden appearances and disappearances—scattered communities would exist in various quarters for a long time after the main body had in a manner disappeared—thus perpetuating their memory and practices to those who did not come into contact with them personally. These communities would naturally retreat into the wildest parts of the country. They had some form of religious observances or ritual, in which music and dancing played a conspicuous part. Some under-sized savage races, to the present day, practice the same observances, and by their performances show that they have a knowledge of some of the higher branches of science, of which civilization knows next to nothing at present, and has only been of late years rousing itself up to inquire into them. In some form, mesmerism and all its cognate branches seem to be known and practised to an extent which votaries of it, in civilized lands, are incapable of imitating. Is it too much to assume that this ancient race were thoroughly versed in these practices, and that they were engaged in some of them when the outsider joined them, and fell under their influence. When a person is hypnotized, and put thoroughly under the influence of the hypnotizer, it takes a skilful hand to restore his mental faculties to the same former uncontrolled condition in which they were before he was subjected to such treatment. The tales which circulate, to the present day, of persons having joined assemblies of Fairies and danced with them for such lengthened periods, when stripped of the additions which tradition would give them through the course of centuries, can very reasonably be accounted for as having been narratives of some mesmeric performances in ancient times, handed down by tradition with repeated augmentation of details, as if they were but actions of yesterday. We will the more readily come to this conclusion, when we consider the way in which mesmeric performances affect the uneducated, and the way in which they are commented upon by such portions of the community.

In ancient times, the fact of a child being nursed in any family was held as laying a sacred obligation on every member of that family, and all their relations, to regard the

quarrels of the foster-child as their own, and assist him to the utmost of their ability, and he, on his part, was expected to give the same friendly support to his nurse's relations. This feeling still prevails to a great extent among civilized races, a weak, feeble race being gradually crushed out by a stronger, and open alliance, being shunned, feeling the need of support in their struggles, would naturally strive to obtain assistance, as far as it was possible for them to procure it. This changing of infants, so steadily persisted in, likely arose from the anxiety of the weaker race to obtain the friendly support and protection of the stronger race, under the obligation of the law or custom of fosterage, the obtaining such, in a stealthy manner, being the only opening left them. Looked upon with aversion and hatred by many, each detection of such actions would be handed down by those on whom they had been practised, as fresh arguments to guard against such a race, to all who heard the details, until being amplified, reiterated as they would be by excited imaginations under such circumstances, they would come to be considered by the mass of the population as events of daily occurrence, and this long after the actions which gave rise to such terrors had really ceased, for every change in the young infants would be ascribed at once to Fairy influence. So much for what coming down from early historic times may have given rise in a great measure to these tales. Another side has now to be put—the mythological. Ancient mythologies declare that a race of beings exist of superior powers to man, who have lost the right of access to the Celestial Regions, and are anxious to regain it. Their struggles, in order to do so, are given in Eastern Legends, and the statement as being made to them by the Supreme Being—that as no mediator stands between him and them, the same as stands between him and the human race, he cannot give them a hope of returning to their lost station, the same as has been given to men. Their perplexity at this, and members of this race appearing to celebrated saints, beseeching their favourable supplications, are given. They are detailed as being anxious in every form to be friendly to, and secure a friendly relationship with the human race, and the marvellous rise in the world of heroes and others who entered into friendly correspondence and league with them, is enlarged upon at great length. The same details which these Eastern Legends give us concerning these beings, occur in Western Europe, with regard to the Fairies. The changing of

infants shows an extreme desire to establish a connection with the human race. The Gaels brought their ideas on religion, &c., from the East. These stories of a race bent on establishing, in this stealthy manner, blood relationship ultimately with men, and so pave the way for some great benefit being obtained for themselves, show the Eastern idea of their being a fallen race who were anxious to establish friendly relationship with man, was at one time firmly believed in, in the West. An intense anxiety prevails that the members which they substitute for the abstracted young infants of the human race shall obtain baptism. The whole proceedings seem to be only accountable, on the idea, that when *blood relationship* was established with men, that they would obtain the friendly offices of the mediator between them and the Supreme Being. Details likewise float in Western Europe of the important services rendered by them to individuals who entered into friendly league with them, the same as has been rehearsed in Eastern Legends. The similarity of ideas and occurrences in so widely separated countries is remarkable. Where the after-history of any individual who joined their assemblies has been handed down to us, it is to be remarked that he became more or less noted as having the gift of prophecy; and the predictions of many said to have been in contact with the Fairies having been preserved, and their verification given as being accomplished as matters of fact in history, it may be inquired, "From what source did these men acquire that gift?" They acquired it from being in communication (at some period of their lives) with some parties capable of endowing them with such ability. No account is known of such gift being in the power of common men to bestow it upon others.

These narratives would point to the fact that there is an influence at work in the world of a higher standard of intelligence than that which is recognised by ordinary materialistic minds, and the same ability being recognised as to individuals being still in existence possessing the power to foretell the future, it may be asked, from what source did they derive it, if not from some source higher than that which is ordinarily within the reach of common men? They went through a period of instruction of one, seven, or nine years. If they were not recalled to earthly duties at the end of the nine years, they never returned to their former associates, but were received into complete companionship

with their instructors, and followed the same habits and manners of life. This would partly confirm the supposition that these old stories arose from some fact in the spiritual world, which was well known at the dawn of history, and spread widely over many countries, and at repeated times, circumstances taking place in every country, and every generation, which helped to confirm the popular idea that this fact was a truth, and its influence still at work, would keep the common belief as to the existence of such a race of beings fresh and strong in the minds of men. It may now be asked, is the popular belief in the existence of such a race of beings well founded? Can it produce any stronger foundation than mere human imagination?

If we examine the sacred Scriptures, we may find something in the sacred volume to supply the support which this idea seems to require. The Mediator is said to have commenced his earthly career, or been born, about the New Year, and the holy angels rejoiced at his birth. The assemblies of this race, to which mortals are admitted, are ones of rejoicing, and they begin at the New Year. The periods for which they stay are reckoned as being sacred numbers. A period of instruction or initiation into sacred mysteries is stated as being necessary for qualifying one for being a prophet. "The sons of the prophets," "the schools of the prophets," are terms of frequent occurrence. When under the prophetic feeling, a period of complete oblivion to earthly surroundings takes place before communication is again held with fellow-men. We have here, in another form, the same semi-unconsciousness, or in a great measure the oblivion which takes place as to the flight of time with the mortal who is admitted to the Fairy dance. It seems to be the same truth submitted to the multitude in a form calculated to captivate the popular fancy. The Scriptures likewise state instances of persons called to be prophets who had not got a regular course of instruction. The same thing is mentioned in Fairy tales, as to certain individuals having acquired a high degree of eminence in some special gift or ability through one meeting with some high member of the Fairy race. The Fairies are mentioned as being under a regular organisation in all the tales which go into particulars. We have the same statement as to the angels in the sacred Scriptures, and some of the different ranks are specifically mentioned by name. Two kinds of prophets are

mentioned in Holy Writ, the true and the false—the true as being inspired by the Father of Lights; the false drawing their information from the Prince of Darkness or Error. And the benefits which the one conferred at times, and the miseries and calamities which fell upon those who listened to the other, are occasionally given. All these incidents are rehearsed in another dress, and under other forms in Fairy lore. The similarity of the two is remarkable. Another coincidence may be pointed out. The Fairies were divided into two classes, "good and bad"—both were extremely anxious to establish communication with the human race. The Scriptures declare that the world is the theatre of a conflict between the two opposite kinds of spiritual influence, good and evil constantly striving for the mastery. The Father of all good, and the Father of all evil, have both their angels actively engaged—man is the centre round which the strife principally rages. The gaining of each member of the human race is an object of importance to each side. As soon therefore as a child is born, it is an object of spiritual influence to secure it. Which side shall it be? That each member has an attendant angel may be inferred pretty clearly from the statement of Christ, that the angels of young children always beheld the face of His Father in heaven, and it is stated that the doom of him who should cause any young child to fall into evil ways would be a lamentable one. Early training in the ways of righteousness and its benefits is thus in a manner insisted upon, and pointed communication is not lost, and the sorrow, toil, and anxiety endured, seeking to establish it in full measure with the Supreme Being as one of his sons, has not to be encountered, as has to be done by those who have lapsed into all manner of wickedness. The training up to a righteous life is enlarged upon as being of importance in childhood—for a child so trained, no matter how far he may have departed from it in middle age, will return to it when he is old. The problem is thus:—When a child is born, what shall it become? Another member of the race has come into the world. Shall its influence be for good or evil? If good, the progress through life is marked by actions that assist and help forward the progress of mankind in every respect, and an honourable name is won in every kindred circle which bends its energies to advance the material and spiritual welfare of man. If for evil, crime begins to rear its head as progress through life is made, until at last, when the close comes, the individual's name is

looked upon with aversion and respected by none. Such are the results of the two classes of spiritual influence to the present day; as they operate at the present day, so have they operated in the past. And in these Fairy tales we have before us some idea in what light, by those of ancient days, its influence was regarded, and the measures taken to prevent the influence of evil spirits obtaining the mastery. In the formulæ observed, a good many details are used which are symbolical, and the meaning being in a great measure lost, to many they look now, and are regarded as, no more than a collection of childish nonsense. A higher ground, however, must be claimed for them than this. We find a good many symbolical ceremonies in the Mosaic Rites, which material minds of the present day would scoff at. St. Paul, however, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, affirms them as having a practical meaning, serving their purpose in their day, and paving the road for the race to make progress on the way to perfection. In ancient times, every known specimen of the mineral, botanical, and animal worlds, had some mental attribute, &c., symbolized by its name, and the initiated by the outward ceremony knew the real lesson meant to be given, "How to act in face of such and such difficulties in order to be successful"—although to the common multitude it was only a mere show—a passing spectacle.

We have here carried into practice the same rule which Christ said to his disciples that he observed, when they inquired at him how it came that he spoke to the multitude in parables, which he did not expound after delivering them He told them that they (the disciples) got the meaning of the parables expounded to them because they were within the Kingdom (were of the chosen number), but as the multitude were without, it was not given to them to know the mysteries (thoroughly understand such things), therefore he spoke to them in parables.

We have thus, in Western Europe, the same practice as to spiritual matters, carried out on a large scale in a form eminently suited to take the popular attention, and impress the common people with respect with what was to them an unknown world. Its coincidence with the observances and practices mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures is remarkable, and although spiritual influence is now looked at from another point of view than that from which it was regarded in ancient days, the effect produced being the same, it is little wonder that these Fairy tales,

coming down, as they have done to us, as the experience of our ancestors in such matters, have such a fascination for many. They are an amusement and a pleasant pastime for the unthinking mind to rehearse them. But to the deep-read student of ancient literature, they convey many a lesson, they tell of difficulties fought and conquered in the past, and convey advice and instruction for guidance in the future.

These practices may serve to explain a few difficult passages in the Epistle to the Romans. In the controversy which St. Paul therein maintains with the Jewish controversialists, the argument seems to be advanced by them that their form of religion was the only one by which man could obtain eternal happiness, and that the heathen outside their influence were in a state of hopeless misery. St. Paul, in his arguments, goes into many particulars to show the error of their idea, and show that, although it was in another form, nevertheless, all the same, the heathen had the same opportunity of obtaining eternal happiness as themselves.

In another form, the idea which the Jews advanced in Rome against St. Paul, in their arguments which they brought forward in the course of the controversy which they held with him, is still maintained by many. Paul reiterates repeatedly that the Mosaic Law was only given for a temporary business, viz., to clear the way for Christ. It executed the purpose over Bible lands for which it was sent, and it has been declining in influence.

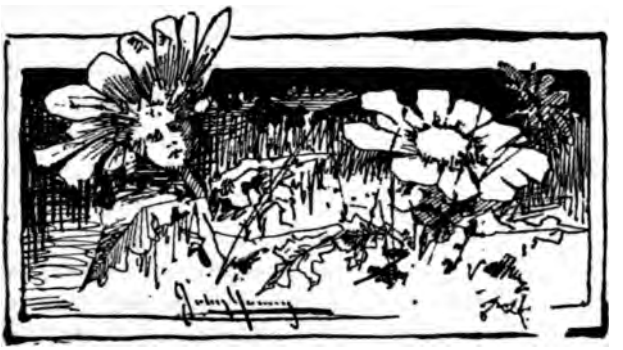
Is it too much to say, that in these old Celtic Legends we have the vestiges of the way which St. Paul says that the Gentiles had to themselves, and which, when followed, secured them "salvation?" They would seem to be allegorical traditions of a creed which in its day (suited to the race who believed in it) paved the way for the introduction of Christianity, and having served its purpose, is, like the Mosaic Rites, now passing away.

If St. Paul did not speak the truth, how came many of its rites and precepts to have such a close connection with Christianity? Their correspondence with others, which are known to have been inculcated in Hindostan centuries before Christ was born, is remarkable.

That the East was interested in Christ's birth is proved by the narrative of wise men coming from it to worship him whilst on his mother's knee. They came, they performed the customary acts of obeisance to superiors before Him, delivered the customary

presents given by inferiors to persons of high rank, and went their way, and we know little more about them. Who were they? What country or countries did they really come from? That they came from some quarter outside the circle of the every-day life of the Bible narrative may be assumed as quite certain, else we would have had more information from it about them. From the presents which they bestowed to the Infant Saviour out of the stores of wealth which they had brought along with them, it is quite evident that they were men of importance and high rank in their native country, and their action in taking the journey which they did, in order to salute, worship, and honour the new-born Saviour, showed distinctly that they had a strong faith in Him, and were *watchers* in the progress of the work of redemption for man. Such men would largely influence the religious ideas of their fellow-countrymen, and it may be safely assumed that their country held a strong belief in the same ideas which Christ advanced afterwards in his discoveries to the multitude whilst wandering through Palestine. He himself says that He had other followers independent of the Jewish fold, or races, and that in the Kingdom of Heaven others would sit down the equals of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The whole points to confirm St. Paul's statement, that although the Jews had been favoured by the Almighty by special intercourse with him, yet that outside of their immediate circle, and in a great measure unknown to the body of that nation, there was another system of religion which had done, and would do, excellent work for the Supreme Being—although we have now the wrecks only of it, embodied often on a ludicrous form as it often is in Fairy tales—showing but a faint glimpse of what this system had really been in ancient times. The belief in "the Fairies," in its day, so far as it went, stimulated to many a glorious enterprise, which contributed largely to the welfare of society at times through the actors, having faith in themselves, and being confident of the Fairies' aid, or supernatural assistance; it likewise checked "many a fearful, savage crime, through the terror of what unearthly vengeance might be inflicted on the wrong-doer," which the belief in their power and existence inspired.

Under another form spiritual influences still bestows the same benefits on the world to the present day. Is it too much to assume that the two are the same?—the one in ancient dress, the other in modern ideas.



AN ABERDEENSHIRE AUTHOR.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

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1. "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk." Douglas.
2. "Sketches of Life among my Ain Folk." Douglas.
3. "Notes and Sketches illustrative of Northern Rural Life in the Eighteenth Century." Douglas.
4. "Isaac Ronald the Dominie" (*Life and Work*, 1882).
5. "The Peasantry of North-Eastern Scotland" (*U.P. Magazine*, 1884).
6. "The Making of Aberdeenshire" (Transactions of Aberdeen Philosophical Society, 1884-92).
7. "Aberdeenshire Character and Characteristics" (*Onward and Upward*), 1891.

THE recent death of William Alexander, LL.D., Aberdeen, has removed from the ranks of Scottish literature a leading exponent—precursor, mayhap, would be the more proper term—of the modern school of delineators of provincial life and incident, the writer whose works abound more in character sketches and illustrations of dialect than in the evolution of a plot, or even the telling of a consecutive story. Twenty years before Mr. Barrie gave us his "Auld Licht Idylls," or Mr. Crockett "The Stickit Minister," or Fergus Mackenzie his "Cruisie Sketches," Mr. Alexander had published "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," and "Life Among my Ain Folk." Mr. Barrie has immortalised Kirriemuir and the stern

old Seceders who once dwelt in the Forfarshire village; but long before his day Mr. Alexander had, in similar fashion and with equal success, depicted life in a rural Aberdeenshire parish, and sketched the Disruption struggle—not as it presented itself on the high and historic plane of the Church Courts and Law Courts, but as it affected ordinary people, who were neither ecclesiastics, nor lawyers, nor politicians, but who, nevertheless, were interested in and influenced by the issues of the controversy. This he did, too, in the simplest possible manner. There is no pretence or affectation about his work, no straining after effect, no exaggerated conception either of character or incident, no excursions into the field of the new and highly artificial humour. Humour there is in his books—plenty of it; but it is the legitimate offspring of his characters, the natural concomitant of the dialect they employ. The environment is never lost sight of; the homely characters harmonise with their homely surroundings—they do not startle us by the expression of brilliant ideas, or the use of epigrammatic language utterly alien to their rank in life. They are rigorously confined within the sphere they occupy; and, as a consequence, their portrayal is remarkable for its perfect fidelity. The felicity of Mr. Alexander's sketches of rural life and character is equally conspicuous, and may be attributed, in large measure, to the author mainly contenting himself with the part of narrator. Mr. Alexander's works are not characterised by any marked or distinctive literary style. This, in truth, he did not possess; nor, to his credit, did he affect it. He was perfectly satisfied to tell his story briefly and concisely, in the simplest and most straightforward terms possible; for everything beyond, to let his characters speak for themselves, and that chiefly in their own dialect and idiom. Hence the great success of his works. They are natural pictures of ordinary rural life, of scenes, incidents, and types familiar, more or less, to all Aberdeenshire people; not idealistic or idyllic conceptions of rural character, the fanciful work of brilliant imagination, but remote from, and difficult to associate with the actualities of the everyday-life in which the characters are supposed to move and have their being.

The selection by Mr. Alexander of Aberdeenshire character as the groundwork on which to base his stories resulted, in all probability, from his familiarity with it, and the thorough knowledge he possessed of all its varying phases. Born in the rural parish in

the county to which he afterwards (in "Johnny Gibb") gave the name of Pyketillim, the son of a blacksmith who eventually acquired a small farm, his earlier associations were necessarily with the humbler peasant class. He shared their rude and hardy life; their still ruder and hardier toil. He received no more education in his school-boy days than the indifferent village schooling which was then the common lot; and, like his fellows, he was speedily drafted from the school to ordinary farm labour, being apprenticed to it, as most youngsters then were, as a "herd loon." An accident he met with when he had just passed his teens, which led to the amputation of a leg, summarily closed his prospective alliance for life with what has been termed the staple industry of Aberdeenshire—agriculture. The enforced idleness was devoted to study; the study led to essay-writing and the like; and the youthful essayist drifted into journalism in the county town, became identified with the leading paper in Aberdeen, the *Free Press*, and died recently, after an honourable and distinguished professional career, amid unwonted expressions of public respect and regret. Fortunately, Mr. Alexander's removal from his native parish did not occur before he had become familiar with rural life in all its aspects and with rural character in all its forms. To close and accurate observation, he must haved added penetrative insight—the swift, ready perception of the skilled artist; and to these faculties we may attribute the perfect pictures of men and manners, that he, in after years, drew for the delectation of thousands of readers.

The material for such pen-pictures was abundant. The people of Aberdeenshire have always been people of distinctive character. This they owe, in some degree, to their origin—to their descent from the Northmen, particularly the Norwegians; but probably their circumstances have contributed a more potent element in the shaping and development of their character. Hemmed in by the Grampians on the south, and washed by the sea on the east and north, Aberdeenshire is, in a sense, a separate, if not quite isolated district of Scotland—practically isolated it must have been in the early years of the century, at all events, when railways were not, when the roads were bad, and when inter-communication was not only difficult but infrequent. Isolation develops individuality; character is formed in the struggle with nature. Nature has not been over-kind to Aberdeenshire. John Hill Burton has described one large portion of the county as "A flat cake of granite, which

nature has clothed inland with heather and seaward with sand"; and in an agricultural survey, published in the end of last century, another large district is described as "One of the most rugged and naturally barren regions that is to be met with in any of the low parts of Scotland," the writer adding—"By the industry of the inhabitants, a considerable part of these inhospitable wastes has been converted into fertile fields, at an expense that is perhaps unequalled in any other part of Europe." The larger part of the county that is now arable has, indeed, been reclaimed from heather and whins, moss and bog, and waste and stony land, by indomitable perseverance and well-nigh unceasing toil. Much of the soil thus reclaimed has not proved excessively productive—it remains thin and poor; and the Aberdeenshire farmer has, in addition, to reckon with a variable and often severe climate, and to make his account with many a bleak, ungenial season. All these circumstances have naturally contributed to the formation of a distinctive type of character. Mr. Alexander, in his papers on "Aberdeenshire Character," has enumerated the following as among the leading characteristics of the Aberdeenshire man:—Endurance, tenacity of purpose, caution ("apt at times to degenerate into a sort of dogged 'thwartness'"), moral reliability, enterprise and determination, physical stamina, intelligence, and resource. The Aberdeenshire character, moreover, has found expression in a special dialect, abounding in proverbs and a proverbial phraseology all its own. Ruskin is cited by Mr. Alexander as describing this dialect as the "sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe." That is, perhaps, not an opinion that everybody will endorse, and even Aberdeenshire men may shrink from making such a high claim for their native tongue. Few men, however, were better entitled than Mr. Alexander to express an opinion on the subject; and this is what he says:—

"While there are different forms of Scottish dialect, the claim put in for the Aberdeenshire form is that it is the absolutely best and most expressive, not excepting even the Ayrshire form which Burns used. This, I think, nobody who really knows it, and is capable of judging, will seek to deny. As purely spoken, say by a nearly extinct generation of educated gentlemen and gentlewomen of the old school, it had a graphic force and an expressiveness alike on the side of humour and pathos, and of kindly sentiment, peculiar to itself."[1]

[1] "Aberdeenshire Character and Characteristics."

This general sketch of Aberdeenshire and the Aberdeenshire character has been rendered necessary as a prelude to the consideration of Mr. Alexander's works, the appreciation of which must depend largely, though not wholly, on a knowledge of the materials of which they are compounded—on some general acquaintance with the matters with which they deal. The work at the head of this notice, "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," was the one first published; and on it Mr. Alexander's reputation largely rests. It appeared originally in 1871, and has since gone through ten editions, numbering in their totals as many thousand copies. The intention of the writer was declared in a preface to be:—

"To portray, as faithfully as he could, some forms of character not uncommon in the rural life of Aberdeenshire a quarter of a century ago, at least; the effort being to make the purely ideal persons introduced literally 'true to nature' as it had manifested itself under his own eyes, or within his own experience, in their habits of thought and modes of speech. Illustrations of real life, mainly of an old-fashioned sort, and of a local dialect, which is getting gradually pushed into the background, or divested of some of its more characteristic forms of expression, have been attempted, rather than anything in the nature of a formally constructed story."[1] The principal character is Johnny Gibb himself—"an inconsiderable person, speaking and acting as the impulse moved him, in accordance with what he believed at the time to be right"; one who "followed his own path of duty, quite irrespective of the state of opinion round about him." He is counterbalanced, as a type, by Peter Birse, the farmer of Clinkstyle, "sair hadden doon" by his wife—an excellent specimen of the hen-pecked husbands who, in the sarcastic remark of another character, cannot "ca' the niz o' their face their nain without speerin' leave." Peter's better half, Mrs. Birse, is one of the most vivid personalities in the book—a thorough representative of a class of farmer's wife by no means extinct yet in Aberdeenshire and elsewhere. She was "a managing woman, a very managing woman"; thrifty, but

[1] The terms of this preface, it may be noted, were slightly altered in the *edition de luxe* (with illustrations by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.) published in 1880. The amended version contained this sentence:—"Believing the common life of the region in which the scene of the story is laid to have sufficient strength and individuality about it to be worth somewhat careful study and limning, his chief endeavour was to make the characters sketched at once typical and true to nature; not ideals, by any means, but rather roughly realistic figures."

mean in her thrift; driving hard bargains and haggling over quantities and prices; in bad odour with the farm-servants for the scrimp and unsatisfactory nature of the diet supplied—one of the most delightful sketches in the book, by the way, is that of a dispute between her and the farm hands on this common subject of quarrel, she asking the objection to "gweed sweet neeps to yer supper," and the men clamouring for "a cheenge files." She is skilfully depicted as a masterful, artful, scheming, intriguing woman, by no means scrupulous in her methods; "there's mair wyes o' tellin' the trowth nor ane, man," she says to her husband on one occasion, "ye're seerly aul' aneuch to ken that ere noo." She apes gentility, too—gives herself airs and selects her company; and she has ambitious designs for her children, particularly in the matrimonial line—designs that are sadly frustrated. Much more even than her husband a foil to the stern downrightness of character of Johnny Gibb, she divides with him the honour of being the principal character in the work; and it is not improbable that many readers, not given to the study of the subtleties of character, find her and her doings of far more interest than the life and demeanour of the nominal, and, after all, the real leading character. Besides those enumerated, there is a group of minor characters, such as is to be ordinarily met with in any country parish—Rev. Gregory Sleekabout, the parish minister, representative, more or less, of "the caul' morality o' a deid moderatism"; Jonathan Tawse, the schoolmaster; Mains of Yawal, the largest farmer of the district; Andrew Langchafts, the merchant; Dawvid Hadden, the ground officer—"a win'y leein' bodie"; Hairry Muggart, the wright; and several others, including Meg Raffan, the henwife—the champion gossip of the place. Not only are these various characters true to life—they were, despite the modest disclaimer in the preface, drawn from life. The names are fictitious, but the persons portrayed were real individuals belonging in the main to the parish of Pyketillim—in other words, the parish of Chapel of Garioch, at the foot of Benachie, in the centre of Aberdeenshire.

"Johnny Gibb" divides itself into two parts, distinct but not separate, linked together yet practically detachable. One part is a narrative of the Disruption struggle in the parish just named, with glimpses of the "conflict" in Aberdeenshire generally; the other is a sketch of the life and habits of the people in the parish

about the '43 period. The book might thus be regarded as appealing to two different sets of readers; and in fact it has been described both as "a Disruption idyll" and as "a Scotch classic." It may be doubted, however, whether the popular appreciation of the volume has turned much or at all upon the fact that it chronicles a phase of the Non-Intrusion movement. Some there may be who cherish it on this ground, and one modern historian, Mr. Spencer Walpole, has quoted from it approvingly, subjoining a footnote—"Mr. Alexander's story, illustrating as it does the feelings of a Scottish parish, is less well known south of the Tweed than it deserves to be."[1] In this particular respect—that of illustrating the feelings of a Scotch parish at the time of the Disruption—the work, if not altogether unique, has never been approached. Mr. Alexander was himself an eye-witness—not improbably a participator to some extent—in the local "movement" he here describes, and he attached himself to the Free Church, becoming a very ardent supporter of that denomination. He witnessed or heard of the events he narrates when he was at an impressionable age, and he accordingly describes them intelligently and sympathetically. There is a great deal that is interesting, much that is even amusing, not a little that is pathetic, in the narrative. Petty persecution for conscience sake, the struggle of a handful of "fanatics" against the "powers" of the parish, the trouble in getting a site for a church, the sacrifices made in finding the necessary funds, the "lapsing" of former sympathisers, prayer meetings, public meetings, opposition to settlements—all these and much more are detailed, and detailed so skilfully that one's sympathies, be his preconceived notions or his leanings what they may, go out irresistibly to the pioneers of the new movement, and unreservedly to Johnny Gibb, the leader—a nineteenth century Puritan of the finest and best type.

[1] "History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815." Vol. iv., p. 466.

(To be concluded).

"AULD DUBRACH."

(From a Painting by Andrew Jervise, after the original by Colvin Smith.)

"AULD DUBRACH,"

WHO WAS OUT WITH PRINCE CHARLIE IN THE '45, AND LIVED TO THE GREAT AGE OF 110 YEARS.

" Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks.
He wears the marks of many years well spent."—*Rowe.*

FIRST VERSION.

"BONNIE Prince Charlie." How the heart warms at the sound of his name! There is a magic and music in the cadence of these three words only known to the mind and soul of a true-blue Scot. Every real son of the heather has a "lee side" to the Stuart family, and more especially to "The Young Chevalier," the hero of Preston and Falkirk. What a halo of romance hangs over his history. He landed with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, and soon a kingdom rallied round his banner. His foes fell before him as snow melts before the summer sun. He held high revelry as a gay and courtly host at Holyrood. His contempt for, and endurance of fatigue, and eagerness for battle, shone pre-eminent even among Highland chieftains. But, alas! alas! his bright sun set, never to rise again, on the bloody field of Drummossie, otherwise Culloden Muir.

This sketch of the life of one of his followers throws a strong light on the devotion to the Prince personally of the men he led.

An old lady, upwards of ninety years of age, gives the following interesting particulars about "Auld Dubrach Grant":—"I remember 'Dubrach' residing with Mr. John Chalmers, joiner, Airlie Street, Brechin, for some time during his sittings to Colvin Smith, R.S.A., at his studio in Pearse Street. The result of these sittings is a grand likeness, now hanging on the wall of the staircase of Brechin Castle. I frequently saw the old man while in Brechin, and had a crack with him. It may seem strange that I or any other person still in existence could have seen a man

who had fought at Culloden in the year 1746; but sixty-eight years ago I not only saw him, but talked to him and his sister, or perhaps daughter, in their neat cottage in Lethnot in Angus."

The old Culloden veteran's proper name was Peter Grant, but he was better known by the sobriquet "Auld Dubrach," from having been born on a farm of that name in Braemar in the year 1714. Grant was by trade a tailor, and while yet a youth became a strong Jacobite. So strong was his love for the Stuart dynasty that he, in 1745, threw down the tailor's goose, needles, and shears, and joined the ranks of "bonnie Prince Charlie." All, or nearly all, the hardy sons of the mountains, as is recorded in Alexander Laing's beautiful song, before 1715, again rallied round the young Prince, in 1745, when the standard was planted on the braes o' Mar. Peter Grant was a full private in the Prince's army when it was reviewed on Glasgow Green. Afterwards, for an act of bravery at the battle of Prestonpans, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

In the year 1746, in his twenty-second year, Peter Grant was a very powerful fellow. It is recorded of him that in the battle of Culloden he made more than a dozen of Cumberland's men bite the dust. It is to be presumed that, if every man of the Highland host had done as well as "Auld Dubrach" on the field of bloody Culloden, Bonnie Prince Charlie would have been master thereof, and from the dark book of fate a leaf would have been torn. After the defeat and flight of the unfortunate Prince Charlie, Peter Grant and many more were made prisoners, carried to Carlisle, and lodged in jail to await trial. Grant contrived somehow to escape from prison, and to make his way home on foot to Braemar. After the country had settled down, he again quietly resumed handling the needle and goose, having thus been obliged to give up the gun.

Some years after he had again settled in Braemar, Peter Grant married a strong, fine-looking young woman, named Mary Cumming. The fruit of this marriage was a boy and a girl—Peter and Anne. A number of years after his marriage, Peter Grant became tenant of the small farm of Dubrach, the place where he was born, brought up, and named after in his later years.

After many years had passed away, and the lease of his little farm had run out, and he considered too far advanced in years to have the lease renewed, "Auld Dubrach" removed from Braemar to Lethnot, Forfarshire. Here his wife, Mary Cumming, died, and

was buried in the churchyard of that parish in the year 1811, at the age of 63.

A short time before George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, two gentlemen, rambling for pleasure among the wilds of Lethnot, happened to meet "Auld Dubrach" not far from his cottage door. Attracted by the remarkable appearance of the old man, they entered into conversation with him. He invited them to enter his little cottage, and at their request he gave them a brief graphic sketch of his eventful history, in which he told them that while he lived he would remain a true Jacobite. The old man eloquent, with the fire of youth again burning in his eye, sprang to his feet and sang:—

"Wha wadna fecht for Charlie,
Wha wadna draw the sword,
Wha wadna face the foeman
At the royal Prince's word?"

The two gentlemen were so much interested in "Auld Dubrach's" account of his life and deeds, that they resolved to try to do something for him wherewith he could end his days in comfort. They called on the parish minister, and suggested that he should use his influence to relieve old Peter Grant, and that the best time would be when the King was in Edinburgh—which was to be soon. The reverend gentleman thought the idea a good and charitable one, and he believed his request would be granted, as old Peter held the unique position of being the only man living who had fought against the present dynasty. Surely His Majesty would be gracious with him in consideration of his great age (108) and the novelty of the case.

A petition was drawn up, containing an epitome of Grant's history, which, after it was signed by the minister and elders of the parish, and also by Grant himself, was forwarded to the King when he arrived in Edinburgh. About eight days before starting for Edinburgh, the Hon. William Maule, afterwards Lord Panmure, had a suitable dress provided for "Auld Dubrach" in which to appear before the King. However, the inflexible old veteran would not submit to any alteration in his apparel, but would (and did) go with the clothing which he had worn on the battlefield of Culloden—a tartan coat, kilt, brogues with large brass buttons on the uppers, a Glengarry bonnet with an eagle's feather in the front of it, and a pike-staff seven feet long, with a brass knot on the top end ornamented with pretty blue tassels.

Grant arrived at Edinburgh all right, and was as proud as the King himself, if not more so. When Lord Panmure presented him to His Majesty, Grant was desired to uncover his head, but he disdained to do anything of the kind. Lord Panmure, pointing to Grant, thus addressed the King:—"Your Majesty, this man is 108 years of age, and is now the only old enemy your Majesty has still living on the earth. When he was young and thoughtless, he fought against your Majesty's dynasty at Culloden, but he has been a peaceable and loyal subject since then. What will your Majesty be pleased to do with him now?"

The King seemed quite confused at first, if not a little alarmed, at seeing a tall man standing in front of him with a defiant air, his bonnet on his head, and a long pike-staff in his hand. When Lord Panmure explained the matter to His Majesty, the King fixed his eyes on the old Jacobite and said:—"Are you now sorry that you were so very foolish and disloyal in your young days as to enter the service of the Pretender?"

At the question, Grant's eyes flashed fire, and his breast heaved with emotion. He gave vent to his disturbed feelings by exclaiming:—"Pe ma faith, sir, I wad fecht for him yet: an' ye'll ne'er be a man like bonnie Prince Charlie."

As the King did not know the meaning of all the words addressed to him by the old Jacobite, Lord Panmure explained them to him. He laughed and said:—"Take him away; take him away out of my sight; he is still a rebel, I think, and ought to be shot. However, you are at liberty to have him booked for £50 a-year."

The old veteran then took off his bonnet for the first time, and thanked His Majesty in the best manner he could for his great kindness to him.

Peter Grant was fully six feet in height, stout in proportion, and well formed in every limb. His feet and hands were small, and he had a fine-looking open brow, small and dark piercing eyes, with very long hair, which hung in ringlets down his back, and was as white as the beautiful snow on the brow of his native mountains. He always exhibited an air of sturdy independence, befitting a man who had fought for his king and country. On high occasions he wore the dress he had worn at Falkirk, Prestonpans, Culloden, and also when presented to George IV.

Peter Grant did not enjoy his pension long, for he ended his eventful life's journey on 11th February, 1824, and was buried in

the cemetery of Invercauld near the Castletown of Braemar. The following inscription, cut on a large flag of granite, points out his grave :—

"ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
OF
PETER GRANT,
SOMETIME FARMER IN DUBRACH,
WHERE HE WAS BORN IN 1714.

DIED AT AUCHENDRYNE, AGED 110.

SECOND VERSION.

PETER GRANT—"Auld Dubrach's"—family consisted of three sons and three daughters, viz. :—John, Jean (afterwards Mrs. Smith), Peter (a gardener in the north), Annie (who lived with and cared for her father), William, the youngest (a cattle dealer in a small way), and a daughter whose name we do not know. John, the eldest son, with whom his father came from Braemar, was tenant of Westside farm, which is situated on the extreme west border of Lethnot parish. The old man resided in a small cottage beside his son until about the time of his getting the pension from the king's bounty fund, when Lord Panmure built him a neat cottage (now used as a gamekeeper's lodge) near the schoolhouse.

While on the moors during the shooting season, in 1821, the Messrs. Smart, corn merchants, Montrose, came on "Auld Dubrach" on his son's farm of Westside. As they were staying with their sister, Mrs. Leighton, at the farm of Drumcairn, which lay near the manse, the two gentlemen called on the Rev. Mr. Symers next day, when they suggested that something should be done for the old man, in the shape of a provision for such extreme old age. Mr. Symers cordially agreed to the proposal; and as Mr. Wm. Smart (of Cairnbank, near Brechin) happened to possess great influence with Lord Panmure, no time was lost in bringing the matter before his lordship. Lord Panmure at once agreed that, if a petition were got up, he would take charge of it, and see that it was properly presented to His Majesty George IV. In drawing up the petition, Mr. Symers facetiously remarked that, if the petitioners could not recommend to His Majesty's generosity their fellow-subject as his oldest loyal subject, they might mention him as his oldest living enemy—which remark greatly amused

royalty. Peter Grant—"Auld Dubrach"—never was presented to George IV. The Hon. William Maule, afterwards Lord Panmure, was presented to the King, among many others, on the 20th August, 1822; and with one other exception—that of his having presented a large supply of "Glenlivet" for the use of the royal table—the Lord of Panmure's name is not again mentioned, as it certainly would have been if this presentation of "Auld Dubrach" had taken place—the more so, seeing there is a very complete record of the proceedings of the Court during the time George IV. remained in Scotland. It is also a mistake to state Grant's height as that of a tall man: he was, on the contrary, a little man, well proportioned, of firm build, and every inch a Highlander. His youngest son, William, bore a close resemblance to him, but possessed neither his father's piercing eye, nor his force of character, being a quiet, canny man. A scene somewhat resembling that narrated in the first version occurred on the occasion of making the petition ready for transmission to Brechin Castle. Those actively engaged in getting signatures having met, "Auld Dubrach," of course, being present, when, in the midst of their business, Grant, who was sitting by, startled them by stamping the floor with foot and staff, and, with flashing eye, exclaiming:—"If I were only young again, I would draw my sword for Prince Charlie."

The petition was a very interesting document. After informing His Majesty of his age and so forth, and that he was perhaps his oldest enemy alive, it proceeded thus:—"Educated a Roman Catholic, and in all the prejudices of the times, he drew his sword in behalf of another family, and fought with all the energy of a Highlander; but time and experience have corrected his views. Under the mild administration of your royal predecessors, he has seen the nation flourish, and its glory upheld by their wise, able, and vigorous measures. With equal zeal, then, would he draw the sword in defence of that monarch who now fills the throne, and who, he trusts in God, for the good and happiness of his people, will continue to do so for many years to come." The petition was signed by Patrick Grant, the petitioner; Alex. Symers, minister; James Young, elder; Thomas Mollison, elder; James Gordon, elder; and James Speed, elder—as witnesses.

It was due to Mrs. Symers, the minister's wife, that the pension was secured in succession to "Dubrach's" daughter Ann.

Mrs. Symer's first introduction to "Auld Dubrach" is worth

reading. The news reached his ears that the newly-appointed minister's wife was none other than the daughter of the officer under whom, in his youthful days, he had fought at Culloden. It so happened that a new manse was being erected at the time, the family being temporarily accommodated in the offices—the juvenile portion in the barn, and Mr. and Mrs. Symers in the loft above. "Dubrach's" impatience would brook no delay in order to give his "pairn" a welcome; so, very early one morning, Mrs. Symers was aroused by the bursting open of the door, and in rushed a little man, cracking his thumbs, shouting, and capering in the direction of her bed. Terrified, she called out to her husband:—"Oh, rise and put out that madman." But on he came, dancing round and round her bed, exclaiming:—"I maun see my pairn; I maun see my pairn." After he had expended a little more fervour, she got introduced to her new acquaintance, thus forming a loyal friendship for herself and family which lasted throughout his life.

"Dubrach's" officer at Culloden—the father of the late Mrs. Symers, Lethnot—was Mr. Carnegie of Balmakie, near Arbroath. His father was "out" at the rising in 1715, and was in consequence mulcted to such an extent as to ruin the family patrimony—his eldest son, "Dubrach's" officer, escaping, by being under age and held as irresponsible. His aunt, Miss Robertson of Lude, being a strong Jacobite, promised her nephew, when a lad of nineteen, to procure an officer's commission for him by advancing money to raise a regiment, which thus took him, when a man, to Culloden.

As to "Dubrach's" military equipment mentioned as worn at that presentation to royalty and elsewhere—would this not be the *bona fide* suit provided by Lord Panmure for "Dubrach's" sitting for his portrait? Besides, would it have been rational, or even possible, for an incarcerated rebel to make his escape, as "Dubrach" is said to have done, through an open country, when danger was at its very height, in a garb which would in a moment stamp and convict him to a certainty? Another difficulty arises as to the identity of the said tartan. From 1745 to 1822 is seventy-seven years. Could "Dubrach" then possibly be wearing daily his garb of many battles? We have a precedent in sacred history of garments used for forty years, yet were they not worn: but unless "Dubrach's" tartans had got a touch of the magic wand of Treves, it is difficult to account for their longevity.

THE DRINK TRAFFIC IN CALEDONIA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

HE drink question is at present occupying the minds of many statesmen, so it may not be out of place to enlighten the rising generation of teetotalers, local optionists, prohibitionists, Good Templars, blue ribboners, and other fraternities, of the position the traffic occupied in Auld Scotia fifty years ago and upwards. At that period, any respectable individual, whether a grocer, draper, tailor, mason, joiner, shoemaker, or other tradesman, of age could have obtained a license for alcoholic liquors. Suitableness of premises was never taken into consideration, and there were no restrictions whatever as to hours of opening or shutting. The traffic was allowed to go on without hindrance, morn, noon, and night. The only supervision was against smuggling; but, with every precaution, many a smuggled anker found its way to the public. There were many excisemen of Burns's mind and method. In his "Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons," he says:—

"Tell them wha ha'e the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aqua vitæ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier youth
The honest, open, naked truth;
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servant humble:
The muckle deevil blaw ye Sooth
If ye dissemble!

Paint Scotland greetin' owre her thrissle—
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whissle;
And d——d excisemen, in a bussle,
Seizin' a stell,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
Or limpet shell.

Then, on the tither hand, present her,
A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plundered o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?"

In our towns, cities, and villages, licensed and unlicensed property, fifty years ago, was of equal value. What, then, has enhanced the value of licensed premises? Why, monopoly, and monopoly alone. The Tories and Unionists talk of giving the publicans compensation. Give every individual who is able, willing, and has a good character, a license, and the traffic will soon compensate itself. Property will again stand on its own merits.

A leading Scotch newspaper had a leader the other day on the drink traffic, in which it was said:—"We suppose there has always been some sort of supervision or other over the liquor traffic." It is truly amazing, considering how much has been said and written regarding the drink question, that few or any take the time or trouble to trace out or inquire into its history or origin. It is less than 250 years since the first duty of 3d. per gallon was imposed on alcohol by Charles I., and a tax of 4s. per acre taken off the land to please the King's nobles. There was no duty previous to this, consequently no need for either license or supervision. The present state of affairs in the drink traffic has been solely built up and hedged round by teetotal faddists and fanatics, who have no art nor part in its use, but to denounce its abuse. They hold up the moderate consumers of alcoholic liquors as worse than drunkards! Temperance with them is another word for teetotalism. Neither the moderate nor immoderate users of alcohol are taken into consultation. The faddists go in for heavy duties, restrictions, and all the frauds of clique licensing and mischievous monopolies. With them there is no sin in robbing through the drink traffic.

It is strange, yet true, that the very men and women who, to a certain extent, were fed, clad, and bred by the liquor traffic in our

beloved land fifty years ago, are now among its greatest opponents. True, the trade is more potent now, by reason of its monopoly. Who upholds that monopoly? In how few instances was a livelihood obtained by the traffic alone at that period. It was generally sold as an auxiliary in those days by the tradesmen already referred to, just as ginger beer and lemonade are now-a-days by the small dealers.

The teetotalers—they cannot be termed the temperate party—are in great straits for scriptural authority for prohibition. What would they not give for a proof of the non-intoxicating character of the wine our Saviour made at the marriage feast? How they would glory in a Bible beatitude like this:—Blessed are the teetotalers, for they are the salt of the earth! Teetotalers have organised a new species of hypocrisy, stamping the very Bible as imperfect. They hold up the bards of Auld Caledonia to scorn—the four R.'s—Ferguson, Burns, Tannahill, Nicoll. Take away alcohol from our land and our literature, is their cry. They forget that

"Freedom and whisky gang thegither."

This line is over 100 years old, but it is over 500 years since Wallace and Bruce won both of these for us. England, as we have said, enslaved alcohol again for us, putting it into bonds. Caledonia has been robbed of millions yearly, and had fusel oil, "kill-the-carter," and innumerable blends and bombastic brands palmed off as the pure mountain dew; the price of such poisons spreading poverty and misery, death and destruction all around.

Burns was right, freedom and whisky must go together, in spite of fads, cranks, and isms. Bigots would separate the sheep from the goats, and divide the tares from the wheat here on earth. We look to a higher power, far away above and beyond either a bacchanalian, vegetarian, or a teetotal standard. If an apple caused the fall of our first parents, teetotalers are certain the drink traffic is the cause of keeping their children from getting back to Paradise.

It was a spouter, holding forth in one of our provincial villages on the abuse of alcoholic liquors, less than sixty years ago, that gave rise to the name and term teetotaler. He was impressing his audience on the merits of tea, and advising them to stick to that beverage. One of his hearers cried out—"Would you drink tea-totally?" "Yes," he replied; "teetotal!" and from that time

abstainers glory in a name which covers many a sin as heinous in God's sight as drunkenness.

It is a good Tory maxim—"Have reverence for the past and caution for the future." Teetotalers care neither for the one nor the other, despising the liberty of the individual, and burdening the moderate and temperate with a double portion of the State's revenue. They consider it just and proper to plunder and rob all who choose to use alcoholic liquors! How very different was it in Caledonia fifty years ago. The inhabitants lived in harmony one with another. They were honest, frugal, clean, tidy, and couthie, with a local option of that period of license and liberty in ful swing. The teetotal efforts in reducing licenses, and raising the duty on alcoholic liquors, goes for nothing so far as sobriety is concerned. High prices, inferior drink, and debasing shebeens, have been the fruits of fanatical opposition to Caledonia's native cup. The ex-Premier, in a letter the other day, denounced restriction as a fraud: and does any sane person think Auld Scotia will ever submit to prohibition? The only just, true, and perfect plan would be to go back to "Freedom and whisky.' Let the government leave the drink traffic to the people, and let them make, sell, and drink, as they did before the days of Charles I. The drink traffic occupies a place and position never intended by the Creator of all. It could not have been raised to its present throne unless by the aid of the Devil and all his angels. Pride, place, and power are in its grasp, and nothing short of freedom can work a cure.

Nicoll, the good, the pure, and true poet, in his courting expedition to Kate Carnegie, sings out:—

> "Guidwife, bring a bicker; I'll slocken my drouth—
> That ale wasna spoilt i' the brewin'."

And then winds up with—

> "Jist a'e ither stoup; what the de'il mak's me sad?
> Gae, laddie, an' saddle my naigie;
> Gin ony ane spier whaur I'm till on the jaud—
> I'm awa' to court Katie Carnegie!"

Is there any sin in the song?—

> "I ance was a wanter, as happy's a bee;
> I meddled wi' nane, and nane meddled wi' me;
> I whiles had a crack o'er a cog o' guid yill—
> Whiles a bicker o' swats—whiles a heart-heezing gill
> And I aye had a groat if I hadna a pound:
> On the earth there were nane meikle happier found."

There is not a truer life among all the teetotal roll of celebrities than that of Robert Nicoll, poet and editor.

Tannahill sings of the "coggie":—

"In days o' yore our sturdy sires,
Upon their hills sae scroggie,
Glow'd with true Freedom's warmest fires,
An' foucht to save their coggie!
Chorus—Then oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
Our brave forefathers' coggie:
It roused them up to douchty deeds,
O'er whilk we'll lang be voggie.

Then, here's—May Scotland ne'er fa' doun,
A cringin', coward doggie,
But bauldly stan' an' bang the loon
Wha'd reave her o' her coggie!
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
Our guid auld mither's coggie!
Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd
By any foreign roggie."

and in many other pieces he upholds the "coggie."

Robert Fergusson, in his "Drink Eclogue—Brandy *v* Whisky," winds up with the landlady's verdict:—

"In days o' yore I could my living prize,
Nor fash'd wi' dolefu' gaugers or excise;
But noo-a-days we're blythe to lear the thrift,
Oor heads 'boon license and excise to lift.
Inlakes o' brandy we can soon supply,
By whisky tinctur'd wi' the saffron's dye."

Even in his day, there is a cure for a "drappie" too much in "Caller Oysters." He finishes with—

"A' ye wha canna stan' sae sicker,
When twice ye've toom'd the biggest bicker,
Mix caller oysters wi' your liquor—
An' I'm your debtor,
If greedy priest or drouthy vicar
Will thole it better."

The privilege of distilling whisky free of duty was accorded by the Crown to Forbes of Culloden, upon his barony of Ferintosh in Cromarty, in consideration of certain good services done by him at the time of the Revolution. Such rivers of whisky streamed from that distillery, that Ferintosh came to be like another name for usquebaugh. The "Scotch Distilleries Act of 1785" abolished this monopoly, Mr. Forbes shortly afterwards, under the decision

of a jury, receiving, by way of compensation, the sum of £21,580. Hence the allusion to Ferintosh in Burns' "Scotch Drink":—

Thee Ferintosh! oh, sadly lost!
Scotland laments frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
Is ta'en awa.

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak' the whisky stills their prize!
Haud up thy han', Di'el! ance, twice, thrice!
Then seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brimstone pies
For poor d——d drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gi'e me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An routh o' rhyme to rave at will—
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't aboot as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

Dr. Farquharson said the other day that he could fill a good-sized volume with verses in praise of strong drink—and that this says a great deal in its favour cannot be gainsaid, for it is a fact that the poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

"We may be certain that Coleridge and Lamb did not toil up Hampstead Hill to drink water at the Salutation and Cat; and the merry coffee-housing of the Club was mellowed by potations which stimulated the talk of Burke and Goldsmith. Coming down to latter days we see Dickens and Forster, and Stanfield and Maclise, at their early dinner before the play, and at their supper after the curtain fell. There was just enough liquor going to warm but not heat, and to set their tongues going with free but decorous elasticity. Sir Walter Scott's cheery little banquets were full of mirth and good-feeling; it was not soda-water that brought out the best points of his guests, and fused them into a harmonious brotherhood."

If we read and ponder on the history of our masters in verse and prose, we will find that our best literature has been inspired by the use of the "Barley-Bree." Shakespeare was no ascetic; and it is not probable that his unique knowledge of human nature could have been acquired if he had not mixed freely with the men of the coffee-houses and the tavern. Had Burns confined his potations to ginger ale, would he have wrote "Scots wha hae?" Byron

did not write "Don Juan" in his vinegar days. In fact, if you cast your eyes along the whole range of literary history, it is doubtful if any genius can be found who stormed Parnassus with a blue ribbon in his button-hole.

In conclusion, let us see what the father of our political economy, Adam Smith, has to say on the trade itself, and the motives which lead to drunkenness. "It is a losing trade," it is said, "which a workman carries on with the ale-house, and the trade which a manufacturing nation would naturally carry on with a wine country may be considered as a trade of the same nature, we answer that the trade with the ale-house is not necessarily a losing trade. In its own nature it is just as advantageous as any other, though, perhaps, somewhat more liable to be abused. The employment of a brewer, and even that of a retailer of fermented liquors, are as necessary divisions of labour as any other. It will be generally the more advantageous for a workman to buy of the brewer the quantity he has occasion for, than to brew it himself. And if he be a poor workman, it was generally the more advantageous for him to buy little by little from the retailer, than a large quantity from the brewer. He may no doubt buy too much of either, as he may of any other dealers in his neighbourhood; of the butcher, if he be a glutton, or of the draper, if he affects to be a beau among his companions. It is advantageous to the great body of workmen, notwithstanding that all their trades should be free, though this freedom may be abused in all of them, and is more likely so, perhaps, in some than in others. Though individuals may, sometimes, ruin their fortunes by an excessive consumption of fermented liquors, there seems to be no risk that a nation should do so. Though in every country there are many people who spend more than they can afford, there are always many more who spend less. It deserves to be remarked, too, that if we consult experience, the cheapness of wine seems to be a cause, not of drunkenness, but of sobriety. The inhabitants of the wine countries are in general the most sober people in Europe. Witness the Spaniards, the Italians, and the inhabitants of the southern provinces of France. People are seldom guilty of excess in what is their daily fare. Nobody gains a character for liberality and good fellowship by being profuse of a liquor which is as cheap as small beer. On the contrary, in the countries which, either from excessive heat or cold, produce no grapes, and where wine consequently is dear and a rarity,

drunkenness is a common vice—as among the northern nations. When a French regiment comes from some of the northern provinces of France, where wine is somewhat dear, to be quartered in the southern, where it is cheap, the soldiers, I have heard it observed, are at first debauched by the cheapness and novelty of good wine; but, after a few months' residence, the greater part of them become as sober as the rest of the inhabitants. Were the duties upon foreign wine, and the excise duty upon malt beer, all to be taken away at once, it might, in the same manner, occasion in Great Britain a pretty general and temporary drunkenness among the middle and inferior ranks of the people, which would soon be followed by a permanent and universal sobriety."

JOHN MORRISON,

POET, MUSICIAN, AND TRAVELLING SHOWMAN,

BY

DONALD J. JOLLY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—EARLY LOVE FOR TRAVELLING SHOWMEN—RUNS AWAY FROM HOME—JOINS A TRAVELLING THEATRE, WIZARD OF THE NORTH, MANAGER—BECOMES A MEMBER OF MR ORD'S EQUESTRIAN TROUPE.

LAYERS, singers, musicians, and poets have of late flooded the world with their recollections and reminiscences; and it has become the fashion to cast modesty aside, to don the mantle of audacious self-assertion, and to speak in the first personal pronoun—I. I will follow the prevailing fashion—and there is good authority for this—as I only in doing so follow the example set before me by the giants of literature. Of the philosophers who have favoured us with their autobiography, we have Hume, Voltaire, and Gibbon; among mystic charlatans, Paracelsus, Liley, and Doctor Dee; among poets, Byron, Gilfillan, and Hogg; and among showmen, a perfect host, with the Prince of Humbugs, Barnum, at their head.

In this introductory chapter, I may tell you that I intend to follow the lead of probably the greatest autobiography ever written. This being so, I cannot do better than introduce myself and my intentions to you in words from that famous narrative—"I know my heart, and have studied mankind; I am not made like any one I have been acquainted with, perhaps with no one in existence; if not better, I at least claim originality, and whether nature did wisely in breaking the mould with which she formed me, can only be determined after having read this work. Whenever the last trumpet shall sound I will present myself before the Sovereign Judge with this book in my hand, and loudly proclaim, thus have I acted; these were my thoughts; such was I. With equal freedom and veracity have I related what was laudable or wicked—I have concealed no crimes, added no virtues; and if I have sometimes in-

troduced superfluous ornament, it was merely to occupy a void occasioned by defective memory. I may have supposed that certain which I only knew to be probable, but have never inserted as truth a conscious falsehood. Such as I was, I have declared myself; sometimes vile and despicable, at others virtuous, generous, and sublime; even as Thou hast read my inmost soul: Power eternal! Assemble around Thy throne the innumerable throng of my fellow-mortals; let them listen to my confessions, let me blush at my depravity, let them tremble at my sufferings; let each in his turn expose with equal sincerity his failings, the wanderings of his heart, and, if he dare, aver *I was better than that man.*"

I was born on the 7th day of April in the year 1819. My father and mother, although not wealthy, occupied a position in society in which they were respectable and respected. The place of my birth shall be nameless, as I have still living two nephews—the sons of an only sister—who might not care that it should be known that their uncle is an itinerant showman. One of these nephews is a minister in Perthshire, and the other a doctor in the same county. I have also a nephew, the son of a brother, also a member of one of the learned professions in Stirlingshire.

The education I received in my youth would probably have fitted me for a higher vocation in life than that of a showman; but as Shakespeare says—

> "There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

Possibly the planet Mercury had been in the second house of th horoscope of my nativity when I was born.

By the time I was able to walk, nothing gave me greater pleasure than the arrival in the town of my birth of shows of any and every description. Tumblers, horsemanship, menageries, theatres, "shoging" boats, street singers, dying speech proclaimers, organ-grinders, and the whole fraternity of these wandering Bohemians never failed to delight my young heart. The glittering tinsel of the graceful dancer, the bellowing roar of the melo-dramatic hero, the feats of the equestrian, all appeared to my young eyes and my untutored mind like visions of Mahomet's heaven. Such being my natural proclivities, it was not to be wondered at that when my father, who had in his mind, decent man, to make me a quiet, douce, sober citizen like himself, wanted to apprentice me to an industrious

calling whereby I might earn my bread, I made up my mind to run away, and soon after joined a travelling theatrical company.

My first master was a man named "Big Scott," who was proprietor of a travelling theatre, but a very indifferent actor. The great Wizard of the North—John Henry Anderson—who at this time had little idea of the greatness that was in store for him—was manager of this small booth of strolling players. Of course I have seen Anderson often since, after he became the mighty conjuror; but I did not think him such a great man at the height of his fame and popularity as when I looked up to him while a boy in the theatre where he took the leading characters and played "Rob Roy," "Richard III.," &c., &c., when by his dramatic action and force he split the ears of the groundlings. So much does our youthful conception of what is excellent in acting remain with us in after years that, although I have heard in later days Southern, Barry Sullivan, and Henry Irving, I still look back fondly to the impersonations which first kindled my youthful enthusiasm, and to me will ever remain the impression that John Henry Anderson was the beau-ideal of an actor. Of course I know this is all wrong, but I am simply giving my impressions, and so I record them. The fresh young mind is uncritical, and easily pleased; the young heart throbs with delight and pleasure at whatever pleases the youthful imagination; but when we come to riper years our feelings are blunted, and we become critical and exacting

After I left this travelling company, which I did in the north of England, I engaged myself to Mr Ord, the great bare-back equestrian. The great Ord was always a favourite with the people in Scotland, and I believe there are few men or women in our country but have pleasing recollections of the delight they experienced in their boyhood or girlhood when they witnessed old Mr Ord's open-air exhibitions on the Market Muir? As I have a good deal to say both about Mr Ord and his company, I will reserve the details thereof for my next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

ENGAGES WITH MR ORD—COMPARISON BETWEEN MR ORD AND DUCROW—ORD'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE—HIS SUCCESS IN SCOTLAND—BUILDS A CIRCUS IN INVERNESS—RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE COMPANY —OLD DRINKING CUSTOMS—PROCESSION ON OPENING NIGHT.

When I was first engaged with Mr Ord, he was in very poor circumstances indeed. It was, as I stated in the first chapter, in the north of England. The great Ducrow was then at the zenith of his popularity, and although, in my opinion, Mr Ord was his equal, if not his superior, as an equestrian, he somehow never took the taste of an English audience, nor was he ever received anywhere by the English people with that enthusiasm and applause with which they always greeted the performances of Ducrow. As I have said, when I joined him his fortunes were at a very low ebb, but shortly after I became a member of his company, he crossed the Borders, and at once achieved an extraordinary success. His success was so great that he was able to cease travelling during the winter time, and built a circus and amphitheatre, and settled down in some of the large towns, where he was largely patronized by the working class as well as the leading gentry. He richly deserved the success he achieved, for few men have ever attained the same grace and agility in equestrian feats as old Mr Ord. His own performance always was the chief attraction of the entertainment.

He did wonderful feats on the slack wire, such as playing the violin, on which he was a good performer. As a tumbler I have never seen his equal, and indeed few, if any, ever excelled him in any of the feats he undertook.

In person he was a very powerful man, about five feet ten inches in height, and when on horseback it required little stretch of the imagination to believe him to be a prototype of a Greek statue; his face was bold and manly, the nose and cheek-bones and chin large; his mouth firm, showing determination and spirit, and his brow, although not high, was broad, and the stern expression of his eyes told the beholder that he was haughty and austere; his temper was fiery and easily ruffled, but he was easily appeased, never implacable and unforgiving, and to the members of his company often acted as a good considerate father; but he was very exacting with his servants.

His ring-master, when I joined him, was a man called Dan Gunn,

who had for many years been a true and faithful servant to Mr Ord, whose duty in the ring was to keep the horses going, and a very hard taskmaster he was to the novices. I remember when I was training he took great pains with me, as I was very willing to learn; but I have seen him, with some, when they did not make a good attempt to do what they were told, in place of striking the horse, bring the whip down pretty smartly over the recalcitrant's shoulders.

Mr Ord spent nearly all his time in the ring with his horses—more time than ever I saw any man since, and I have been in many places. I may explain that the first circus Mr Ord had was built in Inverness, and after the amphitheatre had been completed and everything in working order there were three days' practice in that circus which I will ever remember. We were at it for eighteen hours out of four-and-twenty. At last the opening night came, and two hours before the time advertised for opening the doors to receive the public, we were all hastily summoned up to Mr Ord's lodgings, for what purpose none of us knew.

He read to us the rules and regulations of his new show, and then he told us that if we thought we could not obey them to speak out at once and he would pay us our wages and let us go, for if we stayed and committed any breach of his regulations the penalty would be instant dismissal, and that he would get us drummed out of the town in disgrace.

The rules were as follows:—(1) If any member of the company was seen under the influence of drink either in the circus or on the street by night or by day he or she would be discharged; (2) cleanliness of person and clothing was imperative, and if any one was in need of clothing, and had not the wherewithal to purchase it, he would advance the money and take payment by instalments; (3) every member of the company had to appear in the ring in a clean dress every night, under the penalty of the forfeiture of a night's wages; (4) drinking on a Sunday was strictly prohibited.

This leads me to remark in passing that there was no Forbes M'Kenzie Act in those days. Then you could get drink at any hour you liked, cheaper and better stuff than you can get now—the reason probably being that the half of it never saw the exciseman. Threepence or fourpence was the cost of a gill of the best, and then you had not far to go for it, for every toll-house on the road sold drink, and I am sure there were more than twice as many

public-houses and other quiet dramshops, if you were acquainted with their locality, then than now, but with all these facilities for getting drunk I must bear my testimony to the fact that there was not then so much drink consumed as there is now, and I am sure many other old men will be able to corroborate this statement.

After Mr Ord had read us all the rules and regulations, to which we gave our ready acquiescence, he ordered us off to our lodgings to get washed, and to come back as quickly as we possibly could, as he wanted us to go down to the circus in procession. When we had all assembled we took to the streets, headed by Mr Ord, Mr Delaney, Mr and Mrs Bolton or Wilkins (the son of this couple was bugler and teacher of music in the 1st Forfarshire Militia). After these followed the rest of the company as suited themselves. The news soon spread abroad that Ord and his men were coming, and the turn-out to see us walk down to open the new circus was immense.

I have often been in Inverness since with other circuses, but I have never seen an ovation such as was given Mr Ord on this occasion. The people wished him God-speed, hurrahed, waved their hats and caps with one accord, and many good wishes were expressed by spokesmen both in Gaelic and English. Mr Ord addressed the multitude and thanked them for their good wishes, and promised them such a performance that night as had never been witnessed before in their good town.

(To be continued).

ASTROLOGICAL BUREAU.

CONDUCTED BY

GEO. WILDE.

"Ye stars which are the poetry of Heaven ;
If in your bright leaves we read the fate
Of men and empires —— 'tis to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap this mortal state
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That Life, Fame, Power, and Fortune have named
Themselves a star."—*Byron.*

ASTROLOGY: A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

To Hermes, the Egyptian astrologer, we are indebted for the first records of planetary influence, and for the division of the heavens, and the naming of the signs of the Zodiac. Succeeding Chaldeans, down to Claudius Ptolemy, have recorded their observations, and the priests of Egypt were important factors and teachers of its principles. Josephus states that "Seth,* foreseeing the flood, engraved the rudiments of the science upon a pillar of brick and a pillar of stone, in order to preserve it, which pillars were to be seen in his day." There is no superstition in the theory, that conjunctions, sextiles, squares, trines, and oppositions of the planets are responsible for the turning of the wheel of human destiny.

Ptolemy says :—"That a certain power, derived from the æthereal nature, is diffused over and pervades the whole atmosphere of the earth, is clearly evident to all men. Fire and air, the first of the sublunary elements, are encompassed and altered by the motions of the æther. These elements in their turn encompass all inferior matter, and vary it as they themselves are varied; acting on earth and water, on plants and animals. The Sun, always acting in connection with the Ambient, contributes to the regulation of all earthly things: not only by the revolution

* Seth and his posterity were the inventors or discoverers of that peculiar sort of wisdom which is concerned with the stars in their courses and the order of destiny.

of the seasons does he bring to perfection the embryo of animals. The Moon, being of all the heavenly bodies the nearest to the Earth, also dispenses much influence, and things animate and inanimate sympathise and vary with her.

The mutual configurations of the heavenly bodies, by commingling the influence with which each is separately invested, produces a multiplicity of changes. The power of the Sun, however, predominates, because it is more generally distributed; the others either co-operate with his power or diminish its effect: the Moon more frequently and more plainly performs this at her conjunction, at her first and last quarter, and at her opposition." Ptolemy observes: "A skilful person, acquainted with the nature of the stars, is enabled to avert many of their effects, and to prepare himself for those effects before they arrive, and a sagacious mind improves the operation of the heavens, as a skilful farmer, by cultivation, improves nature." Hippocrates had faith in astrology, but differed from Ptolemy inasmuch as he attributed less influence to the Moon, and asserted a preponderating influence to the Pleiades, Arcturus and Procyon. Galen again assigned to the Moon the chief influence.

Astrology, perhaps above all other sciences, necessitates a great deal of tact and practical experience in the professor, as many of the figures he may be called upon to judge will be found very intricate in their various combinations. Hence, a judicious analysis is requisite, and exceptional discrimination, to balance the pros and cons of his verdict. That the stars in their courses fight for and against men and women, a very superficial knowledge of them will shew. The Moon, as she glides about the earth, exerts powerful influence upon terrestrial matter. The man who has Sol in the ascendant, has an unmistakable and distinct solar force, which is alone characteristic of the Sun type of man, at once perceptible to the student. These qualities are altogether distinct from those one imbibes from a horoscope which has Saturn in the ascendant. The one is magnanimous, noble, bold, possessing unmistakable force of character; ingredients altogether at variance with the fearful, selfish, malicious nature of the other. These statements are of course subject to variations according to the aspects the Sun or Saturn may be receiving. It would be very difficult indeed for the Saturnine man to assume the nature and deportment of the Solar man. On the other hand,

it would be equally impossible for the timid nature, characteristic of Saturn, to assume the impudent manner of the martialist. I have often found the Saturnine nature concealed under a bold demeanour and bombastic front, assumed for the moment. Many a man has doubtless realized that modesty is a great impediment to his success, and has often resolved to be self-assertive, meeting everything with a bold face, but this attempt has resulted in a miserable failure; one must possess genuine natural impudence, its counterfeit is easily detected.

The most advanced or approved philosophical reasoning cannot close our eyes to the fact, that the stars do influence us. One beautiful feature of the science is, that one star exerts a powerful influence, by aspect or conjunction, over another; the one imbibing the nature of the other; hence we find a mingling of corresponding rays of character, which produces, as a result, innumerable characteristics and peculiarities. Man's real nature is often difficult to analyze—the phases of character being so numerous, but the dominant ingredients are at once perceptible to the astrologer. Men and women there are, who possess little or no personality, or magnetic force; their planets will be found under the earth, not in angles, and with but few aspects of any importance. On the other hand, the man who makes a name, and pushes himself into recognition, will be found to have his stars at birth very much in aspect and in dominant places. The evil qualities are as rampant amongst us to-day as eighteen hundred years ago. Is there not as much as ever a parasitical tendency to crush each other, in fact to Old-man-of-the-sea each other? The moral of all this is, that the "malafics" are still imparting the same baneful disposition and reprenhensible qualities to the child, at the moment of birth, which must be developed or retarded, according to the environment of the child as it grows up. Schiller has limned for us, in his "Wallenstein," in inimitable language, the science of the stars:—

> "And if this be the Science of the Stars,
> I too, with glad and zealous industry,
> Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
> It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
> That in immeasurable heights above us,
> At our first birth the wreath of love was woven,
> With sparkling stars for flowers.

NOVEL FEATURE.

FREE HOROSCOPES.

Arrangements have been made with the celebrated Astrologer, Mr. WILDE, of Halifax, whereby each Subscriber for one year shall receive—on stating sex, place, day, and hour of birth—a full Astrological delineation of character, with prognostications as to the health, wealth, weal or woe, Fate has in store.

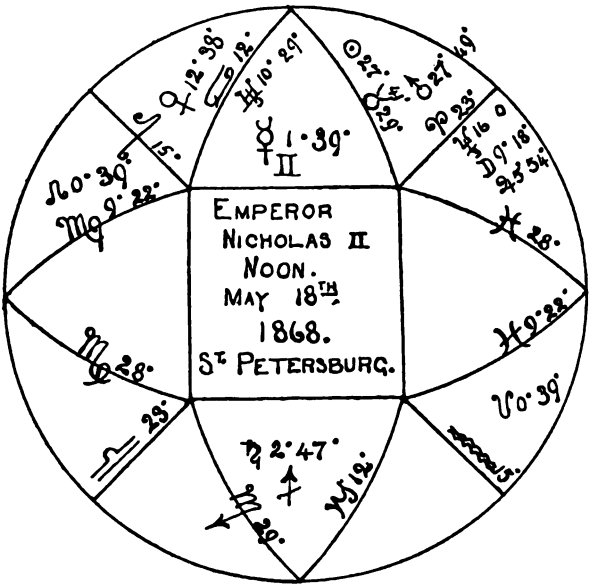
Mr. Wilde has been the principal contributor, on the Science of the Chaldeans, to Mr. Stead's new mystical quarterly, *Borderland*, and holds very high testimonials from Mr. Stead and many other gentlemen in all the learned professions for the accuracy of his Astrological deductions. Mr. Stead says—"Mr. Wilde hits off with extraordinary accuracy so many events of life, that it is quite wonderful." Another gentleman says—"He gives the faults and weaknesses of character with marvellous accuracy." It may also be stated that Mr. Wilde has placed himself at the top of his profession by his publication the other day of an exhaustive treatise on "Natal Astrology," which was very favourably reviewed in the *Times*, *Saturday Review*, and many other leading British newspapers.

N.B.—A stamped and directed foolscap envelope should be sent for the horoscope. Please write distinctly.

ASTROLOGICAL QUERIES.

Three pages will be devoted to these; each Subscriber, in lieu of a horoscope, being allowed to ask not more than three questions respecting his or her life and fortune. The astrological enquiry columns will be conducted by Mr. Wilde, and the real name must be sent with the particulars as a guarantee of good faith. Initials or an anagram may be used for publication.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II.



ASPECTS.

☉☌♄ D☌♃ ☿☌♄
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D□♅
D✶☿ ♃△♄
D△♄
☿MUNDANE PARALLEL ☉

THE horoscope of the New Czar of all the Russias is by no means a happy one, for Saturn opposes the Sun and the Meredian, and a modern student, Mr. A. G. Trent, who has verified the Chaldean aphorisms of the science, says: "I am quite satisfied that the worst sign that can be found in a nativity is the opposition of Saturn or Uranus to the mid-heaven, at least before they have passed the cusp of the 4th house, unless they are very well aspected." From a number of examples, I am convinced that this is worse than their position in the 10th, or mid-heaven. The same cross aspects occurred in the horoscopes of the Bourbon family. "The cause is the opposition to the mid-heaven, and by no means any occult

quality imputed to the 4th house." With such adverse stars in their courses, the Emperor Nicholas II. cannot contend successfully with the enemies of the throne or revolutionist party, which, it would seem, will compel, whether he will or no, constitutional changes, and the nativity indicates an adverse spirit to concessions; the stars impelling him to resist those measures which alone would establish him more firmly on his throne. The stars mould character, and character makes destiny, and the disposition of this Emperor is more just and austere than generous, for the opposition of Saturn to the Sun and Mercury, will not allow of those liberal instincts which would endear him to his subjects, and he is more discreet and less impulsive than his late father, very ingenious, with less physical but more mental power than the late Czar, and there are indications of an iron will and a firm hand beneath the velvet glove; and the spirit of perverseness would, under provocation, beget a stubborn, malicious self-will, and a hidden vindictiveness, which many will feel conscious of. This, however, is the worst side of his character, for he is wise, and possesses much finesse, and has some of the shrewdness of his grandfather; a subtle, penetrating spirit, and he is sure to impress his subjects with his depth of wisdom, sound judgment, and temperate restraining power; a wise counsellor, and he would seem to have the power to instruct others. Noble and ignoble in composition, he will perform noble and ignoble deeds.

Though mutable in resolution, and rapid in sequence of ideas, he has constancy of attachment, and his courtesy and warmth of affection will be a marked trait of character, and these sensuous traits, in a less cautious man, would lead to temptations, and he will make many feminine friends.

The mundane parallel of Mercury and the Sun prefigure great pride and ambition; many good abilities and accomplishments, and the quartile ray of the moon and Herschel will vouchsafe a romantic temper, sensuousness, and an inclination for science, literature, and the occult.

Mars position points to lack of defined principles, agnosticism, contempt for the fanatic and zealous bigot, of varying notions; however, and of little faith; therefore, not troubled with religious scruples, and his trust and belief in divine providence are not great, however he may appear to the world; and he may appear open-faced, plausible, apparently candid, to the superficial observer,

but there is more behind—an inner life of fears and fancies, and he will see more of the internal workings of his environment than others will give him credit for. There is more gravity than vivacity in the composition; more reticence than impetuosity, and his intellectual capacity is above the average, and his broad views will make him adverse to religious bias, and he is not aggressive—certainly not a son of Mars, for the martial star is not in evidence, and he will be as adverse to war as was Alexander III.

The new Czar will find his troubles and difficulties within his kingdom, for Saturn's position *points to internal troubles at home and revolutions; the star of the Imperial Romanoff family is in the descendant, and, just as the power of the Bourbon family waned, so will that of the Romanoffs.*

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

The stars in their courses in 1895 presage changes of great import and of vital importance to the masses of Russia, and which will seem propitious, and to strengthen the Romanoff dynasty, though the Emperor is warned that the position of Herschel indicates that the advice of a friend will sway him to his ultimate loss and detriment.

October, 1898.—Moon conjunction Mars will cause disputes and difficulties, strained relations at home and abroad, and journeys will be attended with danger.

June to August, 1899.—Moon in opposition to Saturn; a very evil aspect, which will cause indisposition, ill-fortune, and some loss of credit or power.

May, 1901.—Moon in quartile ray with Mars; provocation from other powers and a quarrel and much vexation.

April, 1903.—Moon conjunction Mercury, July and September, 1903. Moon in good aspect to Venus and Saturn. An array of most auspicious stars, which portray a propitious year and the good fortune extends to April, 1904, when the Moon is in good aspect to Jupiter, and the Czar's relations with his subjects and foreign powers will be good, and he will be specially happy and fortunate in a new venture and enterprise of a beneficial nature to his subjects; much mental activity and the aspects point to concessions, which will redound to his credit, and to some scientific undertaking, and I have no doubt he will take up some literary work.

March, 1905.—Moon in adverse aspect with Mars will cause controversy, difficulties, and he will be in personal danger if he travels. July, 1905.—Moon in quartile ray with Saturn; indisposition, chills, anxiety, and he will meet with much adverse criticism.

May and June, 1912.—Moon conjunction Saturn, and opposition Mars; a critical year and this ruler is in immediate danger, not only of serious indisposition, but death by violence; serious troubles in his empire and complications with other powers, and journeys will enhance his dangers, for enemies will be rampant and lurk everywhere.

1915.—The Sun reaches the conjunction of Herschel, the Moon the opposition, and the luminaries are opposed to each other. These are most unpropitious stars in their courses, and sudden calamities and momentous changes are imminent, and the Czar may expect ill-health; and the loss of his crown or much power can only be averted by great concessions to his subjects. Friends are not to be trusted, and will urge him to that which will precipitate his fall, and one bad friend will either work him much ill or play him false; and should any friend gain an ascendancy over him he is lost, and his fate is inevitable, for the stars are virtually fighting against him as they fought against Sisera.

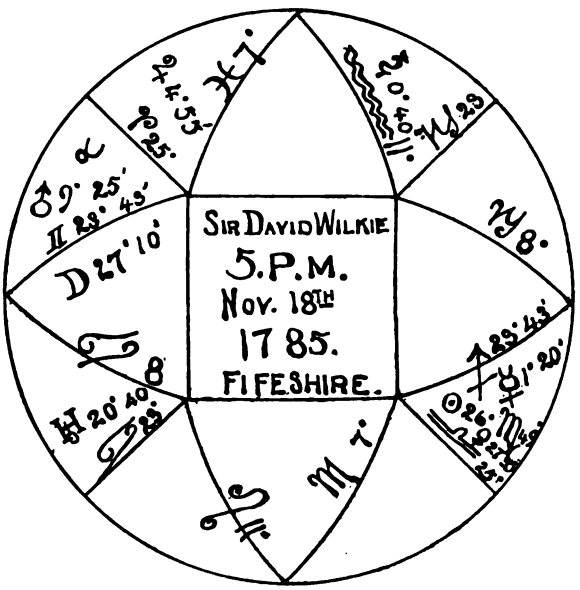
GEORGE WILDE.

The picture haunts me as a song—
The eye of memory lingers long
Upon that sea of heather where
She stood, with wind-blown cloud of hair
About her head, and laugh as free
As winds upon the wold that be!

Sept., 1894. J. A. STEWART.

SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

BORN 18TH NOVEMBER, 1785. DIED 1ST JUNE, 1840.



"The painting is almost the natural man."—*Shakspere.*

As there could be no astrological queries in our first number, we thought it might interest our readers in the ancient science of astrology, to get Mr. Wilde to draw up the Horoscope of the great Scottish Painter, Sir David Wilkie.

A few words about Wilkie's life may not be uninteresting, were it for no other reason than to show how well the science agrees with his life's history. He at a very early age exhibited an almost intuitive love for drawing, and could sketch before he was able to read, and paint before he could spell. He was in the habit of attending markets, fairs, and trysts in order to study life and character.

In 1803 he gained the ten guinea prize of the Edinburgh Academy for the best painting of Callistro in the Ball of Diana. In the same year he produced his "Village Politicians." Next year he went to London, taking with him "The Village Recruit," which was exposed in a shop window, near Charing Cross, marked £6, where it soon found a purchaser. His "Village Politicians" was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1806, and was universally

admired. This established his character, and he was flooded with commissions. So he produced in quick succession, "The Blind Fiddler," "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," "The Card-Player," "The Rent Day," "The Cut-Finger," "The Reading of the Will," "The Ale-House Door," and "The Village Festival." All this time the remuneration was rapidly on the increase—from £6, the price of "The Village Recruit," to 800 guineas, the sum paid for the "Festival." Wilkie's works are so many and so well known, that it is unnecessary to enumerate them. Suffice it to say, that for "The Chelsea Pensioner," which is unquestionably his masterpiece, and is admitted to be the finest work of its class ever painted, he got from the Duke of Wellington 1200 guineas. In his own peculiar line—the Dutch School—Wilkie was, and is, without a rival. ED. "Caledonia."

The horoscope of the eminent painter Sir David Wilkie, R.A., affords striking proof of the power exerted by the "Stars in their Courses." The Chaldeans say that when Jupiter, Venus, or the Sun behold the mid-heaven at the birth of a babe, the man becomes distinguished. Now, Jupiter and a propitious Venus beheld the meridian at the birth of Sir David Wilkie, the one by a zodiacal sextile, and the other by a trine aspect. An eminent scholar, Mr. A. G. Trent, LL.D., has devoted the spare moments of a busy life to historical research, and the private investigation of the aphorisms of this, the very oldest of sciences; verifying the rules handed down to us by Ptolemy, the Egyptian, simply by applying them to the nativities of those whom the gods have exalted. It will be found that the aspects quoted by Mr. Trent are almost identical with those of Sir David Wilkie's horoscope.

Mr. Trent writes: "The zodiacal sextile of the Sun and Moon in 'George Eliot's' horoscope, and the zodiacal trine of Venus to the mid-heaven, seem insufficient by themselves to account for such astonishing success. But the Sun is in mundane trine with the mid-heaven, and has the mundane sextile of Jupiter." "The nativity of Sir William Siemens, a most fortunate man, was equally propitious, for Jupiter was in mundane trine with the mid-heaven." "Thinking of the signs of good fortune in nativities, I have been struck with the remarkable resemblances between Michael Angelo, Lord Wolseley, and Lord Tennyson. Angelo has Venus on the lower meridian in mundane sextile with Jupiter, which is consequently in mundane trine with the mid-heaven. Wolseley has the

Sun and Jupiter in the same places reversed. Tennyson has the Sun on the lower heaven in mundane trine with Jupiter, which is in mundane sextile with the mid-heaven."

Mr. Trent remarks: "I am satisfied that the influence of Mars, both for artists and musicians, is as important as that of Venus." In the horoscope of Sir David Wilkie, Mars is in the ascendant, and Venus is auspicious and in zodiacal quartile and mundane trine to Saturn; and these phenomena are repeated in the horoscope of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and those of other more or less distinguished men with striking regularity.

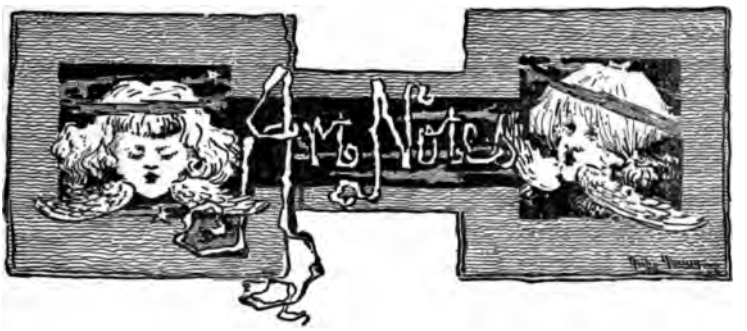
Mars peeping over the eastern horizon would give Sir David Wilkie much force of character; a sturdy personality, though nervous in temperament, impulsive, aspiring, capable of working at high pressure—indeed, his executive power and application were so great that he would often overwork himself, out of sheer inability to curb a certain restlessness of mind, and a desire to be moving, acting, and doing; very much in harness, very fond of travel, ingenious and not lacking in finesse; delighting in friendship, and his perseverance only equalled his constancy of attachment, and his independent spirit carried with it a tinge of reserve.

Contemplative in nature; by no means over-buoyant, but highly strung, fanciful and nervous; not easily satisfied with his achievements, and discontent was an unmistakable trait of character, though towering above all was a will and a way of his own, and great determination. Cheerful—he had his jovial moods; spirited, he possessed the real grit and courage of a Knight Templar, and would do a bold but just action.

Sir David Wilkie had not that robust disease-resisting temperament and recuperative power so necessary to a man whose tenacity of purpose and active mind impelled him to work long and continuously.

He expired off Gibraltar on June 1st, 1840, and was committed to the deep. The stars in their courses were adverse. Mars was in opposition to the Sun, and in parallel declination, and the Sun was in opposition to Herschel. Saturn had progressed to the sixth degree of Aquarius, and was in exact mundane square to the Moon. These aspects, the Chaldeans aver, presage a speedy dissolution. The horoscope portrayed a struggle to and the aquisition of fame and fortune, but not longevity.

GEORGE WILDE.



ABERDEEN is proud, and has reason so to be, over the success of her seventh Annual Exhibition. The Aberdeen Society has followed the example set by Edinburgh and other places, in hanging along with the modern work good examples by deceased and living masters, which have been lent for the occasion by their owners. This is a step in the right direction from an educational point of view, and is a great means of making an exhibition more popular. One has the satisfaction of paying his money to see something better than a mere sale-room of the year's efforts. Loan pictures are, as a rule, the best work of the artist's life.

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A pleasant and profitable hour can be spent by student or connoisseur in the galleries at Schoolhill, and he cannot but carry away with him a good impression of art. Of the modern works the standard is high, and many are exceptionally fine canvasses.

The outstanding features are, in landscape, the pictures of David Murray, Joseph Farquharson, Robert Noble, and John Muirhead; in figure subjects those of John Phillip, R.A., T. Austen Brown, J. Pettie, R.A., and A. S. MacGeorge.

The exhibition as a whole is, however, strongest in portraiture. There are many beautiful examples by Scotland's first portrait-painter, George Jameson; also by Vandyke, Raeburn, John Phillip, R.A., W. O. Orchardson, Professor Legros, Sir George Reid, and Robert Brough.

Nearly all these men were born, or have lived and worked North of the Tweed, and the Exhibition, as a whole, as well as every individual effort, reflects credit on Caledonian art.

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Following this, it may not be out of place, though rather late in the day, to note an addition lately made to the Natural Gallery, London, of a picture by a Scottish artist, *vide* the Athenæum, "the best artist Scotland has produced." It is a picture of St. John leading the Virgin to the Tomb of Christ, given to the nation by an anonymous donor, and painted by W. Dyce, R.A. The picture is in excellent preservation, and is a good example of the artist's best work.

Dyce was born at Aberdeen in 1806, and studied in the Academies of London and Edinburgh. He was appointed head of the administration when the Government Schools of Design were established, and he did much to foster the art education of this country.

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Considerable excitement prevails in art circles just now in Edinburgh. The whole affair is a matter of jealousy between the two Societies, the Royal Scottish Academy and the Society of Scottish Artists. That such jealousy exists between the members, or at least a large proportion of them, there can be no doubt, and much discussion has been wasted on side issues. It seems the S. S. A., composed of the younger men, is flourishing, and has held two very successful exhibitions in the rooms of the R. S. A. Now the old Society wish to deprive them of the use of these rooms, and play the part of the dog in the manger. Much better feeling, it is to be hoped, may be engendered by this discussion, but it is cheering to know that the interests of art in the capital will not suffer, at least permanently.

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The loving life work of a careful hand has again been demolished, and the treasures cast to the four winds, in the sale of books, paintings, and MSS., belonging to the late J. M. Gray, curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. It is a pity that such a collection could not remain intact and complete as he left it. I am glad to see that a memorial volume on Mr. Gray is in preparation, edited by Mr. Balfour Paul, Lyon-king-at-arms.

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Messrs. T. & R. Annan & Sons announce the publication of a handsomely-illustrated book on George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and

the art of his time. The photogravures are by themselves, and the biography is written by Mr. Ed. Pinnington, Glasgow.

* * * * * *

The first of the Armitstead Lectures, a series delivered annually in Dundee, was given by Professor A. Herkomer, the other day. The Professor's subject was Portrait Painting. With his enthusiasm, lucid explanation, and plain stories, which were very much *a propos*, he succeeded in making the lecture intensely interesting and very successful.

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The Scottish Art Club have moved into new premises at Rutland Square, Edinburgh. These premises were opened with a reception given by the President, Sir G. Reid, P.R.S.A., and members of the council and club. Mr. Hall Caine performed the opening ceremony, and at the dinner in the evening proposed the toast of the club. In doing so he, in a very honest and straightforward manner, referred to one or two of the shortcomings of the artist of to-day. He thinks, and not without reason I am sure, that the 19th century artist has grown too conceited in his art, for art's sake; with him all is paint and technique, and instead of meeting the public half-way, and giving them something they can understand and appreciate, he performs great feats in "harmonies" and "values." Mr. Caine pointed out that this had something to do with *log rolling*. The public, which can not make up its own mind in such a case, is prone to follow the advice of critics, and reputations are often built up by one critic for another, or one set for another set. He made it clear, however, that such practices must always fail to affect the really great artist or his work.

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The Royal Scottish Water Colour Society has arranged its exhibition this year in the Fine Art Institute, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. The exhibition is a very successful one, and represents the best work of its old and new members. There is also a good collection of the works of some members now, alas, gone over to the majority.

J. YOUNG.

Echoes from the Sanctum.

I SUPPOSE it will be necessary for me to say a word or two about "Caledonia,"—to wish my subscribers and readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I hope that our intercourse now begun shall long continue for our mutual advantage, and that all shortcomings, on both sides, shall always be looked upon with a friendly eye and a kindly spirit. Let us banish from our hearts and minds all malice, discontent, and envy. If we do this our lot will be a happy one, no matter what position in life we may fill.

* * * * * *

Now that the good ship "Caledonia" is fairly launched, we ask one and all to wish her a prosperous pleasant voyage. This will of course depend on the crew and the man at the wheel, and also if good and wholesome food be always provided for the passengers.

* * * * * *

Now a word about the future. My good friend, Douglas Allan Scott (he has got a fine sounding name, has he not?) will begin in an early number a series of articles, entitled "Scotland's Sweet Singers," which is to be illustrated by fine portraits of the

song-writers. He will start with James I. of Scotland, the author of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and "Peebles to the Play," and end with William Thom of Inverury, author of "The Mitherless Bairn," and "The Blind Boy's Pranks." In the series, among others, will be Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, Robert Tannahill, William Motherwell, Hector McNeill, and Caroline Baroness Nairne. As a nation, we are proud of our songs—so that bright, short sketches of the lives of the men and women who wrote them will be very suitable for the pages of "Caledonia," and will, we are sure, be heartily welcomed by our readers.

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Speaking about Scottish song reminds me of a note written by Allan Cunningham to Burns' lay, "When Rosy May comes in wi' Flowers," where he says, "Song was once as natural to man as music is to the birds of the air; but hard work—incessant drudgery rather—has silenced song at the plough, at the loom, at the forge, in the garden, at the carpenter's bench, and the mason's banker. A song is seldom heard in the land now, save when some ragged wretch raises 'a melancholious croon,' as he holds out his hat for alms. Perhaps the ploughman still chants an air as he turns his furrow, and the shepherd still sings as he watches his lambs among the pastoral mountains; in the cities music is mute, save when hired; the pale mechanic has so much to endure in keeping his soul and body together that song is out of the question. Music with him has died into a 'quaver of consternation.'" If this be a true picture, we hope to live to see it all changed.

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Just a word or two about our Astrological Bureau. Some wise men, wise in their own conceit, have ventured the opinion that this astrology is all bosh. Well, it is easy for one to sneer at a thing because one does not understand or know anything about it. Would our would-be wise men, who condemn astrology, be surprised to learn that nearly all the great men of the past, and many of the great and learned men of the present, have held, and now hold, the science of astrology to be a true science?

* * * * * *

The famous Robert Burton, in his great work, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," tells us that "Ballantius, Pirovanus, Marascellerus, Goclenius, Sir Christopher Heidon," &c., &c., were all believers in the science of astrology, and he says, moreover, "If thou shalt ask

me what I think, I must answer, they (the stars) do incline, but do not compel."

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Burton also says that Paracelsus is of opinion "That a physician without the knowledge of the stars can neither understand the cause or cure of any disease, either of gout, not so much as toothache; except he see the peculiar geniture and scheme of the party affected."

* * * * * *

Robert Burton was born in 1576, on the 8th of February; Wood, his biographer, tells us he was an exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities; a severe student; a devourer of authors; a person of great honesty; plain dealing and charitable. He may be said to have lived for many years among the books in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. When he died, on the 27th of January, 1640, he was buried in the North Aisle next to the Choir of the Cathedral of Christ's Church. Over his grave, on a panel, his bust is painted, and on his right is a tracing of his horoscope, or calculation of his nativity.

* * * * * *

Goethe (who, according to Madame de Stael, a good judge) represented in himself alone the whole of German literature, had a strong belief in astrology. He begins his autobiography in these words:—

"On the 29th of August, 1749, at midday, as the clock struck 12, I came into the world at Frankfort-on-the-Main. My horoscope was propitious, the sun stood in the sign of the virgin, and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye, and Mercury not adversely, while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent; the moon alone, just full, exerted the power of her reflection all the more as she had then reached her planetary hour; she opposed herself to my birth, which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed. These good aspects, which the astrologers managed subsequently to reckon very auspicious for me, may have been the cause of my preservation; for, through the unskilfulness of the midwife, I came into the world as dead, and only after various efforts was I enabled to see the light."

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There is scarcely an extraordinary character in antiquity who did not believe in astrology. Hippocrates said "a physician who was ignorant of astrology deserved to be called a fool rather than

a physician"; and another great man in ancient medicine, Galen, also said "that no man should trust himself to that physician, or rather pretender, who is not skilled in astrology." In the days of old, Chaldea was the centre of its power, while in China, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, it was universally accepted.

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The masters of ancient poetry—Homer, Virgil, Horace, and many others—rose to the loftiest strains when praising astrology; and to come to our own country, among the long list of eminent men who believed in astrology we find Roger Bacon; Duns Scotus; Baron Napier, the inventor of logarithms; Francis Bacon: Kepler; Flamstead, the first Astronomer Royal; Sir Elias Ashmole, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum; Chaucer wrote a treatise on the Astrolabe, and John Dryden computed the nativities of his children, and foretold certain accidents to his son Charles.

* * * * * *

In Shakespeare's works we find some of his most beautiful expressions have reference to the power and influence of the stars:

> "Comets, imputing change of times and states,
> Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky."

Again, when *Romeo* and *Juliet* were married, Friar Lawrence prays:

> "So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
> That after hours with sorrow chide us not."

And again:—

> "In my stars I am above thee . . .
> Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
> And some have greatness thrust upon them."

In *Julius Cæsar*, in the second scene of the second act, when *Calfhurnia* implores her lord and master not to go forth to the meeting in the capitol, she says:—

> "When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

* * * * * *

Every educated parent knows the graceful allusion made by the American poet, Longfellow, to the science:—

> "O child! O new-born denizen
> Of life's great city! on thy head
> The glory of the morn is shed
> Like a celestial benison;
> . . . . . .
> By what astrology of fear or hope
> Dare I to cast thy horoscope."

But why should I heap instance on instance—suffice for the present to say, when gazing on the star-sprinkled firmament on a winter night:—

> "These are the rolling lamps God fixed on high,
> The wandering worlds of the azure sky,
> From whom the wise can well the *fate* presage
> Of gaping fool or dolt as well as sage."

* * * * * *

I intended this month to have given the Horoscope of Professor Blackie, so wrote him telling him so, to which the Professor replied:—"I was born in Glasgow on the 28th of July, 1809, the hour I know not"; Mr. Wilde, not having the hour of birth, thought it better not to compute his horoscope. Having the birth moment of Sir David Wilkie, the Scottish painter, he has drawn a figure of the heavens at his birth, and his deductions therefrom as an example of his work to the readers of "Caledonia."

* * * * * *

Speaking of Professor Blackie, I may state that the author of "Linnburn Farm" had a characteristic letter from him, of date the 26th of October, in which he says "I have subscribed to 'Caledonia' with much pleasure, both as a good Scotsman and as a person who, though born in Glasgow, has had the advantage of breathing Aberdeen air, and admiring Aberdeen strength from three years old and upwards."

* * * * * *

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., has been delivering an address on "How to make the most of Life." This is a subject in which the learned Doctor should be at home, and he is. The only blemish on an otherwise first-class lecture is his usual *rampage* about drink as being "The Devil in Solution." What a mad world it is, my masters. We are told that drinking is the father of all horrors, "crimes, lies, deceits, murders, and deaths." It seems to be a question well worth consideration, if the Tee-total craze is not as effectual in putting the human mind off its equilibrium as drunkenness itself.

* * * * * *

It will not be denied that, as a nation, we are year by year imbibing more strong drink, and yet, let us see if we are, in proportion, sinking into crime and all its attendant evils. Sir Edwin Arnold, in his "Aspects of Life," told us the other day "we had 87,668 'habituals' in 1868; now the evil roll is only 52,153.

When the population was 19,257,000, in 1889, there were 52,153 persons undergoing penal servitude; now, with a population of 27,830,179, the number is only 947. In 1878, the entire number of prisoners in our gaols was 20,833; the entire number at the same date in 1892 was 12,663, though the population had increased by six millions."

* * * * * *

And yet there is much food for thought in the Doctor's address. Here are a few home truths it would be well for us to take a note of:—"In little children the skeleton sometimes grows up rickety and badly shaped when food, deficient in earthy solidifying material, is supplied to it. We may see the skeleton of a young person, who is fairly fed, bent and distorted by various mechanical errors; bow-legged because made to stand too early; unshapen in the palate, rabbit-shaped of mouth, because the mother or nurse allowed it, as an infant, to suck its thumbs; we may see the young cyclist spine-bent because he has curved himself too determinately to the shape he thought necessary in order to make pace; we may see the older person made bow-legged, or spine-bent, because forced to work in a crouching condition for long hours at a time."

* * * * * *

But it is where the Doctor treats on mental exercise and health of mind that he is at his best. With regard to the question of heredity, he gives, in the following sentences, a rare thing to be found now-a-days, a new idea, at least the idea is new to me:—"The mind is a kingdom, into which all the universe pours, and in which, during life, all the immediate universe of every person concentrates for environment. It is not altogether according to environment, for in it heredity plays so distinct a part that *we carry with us the mind of our ancestors*, and are often doing unconsciously what they, under the same circumstances, would have done. My own impression is that memory itself extends, in some instances, through ancestry, and that those curious phenomena of so-called 'pre-existence,' which many feel, are continuous memories."

* * * * * *

He strongly recommends the study of biography, and calls it the grammar of the human mind, and he tells us of a find he once made, when reading biography, about an old Charter-house pensioner, named Stephen Gray, who, in 1729, made the discovery of electric telegraphic communication. This old man, with a

little glass tube, rubber-ball, Dutch gold leaf, resin, and wire, on the 29th of May, 1729, discovered electrical conductive insulation and induction, as well as the method of transmitting an electric current a distance of seventy feet along a cord supported by silk bearers. "Think of that alone," he says, "as one trifle of biographical history"; think of the present girdling of the world in twenty minutes; think of the thousands of miles, thousands of tons of wire; think of the thousands of messages that pass through electric channels; think of voices conveyed for miles, and then think of this old man, almost unknown, and not himself seeing the future glory that his discovery would be, and then you will believe that the lesson to be learned from biography, read profitably, is one of the best lessons for making the most of life.

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A number of Books have been sent to us for Review, among them a very interesting compilation, entitled "Narratives and Extracts from the Records of the Presbytery of Ellon," by Thomas Mair, in two parts. The first part runs from 1597 to 1607, and the second part from 1607 to 1628. These dates, as our readers know, cover a very interesting period in the history of our country, and this publication by Mr. Mair throws a flood of light on the manners—or want of manners—social customs and spiritual manifestations of the people then living. The time was when Ellon was not the insignificant village it is to-day, it was the assize town of a populous district—the scene of many a penal trial, the doom place of execution, and the battlefield of mortal combat.

* * * * * *

I know that such work will be hailed by the future historians of Scotland with enthusiasm, because it is from such material that the real history of the nation has at some future time to be written. "The Records of Trials for Witchcraft," "Of the Suspension of Ministers," "The Laws enacted against Vagabonds," and "The Sitting on the Stool of Repentance" as a penance for immoral delinquencies, is more important in tracing the progress of a nation in culture, in manners, and in spiritual advancement, than long stories of battle by sea and land, the espousal of princesses, or the marriage of kings. Mr. Mair's book will receive, as it well deserves, an extended review in an early number of "Caledonia."

ALEXANDER LOWSON.

LORD ROSEBERY.

[*Copyright.*]

" Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand.
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

A YULE LILT.

Sin' we hae met to spend the nicht
In harmless glee an' sweet delicht,
Let ilk ane strive wi' a' his micht
To mak' his neebour cheerie.
Sair Sorrow, wi' a deidly drug,
Gie Care a skelp ahint the lug;
Set Mirth aside the reamin' jug,
An' tak' her for oor dearie.

Then let us lauch as lang's we may,
Whate'er the warld think or say,
An' let oor aim be, nicht an' day,
To mak' ilk ither cheerie.

Let lawyers scheme an' draw up deeds,
An' rival bigots rive their creeds
Until the truth, their hearts an' heids
Are a' turned tapsalteerie.
Let wad-be saunts extend their face,
To pass it as an act o' grace,
But in it we can easy trace
That Mammon is their dearie.
Then let, &c.

Leave hypocrites to roose themsel',
They need it a' to keep them well;
Honest hearts require nae spell
To lauch an' never wearie.
Let ilk ane truly play his part,
Awa' wi' selfish hollow art,
An' ilka face reveal the heart,
Then we will a' be cheerie.
Then let, &c.

Thrums. W. L.

By The Editor.

No. II.

LORD ROSEBERY,

STATESMAN.

"The supple statesman and the patriot stern."—*Blair.*

PART altogether from party politics, Archibald Philip Primrose Rosebery, the 5th Earl of Rosebery, is a Scotsman of whom, as a nation, we have just cause to be proud. The great interest he takes in the improvement of the social condition of the masses, his readiness and sometimes brilliance as a public speaker, his noble generosity with his purse to forward the measures in which he believes—all tend to make him beloved and popular with all sorts and conditions of men.

The founder of the Rosebery family was a hammerman named "Duncane Prymrois," described as a "burgess of Colrois." Mr. David Beveridge, in his history of the little town of Culross, tells us many curious things about Duncan Primrose; among the rest, that he was father to a Gilbert Primrose, who was surgeon to James VI. The little town of Culross, as all my readers know, is perched on the side of a hill that rises from the Forth, and that the date of its erection to the dignity of a Royal Burgh was as far back as the year 1588.

We have an instance of the trade-protecting proclivities of our forefathers in a notarial instrument, in which the name of "Duncane Prymrois" appears. This document is still in existence, and purports to have been executed at the Monastery of Culross, on the 12th May, 1549, in the fourteenth year of the Pontificate of Pope Paul III. It ratifies an agreement among the "craftes mene of smythes of the toune of Culrois, convenit altogether, with ane consent and assent, for the utilitie, weil, and profeit of us and our craft, and the common weill of us all." The leading article of the contract is to the effect that no forge shall be erected by the servant or apprentice of any craftsman till he be judged qualified by the corporation to carry on the trade, and that he shall have sufficient means of his own without being necessitated to borrow on credit. A still more significant provision in the agreement is, "that naine of us sall use this craft of ours in na toune nor place of Scotland, but allenarlie in the toune of Culrois quhair it has been of use before." The penalty to be incurred by any contravener of the articles of agreement is, for the first offence, to be reduced from the rank of a master to that of a servant for one year, or to pay a fine of twenty merks Scots; for a second offence, the delinquent is to be debarred from exercising his craft for three years; and for a third, he is to be expelled from the corporation.

The "Duncane Prymrois" who subscribed to this compact was not the only Primrose whom Mr. Beveridge has discovered to be connected with Culross. He finds Archibald Primrose, laird of Burnbrae, near Kincardine, marrying Margaret, daughter of Blaw, laird of Castlehill (now Dunisnade), Culross. Again, "The great Sir George Bruce of Carnock married the daughter of Archibald Primrose and Margaret Blaw, and the blue blood of the Blaws thus flows in the veins of two distinguished families of the Scottish Peerage—those of the Earl of Elgin and the Earl of Rosebery. Lord Elgin is lineally descended from Sir George Bruce and Margaret Primrose; Lord Rosebery from Archibald Primrose and Margaret Blaw."

Lord Rosebery—otherwise Baron Rosebery, by which title he sits in the House of Lords—was born in London in the year 1847, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He has always been a favourite child of fortune. He is said, when a young man, to have made three predictions about himself that he

would do three things, viz.: (1) Marry the richest heiress of her year, (2) become Prime Minister, and (3) win the Derby. Whether these prophesies were made after the events had taken place, as is the case with so many wonderful prophesies, I have no means of knowing: still the fact remains, that this young man, still under fifty years of age, has achieved all three. The question has been asked by a recent writer on his Lordship, "Was there ever a lad of whom some one did not prognosticate big things?" and he continues, "Lord Dalmeny, as the Earl of Rosebery then was, at fourteen made a speech at a Volunteer Review luncheon in Linlithgowshire, which, for so young a lad, was remarkable; and Mr. Dundas of Dundas, it is said, declared they had just listened to one of Britain's future Prime Ministers."

What Mr. Dundas said in 1861, many people said twenty years later. Mr. Gladstone was himself among the prophets. In 1886 he pointed to Lord Rosebery as the future leader of the Liberal party. A few facts culled from his life will prove that he has always been looked up to as a man of exceptional gifts—a man whom his country was always proud to honour. He was selected, when only twenty-four, to open the Queen's Speech Debate in the House of Lords in 1871. He was chosen Chairman of the Social Science Congress in 1874. He was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University in 1875, and a similar honour was conferred on him by the students of Edinburgh in 1880. In 1881 he was made under-Secretary for the Home Office; in 1885 appointed First Commissioner of Works; and in 1886 Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1889 he was chosen Chairman of the first County Council for London; in 1892 he again got the Foreign portfolio; but perhaps the greatest honour of all was when, in 1893, he was called on to settle one of the most terrible industrial struggles that ever paralysed our trade as a nation. Such a record is almost unprecedented in any man, and wholly so in so young a man.

We mean to eschew treading the thorny path of politics in our magazine, but I may say that Lord Rosebery as an Irish Home Ruler, House of Lords reformer, and Church of Scotland demolisher, is in the main repugnant to me. Yet I believe him to be honest and sincere — as much cannot be said for some of the leading members of the same school.

The success of Lord Rosebery's colt Ladas as winner of the Derby caused a flutter of consternation in the camp of the good

people who think themselves better than their neighbours. They compared him to Belshazzar, and said that the patron of the race-course ought to know that the same germs of evil might be found there which of old caused the handwriting on the wall. Many of our Scotch ministers preached at him, and one of them said "that it would be better that the beautiful creature Ladas should be destroyed, and all racing stopped, than that our sons and daughters should be dragged down from the path of virtue and righteousness." Among his many assailants over the winning of the Derby were Dr. Clifford, Sir Wilfred Lawson, and also the Head Master of Rugby School. The latter, in a speech on the sad backsliding of our Premier, from the platform of Exeter Hall, said that, admiring Lord Rosebery as he did—believing in the great public services he had rendered to the country as Foreign Minister, as a member of the London County Council, as the man who settled the great coal strike, and in many other ways—and believing, above all, in his straightforward, honest, independent character as a gentleman—he had great hopes that the stir which had been caused would have the effect of making him give a new and serious attention to that question. When persons patronized such an institution as the turf, knowing that it was framed in vice and misery, they lived with a conventional conscience. Alas! alas! Butler's couplet on the principle which actuated Sir Hudibras in the time of Charles I. appears still to move the religious bigot of our own day:—

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

There is a story in connection with the victory of Ladas that should be interesting to students of omens. The day before he ran the first Ladas, he, at the time an undergraduate at Oxford, was leaving a house in Park Lane, when he noticed on the grass-plot a dead hedgehog. On the morning of the last Derby, going out to see Ladas take his morning gallop, the Premier's path was crossed by a hedgehog, this time particularly alive. Between the two Derby days, separated by twenty-five years, Lord Rosebery had not set eyes on a hedgehog.

James Anthony Froude remarks somewhere that all orators are wrong. This statement of the great historian may be too sweeping, still there is more than a grain of truth in it. I suppose he meant that the wild luxuriance of their imagination often led them wrong.

Lord Rosebery has the fortune, or misfortune, of being an orator, and such is his command over his countenance, that you cannot gather from the expression of his face his feelings on questions that come up for discussion. He has the virtue of never laughing, as some orators do, at his own jokes, for his face is serious-looking even when his audience is convulsed with laughter. I would have liked to have given a few samples of his oratory, but must confine myself to one, and only a few sentences from his speech at the banquet at the Royal Academy on the 29th April, 1893, in which he describes himself as Minister of Foreign Affairs. His beauiful word-painting in this famous oration reminds one of Sir Edwin Arnold at his best, which is no slight praise. He said:—

"My noble friend, the Secretary for the Colonies, rules over an Empire on which the sun never sets, and it is impossible to say at any given moment on what particular part of the globe his mind may be reposing. My noble friend Lord Kimberley's mind reposes on "India's coral strand." His talk is of Oriental splendour, his dream is of Oriental luxury, only marred by the awful spectre of the constantly depreciating rupee. . . . But when I come to my own office, I transcend them all. I have only to open a red box to be possessed of that magic carpet which took its possessor wherever he would go. Perhaps sometimes it carries me a little farther than that. I open it and find myself at once in those regions where a travelled monarch and an intellectual minister are endeavouring to reconcile the realms of Xerxes and Darius with the needs of nineteenth century civilisation—I smell the scent of the roses and hear the song of the bulbul. I open another box, which enables me to share the sports of the fur-seal, his island loves, his boundless swims in the Pacific: I can even follow him to Paris, and see him—the *corpus delicti*—laid on the table of the Court of Arbitration. I can go still farther. I can transfer myself to the Southern Pacific, where three of the greatest states in the world are endeavouring, not always with apparent success, to administer one of the smallest of islands—the island of Samoa—in close conjunction and alliance with one of our most brilliant men of letters. I will say this in virtue of my office—I follow every court. Not a monarch leaves his capital on a journey but I am on the platform, in spirit if not in body. I am in spirit in the gallery of every Parliament. I am ready and anxious—but not always successful—to be present at the signing of every treaty. I think I have laid a sufficient claim before you to insist that, in future, when you consider Her Majesty's ministers, you may not consider them merely as political creatures, but as persons who have also their imaginative side—as

official Ariels roaming through time and space, not on broomsticks, but on boxes."

I cannot conclude this slight sketch of Lord Rosebery better than in the closing words of an able pamphlet recently issued on our Statesman by Arthur Wallace. "That Lord Rosebery is an earnest patriot, an honest reformer, and an able man I emphatically believe. Is he, however, a strong and a resourceful man? His past does not altogether suggest that he is. The day cannot be far off when he shall have proved to demonstration whether strength or weakness, decision or hesitancy, is the keynote of a character from which a good deal has been expected, and comparatively little has been forthcoming."

A LOVE STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY JAMES STURROCK,

Author of "Sketch of Dr. Norman Macleod," "Sermons on Scottish Song," "The Prince's Charm," &c.

CHAPTER V.

"A fair being, whose soft voice
Should be the sweetest music to his ear,
Awakening all the chords of harmony,
* * * * * * *
And woo his spirits to those fields Elysian,
The paradise which strong affection guards."

—*Alexander Bethune.*

ANUARY had gathered up all the Christmas and New Year cards, and with a tempestuous shake of her tail departed. February was advancing with smiles, decked with a grand array of valentines. January had taken with her the symbols of friendship, but February came with a prodigal supply of the symbols of a dearer passion than friendship. Holly, mistletoe, and other evergreens had eloped with January; whilst snowdrops, hyacinths, tulips, and other spring darlings were the radiant and perfumed attendants of the month sacred to Saint Valentine.

The change was one for the better. One good reason why David Graham did not feel depressed when the Christmas garlands disappeared. Nor was he disposed to give way to melancholy because a certain young lady whom he greatly admired had been out of his sight for a full calendar month. Certainly not! She had planted in his heart a flower of Hope, which he felt sure would bloom for ever.

But he must now try and find out Miss W. Having failed as yet to elicit information from Weathercock regarding *his* Miss W., the next thing to do was to look out for her as she passed Sharp & Co.'s office at the hour of noon, the time indicated in Weathercock's epistle to the lady. As Graham could not attend at that hour himself, he commissioned his companion, Marchmont, to watch for her and report. He had great faith in his friend's ability to recognize a face which he had once seen, having often observed how quickly he knew on the street clergymen, singers, and actors, whom he had seen only at a distance, in the pulpit or on the stage. Marchmont accepted the commission, not a little pleased with the flattery implied in the appointment.

He began his observations on the first Monday after Weathercock had been in his lodgings. At twelve o'clock he went to Weathercock's room, and engaged him in conversation, in the hope that Miss W. might pass during the dialogue. No lady having passed to arrest Weathercock's attention, Marchmont hinted to him that, if he had no particular objection, he would like to see the lady he had distinguished in so masterly a style. Weathercock was evasive and playful to begin with, but latterly promised to point her out if Marchmont gave his word that he would keep the matter private from the other clerks.

Accordingly, relying upon Weathercock's promise, Marchmont when he found it convenient went to his room for several days a little before twelve o'clock, in the hope of beholding the mysterious lady walking past the windows. But, unfortunately, the much-desired Miss W. never appeared. Nor had Weathercock seen her at any other time of the day. So Marchmont ceased his meridian observations. To please Graham, however, he volunteered to accost *his* Miss W. on the street if she should happen to cross his path—a likely enough thing, as he was often out.

The fact that Weathercock's dulcinea had evidently given up her customary walk at noon confirmed Graham all the more in his conjecture that she might be the fair passenger bound for Montrose on Hogmanay. And just to think that she possessed all the charms referred to in Jonathan Weathercock's high-flown epistle!

What was to be done now to recover the lost treasure? Advertise? Happy thought! What was the use of searching for a single lady among half-a-million of people? Yes, an advertisement is the thing! So he spent about an hour framing short

advertisements before he succeeded in drafting one to please him. After bestowing the final touch upon the successful copy, he laid it aside, resolving to take a night to consider the propriety of inserting it. "There is no oracle like the pillow," says the genial Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In the morning Graham examined the proposed advertisement carefully. It ran as follows:—

"Would the lady who journeyed to Montrose on Hogmanay, and who spoke to her neighbour about her travels on the Continent, kindly send her address to *** *Herald* Office."

Daylight had cooled his ardour. No, he would not insert it—not in the meantime, at least. He preferred meeting the lady by accident: he would trust to her promise to stop and speak to him if he did not seem to recognise her. Yes, he considered that the most prudent course, after weighing all the pros and cons. Why, for aught he knew the lady might be lame, or in fact almost anything; for he could say nothing about her figure or her walk. It was most unlikely, however, that so handsome a face, and so cheerful, could belong to a lady suffering from any bodily defect. Indeed, he never doubted that the lady was sound in wind and limb. And, apart from her youth (he guessed her to be about twenty), he had other reasons for believing her to be a spinster. Very probably, too, judging from her travels and her fine culture, she was a teacher or governess, as he had imagined while in the train beside her. Nor could he overlook the fact that she mentioned Saturday specially as the day when she went into town—really the only available day a teacher has. And as Weathercock's Miss W. was believed to be a teacher, was that not another strong point in favour of both ladies being one and the same?

Still Graham would not advertise. He would rather enjoy the luxury of seeking the hidden treasure in his own prudent way, more especially as he fully expected the lady would assist him.

The winter months rolled away, but still no signs of Miss W. The advent of summer, however, revived his hopes. How pleasant it was in fine weather to saunter along the streets where the youth and beauty of Glasgow mostly promenade! The hope of discovery, slight as it was, imparted a zest to his city rambles.

Vivid as was his memory of the lady's profile, he required to be near her before his recollection could be of any real service to him.

Often when approaching a lady from behind, especially one rather over the middle size, with full and graceful contours, and with the dark hair and pure, pale complexion, so like Miss W.'s, his heart would beat violently and his breath be suspended until he had passed. Then his circulation returned to its normal state, and he was able to say to himself, "Very like her—very like, indeed; but, ah! the ear and cheek are not so finely moulded."

Graham, as you know, was trusting to the lady saluting him some fine day: he fully expected she would stop and speak to him if she happened, only happened, to cross his path. It did not occur to him—strange to say—that Miss W. might be *cruising* as well as he, and that he was the gallant ship she wished to capture. He was too modest to imagine that he could occupy that splendid girl's thoughts to such an extent. He erred, however, in looking at the matter entirely from his own standpoint. An adept in the ways of women would certainly have given Miss W., handsome though she was, credit for a good deal of active exertion, and all for the express purpose of giving our hero a first-rate chance of renewing his acquaintance with her, if he really desired it.

When summer was far advanced—still no appearance of the fair Miss W. All the young ladies of good families were at the coast or in the country, so that Graham did not expect to see his lost charmer, unless it might be by the merest chance at some one of the lovely Clyde watering-places.

For all that, Miss W. was ever fresh in his memory. She had fairly dethroned the bachelor's wife—that fair being of all imaginable virtues. His affinity had been revealed to him in flesh and blood, and that alone afforded him no small satisfaction. What a consummate fool he often thought himself for not taking better means at the first meeting for securing so desirable a friend, and, if possible, something more dear.

The idea of an advertisement still now and again recurred to him, but was soon dismissed as being more inexpedient than ever. There were so many tricks, too, in advertising. Was it likely that a lady, who had any respect for herself, would reply to his advertisement, no matter how great its appearance of genuineness? He did not think so. He would have patience. He might never meet Miss W. again. The chances were being reduced to a minimum. But he did not despair. And he was, moreover, thankful for the

revelation he had obtained: the precious glimpse of his ideal incarnate would be a sure light to guide him in choosing a wife.

CHAPTER VI.

"Samivell, my boy, beware of the widders."—*Pickwick Papers.*

The allusion in the previous chapter to the ladies being at the coast reminds us of a pleasant remark by a well-known Glasgow schoolmaster—a very worthy man. "It is a mystery to me," he said, in his pawky way, "how the young ladies of Glasgow manage to pick up their education, for they dance all winter, and they dook all summer." But while the pedagogue complained that the protracted sojourn at the coast was detrimental to the minds of the young ladies, their male admirers, on their return, were lavish in praising their improved physical appearance. The salt water, as a cosmetic, had thrown into the shade the famed Arabian bloom and magnetic rock water. At the end of the 'dooking' season the Glasgow belles were either as brown as berries or radiant as peaches. Their vital energy, too, was greatly increased—so much so that their pretty feet were all tingling with eagerness to begin the winter's dancing.

Graham, on three or four Saturday afternoons of June and July, had taken a sail down the Clyde; not specially in the hope of seeing Miss W. about the coast somewhere, but it must be confessed that he had her always in mind when he surveyed narrowly the groups of gaily-dressed young ladies gazing from the various piers at which the steamer called. True, the steamer's deck, nor even the paddle-box, was the best place for accurate observation; besides, the difficulty of recognizing Miss W., in circumstances differing so greatly from her first appearance, was such that he could not place any reliance on his own detective skill unless the lady herself kindly gave him the cue. Consequently the end of the holiday season had come round without his having yet, to his certain knowledge, seen the lost one.

In the fine autumn days, however, when the main thoroughfares of Glasgow were again thronged with fair promenaders, he would sally forth, at times with a strong presentiment that Miss W. would present herself to-day. His presentiment was nothing more than the wish being father to the thought. Again the mellow glories of autumn faded into the dull and dreary tints of winter,

and no conscious vision of the much-desired maiden had been vouchsafed to him.

But as the shortest and darkest day drew near, light began to break on Graham's horizon: in the gathering gloom, thickened by the yellow fog, Hope's glimmering taper cheered him with a new sense of joy. He actually danced about his room, exclaiming, "Eureka! Eureka!"

Jonathan Weathercock caused this access of joy. Graham had been hearing various rumours of late which inspired him with a strong wish to meet that gentleman again. So when he came upon him quite accidentally in the street one cold December day, he did not merely bow to him and hurry past—no, he deliberately stopped, and greeted Mr. Weathercock with a sincere cordiality which had its desired effect. He invited Graham to his lodgings—in fact pressed him to come and take tea with him on a certain Wednesday evening. To induce him to come and grace his little party, Weathercock promised to invite a nice young lady to it (no less than the Miss W. so enthusiastically toasted at Marchmont's), and if she came, he was sure that Graham would not be disappointed.

Weathercock was very glad that he had secured Graham, as the lady would be much more likely to come when assured that a young and eligible gentleman was to be of the party.

How did Weathercock find out the lady's name, and something more about her? He saw her emerging from a stationer's shop in New College Street, and nothing was easier than to slip quietly into that shop, and make some trifling purchase. The girl behind the counter gave him a knowing smile when he asked, in a seemingly indifferent way, "Who was yon lady that went out just now?" She parried the question playfully, but was soon won over by Weathercock's irresistible gallantry to disclose the name. "Where does she stay?" was the next leading query; and it, too, was met with feminine evasion. She had eventually, however, to confess that, while she knew the lady's name (Miss Wilson, if she remembered rightly), from hearing a companion addressing her while both were in the shop, she did not know where she lived—very probably she lodged with some one in the neighbourhood, being a pupil-teacher attending one of the Normal Seminaries.

Weathercock rolled this information as a sweet morsel under his tongue while he walked along New College Street, wondering where this bewitching girl graduate deigned to take up her abode. He

wandered about the neighbourhood in the evenings, hoping to find out where she dwelt; but it was not till September, after the school holidays, that his patient efforts were crowned with success. He was taking his evening ramble, when he saw a young lady walking some distance before him: he hurried up, and was delighted to find that she was none other than the handsome pupil teacher of whom he had been long in search. He could not be mistaken with her "bounding grace of step and symmetry of mould." She went into the door or "close" No. 46 New College Street.

Having looked at the number, like Captain Cuttle, he took a note of it. The next thing was to be sure that this was the lady's lodgings, and not merely the house of a friend. To satisfy himself he sauntered about the door next morning, shortly before nine o'clock, and he had not been there above three minutes when he saw her emerge from No. 46. This he considered conclusive proof.

What was he to do now? Get lodgings at the same number if possible. He had no compunction about leaving Mrs. Hashaway—he was tired of her, and must have a change. Fortunately there was a lodgings ticket out at the top flat of No. 46. He went upstairs the same evening about seven, and rang the left hand door-bell. It was answered by a middle-aged lady neatly dressed in black. "Yes, I have a parlour and bedroom to let," was her smiling reply. "Will you be pleased to step in and look at the rooms?" He did so, and was charmed with them, as well as with the landlady's manner. He was delighted with the view from the oriel window. A row of flower-pots inside enhanced the beauty of this window, and confirmed his impression that Mrs. Smillie, besides having a pleasant manner, was a woman of taste. The rooms were considerably dearer than Mrs. Hashaway's—no matter, he would have them: a single gentleman at his age, and with his culture and refinement, must have some luxuries in lieu of a wife.

Mrs. Smillie's cheering, beaming countenance was an agreeable contrast to the anxious, toil-worn face of Mrs. Hashaway. She always welcomed Mr. Weathercock with a smile and a remark about the weather when she opened the door to him. And when she brought in his tea (he dined outside) she had always something more to say to her gentlemanly lodger. Thus they soon became very gracious. So the landlady thought.

Before long he resolved to have the company of Miss W. at his table. Nothing seemed easier. She lodged in the same flat, and Mrs. Harley, her landlady, was on friendly terms with his. He was all the more eager to have the young lady invited, because on the two or three occasions he had passed her on the stair, she had courteously exchanged civilities with him. Yes, she must be a superior girl, well educated, with no spurious modesty about her.

He asked Mrs. Smillie to invite her to tea on a particular Wednesday evening, along with a friend of his.

"Well, you know, Mr. Weathercock," said Mrs. Smillie, "there's little enough time, but I shall do my best. Of course we must ask Mrs. Harley also: it would never do to invite the young lady without her."

"All right, Mrs. Smillie, do what you think proper; but four women to two men (Mrs. Smillie's only daughter was also to be present, as well as herself)—well, never mind; I'll see if I can bring other two gentlemen."

Weathercock pressed Marchmont to come, but he had a previous engagement; and as Leadbetter was out of town, there was no other one he cared to invite.

Well, on the Wednesday evening in question, Graham was seen wending his way along New College Street, and turning in at No. 46. With mingled feelings of delight, eager curiosity, and doubt he ascended the stairs, and as he paused on the top landing to take a breath before ringing the bell, he was astonished at the extraordinary palpitation of his heart.

His excitement was soon over. He was ushered into Weathercock's parlour, where the tea things were on the table. So far all was promising, but the calmness of the host's welcome awakened a suspicion that there was to be a disappointment. It was too true. The young lady had a prior engagement; indeed, she had to go out every evening, and did not return till between ten and eleven. If home by ten, she would be glad to look in, if they wished it. "Wish it!" cried Graham, "of course we do: send a message to her at once that we shall be most happy to see her—even though after ten, anytime."

Weathercock immediately left the room to instruct Mrs. Smillie to deliver that message to Mrs. Harley for the young lady.

Anon Mrs. Smillie and her daughter entered. The mother got the post of honour, whilst Weathercock officiated as croupier; and

for his *vis-a-vis* Graham had the daughter. Mrs. Harley did not enter appearance. The square table was rather large for so small a party, seated as they were: the distance between the guests gave an air of stiffness and formality which made Fanny (the daughter) look ill at ease and uncomfortable.

"Fair was she to behold, that young maiden of seventeen summers"—that is to say, her hair and complexion were fair, but *quoad ultra*, as the lawyers phrase it, denied. To apply the term sweet seventeen to her would be gratuitous irony. The only child of her mother, and she a widow, Fanny ought to have been interesting, but Graham was sorry to find she was not. Her features were agreeable enough, but her expression was the opposite. Fortunately she had some slices of bread and butter to employ her hands and mouth with, for without this occupation Fanny would have been simply miserable.

Graham felt it his *duty* to smile and address a simple remark to Fanny now and again; but as she always glanced at her mamma to reply for her, or to give her a hint, he soon gave over speaking to the young lady.

But why all this about Miss Fanny, poor creature? Because our hero felt her to be such a provoking substitute for the splendid girl he expected to see—the wonderful lady around whom the genius of his host had cast such a halo; and if it had only happened, as was probable, that Weathercock's Miss W. and his Miss W. were identical, then indeed Miss Fanny would be a beggarly apology for such a brilliant star.

Still there was hope. If Miss W. did not present herself this evening, great care must be taken to secure her attendance on the next occasion.

Tea being over, mother and daughter withdrew. When the door was carefully closed behind them, Weathercock sat down beside Graham, and whispered in his ear, "Thank goodness! they are gone. I am sorry you have had such an infliction, but now we can have some rational talk."

"We shall hope for better luck next time," answered Graham complaisantly; "and as it is only nine o'clock, we can have a good crack till ten. And then, eh! suppose Miss W. should come in."

"Ah! that were a consummation devoutly to be wished," exclaimed Weathercock, with rising fervour.

"By-the-bye, what did you say the lady's name was?"

"Miss Wilson."

"Well, seeing we have not the pleasure of talking *to* that young charmer, let us delight ourselves by talking about her. You begin first," said Graham, rubbing his hands and drawing his chair nearer his interlocutor.

"With all my heart. But where shall I begin? Well, let me see (looking about vaguely, as if the subject matter were to be suggested from without)—would you believe it, Mr. Graham, there is only this wall between me and the lovely Miss Wilson? What a rich contralto voice she has!"

"You don't say so! Why, you may have a Pyramus and Thisbe courtship for aught I know."

"Ha! ha! I wish we had. To touch lips so divine would be a rapture too great. But only think of the pure joys imagination can give. When I lounge on the sofa, does it not add to my pleasure to fancy that *she* is doing likewise on the other side of the wall? Ah, that reminds me of something I must tell you. Some folks are not content with the eye of fancy. As a proof of it: A few summers ago my Uncle Oliver and I were travelling in the Highlands, and we stopped for a night at the Glen Dreary Hotel. We had a double-bedded room; my uncle slept in one bed, and I in the other. When we extinguished the candles and lay down, it would be about eleven o'clock, and was quite dark—no moonlight. Well, after pulling the clothes up to my chin, I lay awake for a minute or two, as one generally does in a strange bed. In a little I saw a yellow luminous spot on the wall, shining like the head of a brass nail. What the dickens can that be? I thought; a glow-worm? I rubbed my eyes, and looked again; still the tiny luminary was steady as a beacon-light. I was tired, and disinclined to stand up in bed to get a close view of the star; but no! it wouldn't do—I must be an astronomer for one night. I got excited. How on earth could I fall asleep with that mystery unexplained? You've heard, or read, of the prisoner who went mad because he knew that, day and night, there was ever an eye watching him through an aperture in the wall of his cell. I was like that prisoner. I must get up and examine that bright focus. I rose quietly to my feet, and placed my eye to the luminous point. Good gracious! I saw into the adjoining bedroom; and there stood before the mirror a fair being——"

"A fair being!" echoed Graham. "You electrify me. Were

you not afraid of being struck blind?" uttered in a grave tone of affected reproof.

"No, indeed, I was not. You see I didn't bore the augur hole and I could'nt help peeping through it."

"And so you gazed with all your soul—in fact—you looked and sighed—and sighed and sighed and looked again—until the lady, like another Christabel,

> Her gentle limbs she did undress
> And lay down in her loveliness."

Weathercock was smiling. "Why, man alive! your imagination is running away with you. I did not mention the sex of the fair being; but, of course, you—you amorous fellow! you must always have a lady in the case. Now I must bring you down a little—not altogether to mother earth, for there is still an element of romance in the incident. The form that stood before the mirror was indeed fair—but for all that a gentleman, an old school-fellow of mine, whom I had not seen for a generation; indeed, to my surprise, it was none other than Will Warren, the gay and volatile Will, who would stick to no business, and was now a bit of a Bohemian, sleeping with the head waiter for the night, as I afterwards discovered."

The relation of the augur hole incident was followed by a discussion, started by Graham, as to what was Weathercock's duty in the circumstances with a view to protect the public from the prying curiosity of the hotel servants. They had not settled the question when the door bell rang. Graham pulled out his watch—it was a quarter past ten. "Will it be she?" he whispered eagerly, not a little agitated. Both held their breath for a minute; the door opened; voices were heard in the lobby; then the sound of a door shutting grated on their ears—and all was silent.

"I fear we are not to see Miss Wilson to night," sighed Graham.

"We must try and arrange better next time," said Weathercock, consolingly. "I feel as much disappointed as you. She is such a fascinating girl."

When the clock in the lobby began to strike eleven, Graham said: "no chance of Miss Wilson being here to-night now, so I must be off (taking up his half empty glass of claret). Never mind, here's to Miss W., and may we have better luck next time."

"I heartily join you in that toast," cried Weathercock, rising to his feet, and suiting the action to the word with a glass of sherry.

While Graham was in the lobby, on his way out, accompanied by his host, Mrs. Smillie, ever on the alert for footsteps, sallied gaily forth from her room to bid Mr. Graham good-bye. She said little about coming back again, and nothing at all about Miss Wilson. No wonder, therefore, that he hated as well as suspected the smiling widow's extra bland and polite manners.

CHAPTER VII.

"Life is a drama of a few brief acts:
The actors shift, the scene is often changed."
Alex. Bethune.

Three years and seven months have elapsed since the date of the opening chapter. And David Graham was still a bachelor. Are you surprised? His friends marvelled at his continued celibacy, especially when he himself knew and felt so keenly that it was not good for man to be alone. Even Marchmont—then a benedict of two years' standing—declared that a wife would be the very life of David: he was such an affectionate fellow, it seemed altogether unnatural for him to remain single.

So his friends thought. As for Graham he gave himself little concern about their matrimonial considerations. To their friendly hints about taking a wife he listened with much good nature of course—so pleasing was the subject to him, as to all young bachelors. But he turned a cold eye upon designing mammas who pressed him to give them a call—they would be so pleased to see him any evening.

His conduct, he did not think, was at all influenced—not consciously at any rate—by the possible chance of some day meeting again with Miss W. Though still fondly cherishing the memory of that lady, he had long ago set her aside in his mental album, only to be looked at when in a sentimental or retrospective mood. Why should he be in a hurry to marry? He was very comfortable in his lodgings, 45 Waverley Place; where Miss Drysdale still ruled the roast, and was as kindly and attentive as ever.

He had never yet, to his knowledge, seen Miss Wilson, the young lady teacher, though he had hoped long ere this to have had the pleasure of meeting her, and of satisfying his longing curiosity as to what relation, if any, there might be between her and the

Miss W. of the railway train adventure. Weathercock again and again had urged his landlady, Mrs. Smillie, to arrange a small party, at which Miss Wilson should be a *sine qua non;* and she—so politic was the buxom widow—always professed her delight to do her best in the matter. When Weathercock, however, enquired what progress she was making with the proposed party, she always answered that the lady teacher (she did not name her) was so much occupied with her lessons—this being her last session at college—she could not spare an evening. It turned out to be true that the session then current was indeed the last one, for the young lady left Glasgow for good at the beginning of the summer vacation, and Weathercock had not seen her since. But whether Mrs. Smillie ever gave the sweet girl graduate a chance of meeting one or two eligible young gentlemen is very doubtful.

Perhaps Graham was difficult to please in choosing a wife. Thirteen years behind a draper's counter may have done something to dispel his illusions about women; or, it may be, he was too familiar with the lovely young Lavinias and Juliets of the ideal world, and the Ruths and Esthers of history, to yield his heart entirely to the worship of any living damsel. Certain it is, steeped to the lips in poetry and literature, the beautiful creatures of fancy occupied a large share of his devotion. So happy was he in the contemplation of the heroines of romance, and so delightfully absorbed in his intellectual pursuits and his music, that he felt sometimes, like Hugh Miller, as if he could make up his mind to live a bachelor life without being very much impressed by the magnitude of the sacrifice. That was how he would feel after two or three nights' pleasant seclusion in his sanctum. But let him be once again in the presence of live and real charmers, his notions about a celibate condition melted into thin air. Still it must be conceded that his taste was rather fastidious, and although he had a clear idea of the qualities he desired in a wife, it was not easy to find a lady endowed with all these qualities. True, he had once or twice met with a girl whom he could have married, but it turned out that she was either engaged, or there was some other insuperable obstacle in the way. On such disappointing occasions he would be vividly reminded of the unrivalled Miss W.: to her dear image he ever turned as the painter turns to his beloved ideal.

By this time, however, his regret at the loss of Miss W. was only

a dainty sort of melancholy, not in the least likely to break his heart. Though highly improbable he would ever see her again, yet, like all imaginative people, he had at times a strong presentiment that the two wandering stars would come together eventually once more.

Jonathan Weathercock: what about him? poor fellow. Was he, too, like our friend Allan Marchmont, a married man now? Graham could not say; nor could Marchmont;—indeed not one of Jonathan's acquaintances in Glasgow could tell. They all knew he went off suddenly to London in June last year to push his fortune as a litterateur, and no tidings had been heard of him since.

Joshua Leadbetter, the only remaining friend of our hero, who has played an active part in this history, comes last to be noticed.

You will remember that Joshua figured at Marchmont's little party as a capital singer. Well, he was now a merchant in Glasgow on his own account, and had been so for a year past. He was still a bachelor, a very pleasing fact to Graham, who enjoyed his company all the better, for, like himself, he was as yet a pilgrim of love, clad in a rainbow of illusions about the divinity of woman.

Fortunately, Leadbetter was endowed with a splendid constitution and great natural buoyancy of spirits, for without these excellent gifts the legacy of family misfortunes to which he succeeded would have crushed him. He had now, however, triumphed over the most of his difficulties, and being fairly prosperous and comfortable, was, like his friend Graham, looking out for a wife. No wonder, therefore, that these two gay bachelors dearly loved the society of each other more than ever.

Leadbetter was a year or two older than Graham. He would have started business much earlier, but he had not the requisite capital, a matter of surprise to every one, because for a number of years he had enjoyed a large salary, and now and again speculated successfully on a small scale. No one could understand where the bulk of Leadbetter's money was going to, and why he was so careful and economical; but that was simply because he did not trouble his friends with an account of his expenditure.

Graham, however, his bosom friend, eventually came to know for certain—what he had previously only suspected—that a third, ay, and at one time even a half, of Joshua's income went towards the support of his poor and unfortunate relatives; and he loved and

honoured him all the more for his self denial, and for his affectionate loyalty to his near kindred.

That was why Graham so readily offered to advance to his friend a substantial sum to enable him to begin business. It was only two hundred pounds; but that sum, added to Leadbetter's own capital, was quite sufficient for the purpose. Not wise perhaps in Graham to risk the most of his savings, especially as he could not tell how soon he might fall in love and require his money to furnish a house. He had, however, small fear on the score of safety: from conversations with Leadbetter it was clear to a demonstration that unless something extraordinary and unforeseen occurred in the commercial world, and assuming that Joshua kept his health, he was bound to succeed. Graham had the utmost faith in his borrower: faith in his uprightness of character, and faith in his great business capacity. And even although the worst were to happen. What then? Why, he would school himself to consider the loss of his money as only a contribution to the sacred cause of philanthropy; and, if Joshua remained in the city, as he hoped he would, their friendship, he was sure, instead of being broken, would be cemented all the closer by their mutual misfortune.

Happily, at the close of the first year, Leadbetter's profits exceeded his most sanguine expectations; and when he handed over a round dozen of pounds, as one year's interest on the two hundred pounds, Graham felt it to be a privilege, in more senses than one, to accommodate so liberal a giver.

CHAPTER VIII.

"In meditatione fugæ."

Lochdale and Glasgow were to David Graham the Eyes of Scotland, just as, in the days of old, Ephesus and Smyrna were the Eyes of Asia. Now the holiday season had again come round, and another place—an unexplored country as yet to him—was looming in his imagination, and his hopes of enjoyment, when he got thither, were very sweet and romantic.

The new wonderland about which he was dreaming by night and by day was Glen Rhymen, the fairy realm on the other side of Ben Katelow. He had long intended making a pilgrimage to this glen; from his earliest boyhood, he had fancied it adorned with every conceivable charm. Now, hurrah! the happy time was

at hand; in a few days he would be on the other side of the Ben, wandering on the beautiful banks of the Rhymen.

What was tempting him thither in this particular year? A very pertinent question. The temptation lay in his now having relatives—beloved relatives!—staying in the glen, a visit to whom alone would be a rare delight, were they dwelling in a barren wilderness. How much, therefore, was his joy enhanced at the prospect of sojourning with them at so charming a spot!

Adam Brownlea, his grandfather, lately tenant of The Haws, near Lochdale, had removed his household gods to Glen Rhymen, his native parish, where they had been located since the lease of the farm expired a year ago last Whitsunday.

Graham knew that his grandfather's cottage basked in the sun on the southern front of a long stretch of hill covered with fir trees, in the immediate neighbourhood of Rathie Castle, the seat of the Earl of Rathie. Just the place for a fellow of his romantic turn to explore.

Another reason for being so jubilant was, that this year he was to have an extra allowance of holidays. Owing to a pressure of business in the warehouse the previous summer, he had been asked to waive his claim for holidays, on the understanding that he would get double time the following year, or, in his option, a money consideration instead. Charged to buy time, and not to sell it, he chose the double holidays—making in all three weeks.

Three weeks—what an El-dorado of leisure to him! How he revelled in the glorious idea of three weeks' unchartered liberty! And then he was to leave for Lochdale on the Friday afternoon of Glasgow Fair week—a circumstance which promised to increase the pleasure of the journey.

Before leaving, Graham went to Cambuslang to see Allan Marchmont, who resided at Birchfield Cottage there.

"And so you are actually *in meditatione fugæ*," said Marchmont (who delighted to jerk in a legal phrase if in the least applicable to the topic of conversation); "actually going away like a schoolboy for three weeks to play yourself. Happy man! I wish I were you!"

"You wish you were me! Why, you are your own master, with lots of money: what's to hinder you from taking—well, even a month, if you feel inclined?"

"And what for no, David? Nothing easier than to lock the door, and put up a ticket, "Will be back in a month." That would be nice, wouldn't it? No, no: when a man has put his hand to the plough—eh! You know what I mean. But, my dear fellow, where are you going? and what are you going to do with yourself?"

Graham pictured to him his grandfather's cottage and garden, with the fir wood sloping behind it, and Rathie Castle half-a-mile or so down the road, together with the beautiful Rhymen at the foot of the fields before Woodbank Cottage.

"No doubt you will be having some adventures there—meeting with another Miss W., and falling over head and ears in love. You will see plenty of farmers' daughters who will look greedily at you."

"I expect to see something grander. What would you think of an Earl's daughter?"

"An Earl's daughter! Nonsense! Pray explain yourself."

"Nothing easier, and, I may add, pleasanter. You know Woodbank Cottage is on the Earl of Rathie's estate, and belongs to him. Well, the Countess, it seems, is fond of dropping in upon the cottagers sometimes, and oftenest on those who show some taste for flowers. My grandfather, you remember, had always some rare pansies, and so the Countess comes to admire them, and, if you please, generally brings with her Lady Helen, her eldest daughter. What do you think of that, my boy? They are to have a Flower Show in the grounds of Rathie Castle; I hope I shall be there to see the flowers—and, of course, Lady Helen. But, better still, I may have the good luck to meet them in grandfather's garden before that."

"Quite so. Is Sally still with the old folks?" asked Marchmont, who did not see much practical good in being noticed by an Earl's daughter.

"Sally is always with them, I am glad to say. She wearies a little, though, for want of work. The live stock at Woodbank consists only of a few hens and a cat."

Graham and Marchmont were seated in the garden at Birchfield during the above colloquy; Marchmont as usual enjoying his pipe.

By-and-bye Joshua Leadbetter appeared at the gate, and shortly after, Miss Dallas (Mrs. Marchmont's sister). They talked for

some time, and then all four went into the house to have a little music.

Nothing in the way of music or conversation specially worth recording was heard this evening at Birchfield, and Graham and Leadbetter left at nine o'clock to catch the last train for the city.

"Marchmont is to be envied with that fine villa and garden," remarked Leadbetter, as they walked to the Station. "He should hang up a hammock between the two old ash trees, and have a rustic table within easy reach to hold his pipe, his claret jug, a book, or anything he wanted. Lucky man! he has attained at a bound what it takes even many successful men a whole lifetime to achieve."

"You may go and do likewise," said Graham promptly. "There is Miss Dallas, with the same fortune as her sister."

"No chance there, Davy lad—at least for me. Young Scrymgeour, you may be sure, has marked Kitty Dallas out for his prize. Let ministers alone for capturing a fat dowry."

"A fat dowry!" echoed Graham—"sounds awfully like a fat dowager. Ah, that reminds me of the Countess of Rathie, and the other grand people I'm to see in the north. Just think of the plump Lady Helen, with whom I may exchange glances, if not words. How would she do for a prize?"

"Well, if report speaks truly, Helen is a lass wi' a lang pedigree. Ha! ha! Good joke, that. Marchmont has gone in for money, and you are to go in for blood. A pretty pair you are."

"And where is a poor counter-louper like me to get the wealth worthy of Lady Helen?"

"Wealth of soul! wealth of mind and character! And are you not a merchant in Glasgow?—with a potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice?"

Graham laughed outright at the patness with which Dr. Johnson's swelling phrases were used.

"Unfortunately, *merchant in Glasgow* is not exactly my designation, but it is yours; and, excuse me for saying so, there is no man in the city more likely to add lustre to the name for honourable dealing than yourself; and if you had only the requisite capital you would become one of our merchant princes in no time. That is why I should like very much to see you and Miss Dallas drawing together."

"No, thank you! I'd rather marry some poor orphan lassie—

one who would love me sincerely, and—and—ever cherish a feeling of gratitude for giving her a home."

"And the priceless treasure of a manly heart," added Graham with emphasis, the ring of his voice attesting his sincerity.

"I wish I were going with you, David; we'd have such fun together. Well, at anyrate, after you have spied out the beauties of the land, I shall be delighted to hear all about them. If the attractions prove anything worth, and if there be a nice, snug inn up at Rathie, why, you know, I could easily arrange, next time I am at Lochdale or Redmuir, to walk up to Rathie and spend from Saturday till Monday there. Ah, you can't tell how keenly I enjoy a quiet Sabbath in the country."

"I have some idea. I shall write to you, of course, in any event, and I do hope I shall have something pleasant to report."

On nearing Glasgow, our two friends were joined by a gentleman to whom they had both been introduced by Marchmont some time ago—a Mr. Wilkie, who hailed from Redmuir: the gentleman who had been at school with Jonathan Weathercock, and to whom our friends were chiefly indebted for what they knew of Jonathan's private history.

Mr. Wilkie this evening, on learning that Graham was shortly to start for the north, and was to pass through Redmuir on his way to Rathie, indicated where he would find the house of Weathercock's father; and that if he had any curiosity to see the old man, he might be seen any day promenading in front of his house, or along the central walk of his garden, which ran close to and parallel with the Rathie road. Graham was keen to behold the sire of so original a son, and took a careful note of the address.

Mr. Wilkie (singular how this name should also begin with W!) related a few more characteristic facts about Weathercock's father, which will be referred to when Graham arrives in Redmuir. But as to Jonathan, he could say nothing of him since his memorable flight to London.

Graham enquired if there was not a woman at the bottom of Jonathan's escapade, it being well known what an ardent admirer he was of the fair sex, although all his attachments were believed to be purely platonic.

Mr. Wilkie had heard Mrs. Smillie, his landlady, assigned as one reason for Jonathan's leaving Glasgow: the aim of the brisk widow's very kind, but obtrusive and gratuitous, attentions was

becoming too obvious, and as he did not care a straw for her he wished to get out of her clutches.

"Was there not a Miss Wilson—a teacher—a very handsome girl—for whom Jonathan had a passionate admiration?"

"Miss Wilson? Oh, very likely—very likely, Mr. Graham. I am not aware of the fact, but I know there is a Miss Wilson, or rather there was a Miss Wilson, from Redmuir, attending one of the Normal schools—a tall and strikingly handsome girl, they told me, for I did not know her personally. You see" (smiling), "unfortunately, I was born a generation before her."

This bit of news was sensational in a high degree to Graham. He suddenly concluded that this lady was the "My dear Miss W.," the queen of Weathercock's poetic affections; and, for aught he knew, she might turn out to be his own Miss W.

"And so Jonathan's dulcinea actually belongs to Redmuir?" said Graham, very anxious to know more about her.

"Oh, there is no doubt of it. I know her father very well by sight; he has a good business, as a provision merchant, in Redmuir, and supplies the most of the gentry. I remember his marriage; there was a lot of talk about it at the time, and two or three of the Redmuir damsels, whose parents were good customers of his, were bitterly disappointed at being overlooked by Mr. Wilson—he was such a frank, fine-looking man, as well as a prosperous. You see, he married an Englishwoman, who happened to be one of the upper servants at Rathie Castle."

Graham was getting very excited, but as they were walking in the lamp-light, Mr. Wilkie did not observe how intensely interesting was his information.

"Was *she* good-looking?" asked Graham quietly, as if quite unconcerned, though it took an effort to subdue his voice.

"She was a strapping woman, I can tell you; so it was only natural that their first-born child—a girl—should be very handsome."

"So it was," assented Graham. "Have you any idea where she is?"

"Where she is now? Well, the chances are, this being the school vacation, that she is at home with her parents in Redmuir. But I have heard she went to a situation in Montrose."

In Montrose! More sensation for Graham. No need to ask Mr. Wilkie anything further. He was now next to morally certain that the lady they were talking about could be none other than his own Miss W. All the facts pointed in that direction.

Graham expressed himself as having been exceedingly pleased at meeting Mr. Wilkie, and thanked him warmly, adding that the information he had kindly supplied would considerably heighten the interest of his journey to Rathie. And well it might!

Clearly our hero was in great glee about his forthcoming holidays. No wonder: healthy, happy, fairly prosperous, and highly cultivated—with such rich well-springs of joy, who would not envy him? But was there no shadow in his bright prospect? no fly in his precious box of ointment? There was. The shadow in his bright prospect—the fly in his precious box of ointment—was the junior partner of Mercer & Co., Thomas Bringlow by name (a name of ill omen), a person to whom the honourable title of gentleman would be misapplied. Happily, however, for Graham, there was another partner—Mr. James Barnhill, to whom the grand old name of gentleman was instinctively given by everybody who knew him.

It was at Bringlow's special desire that Graham gave up his holidays last year, and yet when he reminded him the other day that he was promised three weeks this year, Bringlow looked at him with blank astonishment; and on putting the question whether he might take the double holidays, the unworthy junior, in a dry and surly manner, blurted out, "I suppose so," then turning on his heel walked away. Now, if he had given a gracious reply, as he ought to have done, it would have helped greatly to set the young man on his way rejoicing.

Graham was thankful he had Mr. Barnhill, whom he considered his friend, to fall back upon for comfort. This gentleman, like our hero, was a native of Lochdale, and through him Graham obtained the situation in Mercer & Co.'s. But Bringlow for some considerable time had been jealous of the good feeling that existed between Mr. Barnhill and Graham, and had tried in various ways to find fault with the latter: indeed, Graham shrewdly suspected afterwards that the request to forego the much-prized holidays last year was only an experiment to try his temper. Bringlow, however, made nothing by the subterfuge; for Graham acquiesced with the utmost good nature, having previously resolved to be always studiously civil towards his troublesome master, and thus avoid an open rupture.

(To be continued).

MR. R. L. STEVENSON.

In Memoriam

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

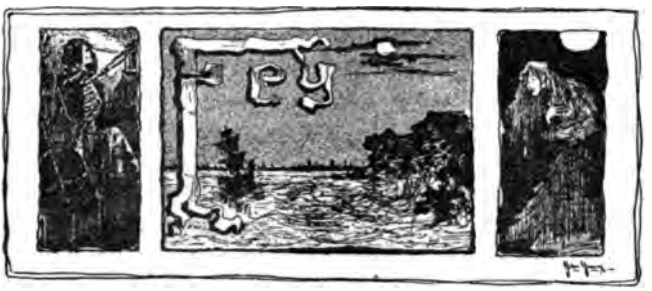
BORN 13th NOVEMBER, 1850;

DIED 3rd DECEMBER, 1894.

Caledonia mourns her darling son!
What though "meet nurse for a poetic child,"
For him, alas! her clime too "stern and wild."
From all true hearts, in every land, he won
Deep love for all that he had wrote and done
With manly courage—wondrous rare and high.
Far from his motherland, by fate exiled,
How sweetly he his banishment beguiled!

Far, far from home, thus would he gently sigh—
"My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee:"
Oft was this our loving patriot's cry—
"O Scotland's hills! and Scotland's dales for me!"
Brave soul! thy body sleeps in Pala's height,
But we shall aye enjoy thy genius bright.

JAMES STURROCK.



There comes a ship to the lang toon,
To the lang, lang, toon;
But nane is there the sicht to see,
For a' are sleepin'—a' but me
An' the yellow mune,
My freen the mune.

This ship that comes to the lang toon,
To the lang, lang, toon,
Has ropes o' siller an' sails o' crape,
An' the skipper, oh! he has an unco shape,
An' a waefu' froon—
I fear his froon!

When a' is still i' the lang toon,
I' the lang, lang, toon,
Its mast comes roon by the kelpie's rock,
Whar e'en the sea-maws daurna flock.
An' there is nae soun',
There's ne'er a soun'!

An' whiles there's ane frae the lang toon,
Frae the lang, lang, toon;
An' whiles there's ane, an' whiles there twa
That gangs aboard, an' the ship's awa'!
For the wark is dune,
It's owre an' dune.

When mornin' comes i' the lang toon,
I' the lang, lang, toon,
There's some that's greetin' for them that's gane
Whar I can tell, an' I alane,
An' the yellow mune,
My freen the mune.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

CARLYLE ON BURNS.

By JOHN MUIR, F.S.A. Scot.,

Author of "Thomas Carlyle's Apprenticeship," "Jacobite Minstrelsy of Burns," &c.

TOWARDS the close of last century, Ecclefechan presented an appearance differing little from its aspect to-day. Lying in a hollow surrounded by wooded slopes, it consisted of two rows of houses of a plain, unornamental character, which were annually whitewashed in honour of the village fair. Down one side of this single street, at that period, ran an open brook, which has been immortalised in *Sartor Resartus* as "the little Kuhbach," but which is now, for sanitary reasons, built over. The street is irregularly formed—a circumstance due not only to the disposition of the houses, but also to the windings of the little stream which gushes kindly by, wimpling and gurgling on its way to join the Mein water at the foot of the town, before the Mein loses itself in the river Annan. On the west side of the burn the houses are of single and two stories almost alternately, presenting a peculiarly notched appearance, and when seen from a distance, resembling the battlements of an imposing fortress.

In this little village the poet Burns might frequently have been seen during the last years of his life, while acting temporarily as Supervisor during the illness of that official. He made at least two visits to Ecclefechan, a record of which has been preserved in print. One of these is recorded by an individual who was lying in the womb of Eternity at the time of the poet's first recorded visit; and the other, which took place in the early spring of the year prior to his death, has been recorded by Burns himself. On the day following his entry into Ecclefechan, he had the misfortune to be snowed up; and, to break the monotony of his enforced imprisonment in the village inn, he imbibed to an extent which has left perceptible traces of a suggestive nature on the orthography of the following letter—a strange mixture of humour, exaggeration, and unconscious ungratefulness:—

ECCLEFECHAN, *February 7, 1795.*

MY DEAR THOMSON,—You cannot have any idea of the predicament in which I write you. In the course of my duty as Supervisor (in which capacity I have acted of late), I came yesternight to this unfortunate, wicked little village. I would have gone forward, but snows of ten feet deep have impeded my progress. I have tried to "gae back the gate I cam' again," but the same obstacle has shut me up within insuperable bars. To add to my misfortune, since dinner a scraper has been torturing cat-gut, in sounds that would have insulted the dying agonies of a sow under the hand of a butcher, and thinks himself, *on that very account*, exceeding good company. In fact, I have been in a dilemma, either to get drunk, to forget my miseries; or to hang myself, to get rid of them; like a prudent man (a character congenial to my every thought, word, and deed), I, of two evils, have chosen the least, and am very drunk, at your service!

I wrote you yesterday from Dumfries. I had not time *then* to tell you all I wanted to say; and, heaven knows, at present I have not capacity.

Do you know an air—I am sure you must know it—"We'll gang nae mair to yon town?" I think, in slowish time, it would make an excellent song. I am highly delighted with it; and if you should think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye to whom I would consecrate it; try it with this doggrel, until I give you a better. You will find a good set of it in Bowie's collection.

Chorus—O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon;
The dearest maid's in yon town
That e'enin' sun is shinin' on.

O sweet to me yon spreading tree,
Where Jeanie wanders aft her lane;
The hawthorn flower that shades her bower
O when shall I behold again?
O wat ye wha's, &c.

As I am just going to bed, I wish you a good night. R. B.

P.S.—As I am likely to be storm-staid here to-morrow, if I am in the humour you shall have a long letter from me. R. B.

It is a curious circumstance that the sin of intemperance should have been associated with Ecclefechan in the poet's mind. In one of his unpublishable songs he thus refers to it:—

Then up we raise, and took the road,
And in by Ecclefechan,
Where the brandy-stoup we gar'd it clink,
And strang beer ream the quick in.

Burns next morning did not apparently find himself in the humour for literary exertion (how could he, if the above account is to be trusted?), as no other communication from him bearing the Ecclefechan post-mark ever reached Mr. Thomson, who used to boast in after years that all the letters and songs which he had received from the poet were in his possession, and that he would not part with them for love or money.

Our readers, knowing the poet's unreserve, will not, we think, be disposed to accept the above statements as a circumstantial account of the conditions under which the letter was written. Could any man, in the situation described by Burns, have written such a letter? We opine not. Neither could a tipsy man have composed the lines in honour of Chloris, a sample of which is given in the letter just quoted. All the same, it is to be regretted that our poet so far forgot himself as to call sweet Ecclefechan by the uncomplimentary epithets he has used in describing that now famous village. Little did he dream, in his Barleycornian humour, of the destinies of Ecclefechan infants, one of whom, named Thomas Carlyle, born on the 4th of December of the very year of Burns' unlucky visit, was afterwards to be known to the world as the most sympathetic interpreter of his life and writings.

Ecclefechan, even in Burns' time, as the poet must have known in his sober moments, was by no means so contemptible as he would have us suppose. No less than four individuals, whose names and deeds have been rescued from oblivion, and who accompanied Burns part of the way in his all too brief earthly pilgrimage, were born in or near Ecclefechan, namely, Janet Little, the Scotch Milkmaid, who corresponded with, and addressed several poems to, Burns; and William Nicol ("Willie brewed a peck o' maut"). But it is chiefly as having been the birth-place of Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool, the amiable editor of Burns' works, and the most effective friend of the poet's family, that Ecclefechan interests admirers of Burns. Its crowning glory is, however, that it was there Thomas Carlyle was born, and lies buried beside the dust of his kindred in the quiet little churchyard.

Nor was Ecclefechan and the Carlyles without their influence on Burns' muse. A real or imaginary damsel of that ilk, named "Lucky Laing," was the heroine of a little anonymous song first published in *Johnson's Musical Museum*, but now considered by the majority of competent critics to be from the pen of Burns. After our poet's description of the village, the reader will perhaps be prepared not to expect too much in the matter of minstrelsy; for what "wicked little village" could be otherwise than disappointing in respect of its bonnie lasses? Here is the song:—

Gat ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinning-wheel,
A mickle quarter basin:
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A high house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonnie sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan.

O haud yer tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O haud yer tongue and jammer;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

This little song, says a critic, although not of the highest order, is dramatically perfect, both in style and humour. The majority of our readers, however, may not quite appreciate the dialogue. In the first stanza, "Lucky Laing," who boasts to her husband scornfully of her wealth and personal attractions, is the speaker. In the second stanza the disconsolate husband replies, and intimates that her demise would enable him to marry again more according to his own inclination.

In the last verse of the song, *There grows a bonnie brier-bush*, the hero is made to ask:—

Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlyle's ha'?
Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlyle's ha'?
Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'!
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle's ha'.

It is not improbable that Burns, as he sat at the window of the village inn on that bleak February day one hundred years ago, enjoying his post-prandial glass, and watching the snow-flakes melting in the spated stream, may perhaps have cast his eye on a whitewashed, two-story house, on the opposite side of the street, a little way from the hostelry. If he did, he may have observed a man with a stern, resolute face; clear, intelligent eyes; and a strong rather than refined, but not coarse, mouth. This man, a stone-mason to trade, is well known to his neighbours as a person of great force of character, and much respected in the district, not less for his moral worth than for his natural strength of intellect. He is one year older than the poet, but out-lived his ill-starred contemporary thirty-six years. James Carlyle, the name of the individual we have endeavoured to describe, chanced on one of Burns' visits to Ecclefechan to see the subject of his eldest son's future Essay and Lecture. But I cannot do better than allow the younger Carlyle to contrast these two remarkable men, and his reflections thereon, for James Carlyle, in his own way, was quite as remarkable as Robert Burns:—

The more I reflect on it, the more must I admire how completely Nature had taught my Father; how completely he was devoted to his Work, to the Task of his Life; and content to let *all* pass by unheeded that had not relation to this. It is a singular fact, for example, that though a man of such openness and clearness, he had never, I believe, read three pages of *Burns's Poems*. Not even when all about him became noisy and enthusiastic (I the loudest) on that matter, did he feel it worth his while to renew his investigations of it, or once turn his face towards it. The Poetry *he* liked (he did not call it Poetry) was truth and the wisdom of Reality. Burns, indeed, could have done nothing for him. As high a Greatness hung over his world, as over that of Burns (the everlasting greatness of the Infinite itself): neither was he, like Burns, called to rebel against the world, but to labour patiently at his Task there; "uniting the Possible with the Necessary" to bring out the Real (wherein also lay an Ideal). Burns could not have in any way strengthened him in his course; and therefore was for him a phenomenon merely. Nay, Rumour had been so busy with Burns, and Destiny and his own Desert had in very deed so marred his name, that the good rather avoided him. Yet it was not with aversion that my Father regarded Burns; but worse, with indifference and neglect. I have heard him speak of once seeing him: standing at "Rob Scott's Smithy" (at Ecclefechan, no doubt superintending some work), he heard someone

say, "There is the Poet Burns"; he went out to look, and saw a man with boots on, like a well-dressed farmer, walking down the village on the opposite side of the burn. This was all the relation these two men ever had: they were very nearly coevals. I know Robert Burns, and I knew my Father; yet were you to ask me which had the greater natural faculty? I might perhaps actually pause before replying! Burns had an infinitely wider Education; my Father a far wholesomer: besides, the one was a man of Musical Utterance, and the other wholly a man of Action, even with Speech subservient thereto. Never, of all the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the Endowment from Nature and the Arena from Fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. I have said this often; and partly *know* it. As a man of Speculation (had Culture ever unfolded him) he must have gone wild and desperate like Burns: but he was a man of Conduct, and Work kept all right. What strange, shapeable creatures we are!

It should be explained, with reference to Carlyle's remark, that his father and the poet "were very nearly coevals," that Burns was born in 1759, and died in 1796; and that James Carlyle, who was born in 1758, died in 1832, at the age of seventy-four, four years after the publication of his son's "noisy and enthusiastic" Essay on the poet, which first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for December, 1828, and has been reprinted in numberless forms since.

With reference to the proposed song on "the fair dame" whom Burns had in his eye as an artistic model during his inauspicious visit to Ecclefechan, and of which mention is made in his letter, the following bibliographical notes, which can hardly be familiar to any of our readers, are culled by the writer from a collection of chap-books, mostly bearing the imprint of Brash & Reid, Glasgow, but, unfortunately, nearly all without date. One of these little publications contains "two favourite songs by Robert Burns," namely, *O wat ye wha's in yon town?* and *Open the door to me, Oh!* As we have seen from the letter to Thomson, the first of these lyrics was primarily intended to celebrate the charms of Miss Lorimer, but was afterwards, as we shall see, made to serve the double purpose of a tribute of the poet's admiration for the beautiful Lucy Johnston, wife of Richard A. Oswald, of Auchencruive, at the time residing in Dumfries; and that when Burns sent it for insertion in *Johnson's Museum*, he again made Miss Lorimer the heroine by altering the name of "Lucy" to "Jean" and "Jeanie" —for Jean Lorimer, the poet's Chloris.

In May, 1795, Burns enclosed the song in a letter to John Syme, asking him whether he thought he might venture to present it to Mrs. Oswald; but no mention, says Mr. W. A. Clouston, who first made the fact public, has been made by any editor of Burns' Works of the interesting fact that the song was first printed in the *Glasgow Magazine* for September, 1795, with "Jean" and "Jeanie" substituted for "Lucy," and a few other necessary modifications. The song will be found on page 155, Volume I., of this scarce Glasgow periodical (a copy of which lies before us), under the heading of "Song, by Robert Burns (never before published)." This gives us a probable clue to the date of the chapbook edition, in which the song is an exact reproduction of the version given in the *Glasgow Magazine*. The probability is, that it was printed from the last-named publication before its appearance in *Johnson's Museum*, December, 1796.

In the copy written for Mrs. Oswald, the third line of the chorus reads:—

The fairest dame's in yon toun.

In the Glasgow publication, as in the letter to Thomson:—

The fairest maid's in yon toun.

Line two of the third verse (not reckoning the chorus, with which the song begins):—

And on yon bonnie banks of Ayr.

Line four:—

And dearest bliss is Lucy fair.

These read in the *Glasgow Magazine*:—

Among the broomy braes sae green;
And dearest treasure is my Jean.

The chapbook has "pleasure" (probably a misprint) for "treasure." Next verse, third line, for "Lucy," "Jeanie"; next verse, fourth line, for "tend," "tent"; last verse but one, fourth line, for "Lucy," "Jeanie"; and first line of last verse:—

For while life's dearest blood is warm,

Read in the magazine and chapbook:—

For while life's dearest blood runs warm.

The late William Scott Douglas, that prince among the poet's editors, in his Library Edition of the Works of Burns, appends a long note to this song, in which he remarks, that "it was no unusual thing with Burns to shift the devotion of a verse from one person to another," but, like all other commentators on the poet's writings, he evidently believed that the song was first printed in *Johnson's Museum.*

AN ABERDEENSHIRE AUTHOR.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

II.

THE Disruption story, however, after all, does not bulk so largely or so vividly in "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk" as the general description of rustic life. Here the author is at his best. The naturalness of his characters, the verisimilitude of the life he depicts, evoke admiration. He has reproduced the scenes of daily life, the sayings and doings of his actors, with photographic accuracy; and the charm of the picture is heightened by its setting, for the story is told almost wholly in the dialect, which gives to the characters and the scenes alike a pawkiness and humour, a vivaciousness and force, that would be well-nigh, if not totally lost, were the story told in English. The book may be regarded as a complete repertory of Aberdeenshire rural life in the times with which it deals. If the whole economy of farming is not presented, all its leading features are recounted, from the hiring of farm-servants at feeing markets up to the competition for farms or additions to farms, and the sampling of the then new manure, "that ga-ano stuff 't they speak aboot"—which last furnishes one of the most amusing incidents in the book. Then there are details of rustic courtship, of the "shifting"

propensities of the farm-servant, of the difficulties in the way of his marrying and getting a house to live in, and an admirable account of a rustic wedding. "Cracks" at the "smiddy," bargaining at "the merchan's chop," the talk of farm-servants, the gossip of the parlour, descriptions of school and school life, sketches of "the laird" and his factotums—these and other illustrations of rural life are set before the reader in a manner most attractive and charming. The individuality of the various characters is never lost; and much of the talk—even of the humblest of the personages introduced to our notice—is marked by shrewdness, common-sense, and a wealth of observation and profundity of utterance by no means uncommon in people whose lives are concentrated in their own district and the work that falls immediately to their hand, and who, moreover, spend most of their lives in the open air, and are accustomed to note the weather, the seasons, and the general operations of nature. Specimens might be culled almost on every page, but one of the best is where Johnny Gibb talks to his wife on his termination of the occupation of Gushetneuk:—

"Here's oorsells noo 't's toil't awa' upo' this place fae youth-heid to aul' age, an' wi' the lawbour o' oor nain han's made it's ye may say—Gushetneuk the day's nae mair fat Gushetneuk was fan we cam' here nor my fit 's a han'-saw. Sir Seemon ca's 'imsell laird o't; but Sir Seemon's deen nae mair to the place nor the man o' France. Noo you an' me can gae roon' an' roon' aboot it, an' wi' a' honesty say o' this an' that—'Here's the fruit o' oor lawbour—that'll bide upo' the face o' the earth for the eese o' ithers aifter we're deid an' gane.' Noo this is fat I canna win at the boddom o' ava. I'm weel seer it was never the arreengement o' Providence that the man that tills the grun' an' spen's the strength o's days upon't sud be at the merciment o' a man that never laid a han' till't, nor hardly wair't a shillin' upon't, to bid 'im bide or gang."

. . . . . .

"An' though Sir Seemon may ca' the rigs o' Gushetneuk his, I'm maistly seer gin the rigs themsells cud speak they wud ca' me maister raither nor him. But it mak's na' muckle back or fore. They'll be mine to the sicht o' my een maybe as lang's I'm able to see the sproutin' blade or the yalla corn sheaf; and Sir Seemon's lairdship canna gie 'im mair."

The foregoing quotation is a fair sample of the dialect of

Aberdeenshire that abounds in the book, but an even better specimen is to be found in the opening sentences, which are now familiar to all Aberdeenshire men of any education, and can be repeated by many of them:—

"Heely, heely, Tam, ye glaiket stirk—ye hinna on the hin' shelvin' o' the cairt. Fat hae ye been haiverin' at, min? That cauff saick 'll be tint owre the back door afore we win a mile fae hame. See't yer belly-ban' be ticht aneuch noo. Woo, lassie! Man, ye been makin' a hantle mair adee about blaikin that graith o' yours, an' kaimin' the mear's tail, nor balancin' yer cairt, an' gettin' the things packit in till't."

"Sang, that's nae vera easy deen, I can tell ye, wi' sic a mengyie o' them. Faur'll aw pit the puckle girss to the mear?"

"Ou, fat's the eese o' that lang stoups ahin', aw wud like to ken? Lay that bit bauk across; an' syne tak' the aul' pleuch ryn there, an' wup it ticht atween the stays; we canna hae the beast's maet trachel't amo' their feet. Foo muckle corn pat ye in?"

"Four lippies—gweed missour—will that dee?"

"We'se lat it be deein'. Is their trock a' in noo, I won'er?"

"Nyod, seerly it is."

Without committing one's-self to any extravagant praise of the Aberdeenshire dialect, it may be conceded that it lends itself to felicity of characterisation in a way that makes ordinary English—or even the English equivalents—poor in comparison; and in substantiation of this a few samples may be cited from "Johnny Gibb" (some of them probably difficult of easy translation by Aberdeenshire men of to-day):—"An orpiet, peeakin, little sinner"; "A settril, braid-fac't chappie"; a "preen-heidit ablach," a "peer, win'y smatchet"; a "nabal vratch"; "A queer-leukin' hurb"; "A sauchen, saurless breet"; a "puchill, upsettin' smatchet"; "An inhaudin', unedicat taupie chiel in a kwintra chop"; "That fair-tongue't howffin"; "Yon bit pernicketty wally-draggle"; "Ony wil' ranegill or ca'd aboot neer-do-weel"; "It's a likeable spot, an' richt weel-in-hert kin'ly grun'ie." The dialect also, when embodying proverbial remarks and aphorisms, gives to these an additional force, as for example:—"Fan fowk comes hame wi' a face like a Halloweven fire, there's rizzons for't"; "Them that sets to coortin' the lasses maun temper their nose to the east win' as weel's the south"; "She was nae mair like fat she hed been afore nor caul'

sowens is like het aleberry." Most readers would have to turn to the glossary for the interpretation of "maroonjous face," of "a set o' cairds rinkin' aboot the pumphel," and of "as snell a nizzin as they've gotten yet"; while a quite obsolete form of illumination is indicated in the exclamation—"The vera nethmost shall of the lamp's dry." There is remarkably little description of natural scenery in the book, but there is one exquisite picture of a wintry day, given, too, in very few words:—"Awat it was a snell mornin'; Benachie as fite's a washen fleece, an' oorlich shoo'ers o' drift an' hail scoorin' across the kwintra." These specimens of an expressive dialect may be concluded by the quotation of one other, chosen because it also forcibly illustrates the familiarity of the old-fashioned domestic servant, who was cook and tablemaid in one:—

"The dinner was a capital dinner, for Baubie's capabilities as a cook were unimpeachable, and she served no less efficiently than she cooked. Her master spoke familiarly to her, and Baubie, in turn, spoke just as familiarly to the guests. And thus, as Braeside sat masticating, long and seriously, with his knife and fork in either hand set in a perpendicular attitude on the table, she would coaxingly urge him to "see an' mak' a denner o't noo—an' nae min' fowk't eats as gin they were on a waager," while to Drogem-weal's mock profession of his sense of obligation to her for the numerous good dinners she had provided for him, she retorted promptly, "Oh, it's weel kent that aten meat's ill to pay."

"Ye hae him there, Baubie, at ony rate," quoth the Dominie. "If ye had been wise, Doctor, ye wud 'a keepit by the aul' proverb that says, 'Dit your mou' wi' your meat.' Isna' that the wye o't, Mains?"

"Mains, who had been acting on the proverb by keeping perfect silence and attending to his dinner, declared his belief that the Dominie was quite right, and added something about Jonathan's "leernin'" giving him such advantage, in a wide comprehension of these "aul' ancient byewords."

"Johnny Gibb" has been dealt with thus fully because it is Mr. Alexander's best-known, and, on the whole, perhaps his most representative work. It was followed, in 1875, by "Life Among My Ain Folk," a work that has also gone through several editions. It consists mainly of a series of short tales—"Mary Malcolmson's Wee Maggie," "Francie Herriegerie's Sharger Laddie," "Baubie

Huie's Bastard Geet," and "Couper Sandy." These stories are, like "Johnny Gibb," descriptive of various aspects of Aberdeenshire rural life, but some of the phases of life they depict are deeper, tenderer, more sacred, than any sketched in the earlier work. The two stories first-named deal with the tragic elements in human existence, and touch the higher springs of emotion; in them the author demonstrated that he had command of pathos as well as of humour. Indeed, as purely literary productions, as sympathetic descriptions of the sorrow and death and suffering that come to everybody alike, they are unequalled by any other work from the author's pen; and the opinion may even be hazarded that the representation of character in them, particularly as typified by the honest, hard-working, upright, and devoted agricultural labourer, who, notwithstanding his rough life, has a warm heart and keen feelings—this representation is as skilful and felicitous as in any of the diversified types in "Johnny Gibb." The third story, as its title implies, relates to a failing only too conspicuously identified with the peasantry of Aberdeenshire; but its treatment is conducted with judicious reticence, though no attempt is made to conceal or gloss over the causes—or some of the causes at any rate—to which this social evil is attributable. "Couper Sandy," on the other hand, is a broad and humorous picture of the business side of agricultural life, in which cattle-dealing, farming, banking, farm-letting, and marriage-making are all blended—it is one of the author's most genial and successful sketches.

The other works of Mr Alexander in the list prefixed to this article are of too minor a character to call for detailed notice, with the exception of the "Notes and Sketches illustrative of Northern Rural Life in the Eighteenth Century." This little book was published in 1877, and was to some extent supplemented by the paper on "The Making of Aberdeenshire," read before the Aberdeen Philosophical Society in 1888. Mr Alexander had in contemplation the preparation of a volume on the history of agriculture in Aberdeenshire for the New Spalding Club, and no man was better equipped for the task, or could have prosecuted it with more enthusiasm. The subject is an attractive one, for it would involve nothing less than an account of "the conversion of the county from a bleak, comparatively treeless, wholly roadless region, abundantly dotted with undrained swamps and dominating stretches of heather and stony waste, to one of the most skilfully cultivated counties of

Scotland, and certainly the best for cattle-rearing." The era of effective agricultural improvement commenced about the middle of the eighteenth century, and Mr Alexander's general propositions regarding it were that in its inception and intelligent prosecution, for at least half a century, the whole credit was due to the landed proprietors; that during this period the tenants were poor, inefficient cultivators, averse to change in their outworn modes of husbandry, slow to adopt improvements, and stoutly opposed to those forced upon them; and that during the present century the position was entirely reversed, the tenants having directly carried out the greater part of the improvements effected, or borne the charge of carrying them out.

"The tenants of Aberdeenshire have to be credited with a substantial contribution to the making of the county. Under improving leases many hundreds of acres were reclaimed and made arable by tenants, larger and smaller, whose only inducement was the security of possession given by an ordinary nineteen years' lease, entered upon at the full value of the holding at the date of entry, while in not a few cases the capital they could command, apart from their own habits of indomitable industry and rigid thrift, was marvellously small." *

The "Notes and Sketches" volume not only deals with the old forms of cultivation—such, for example, as "the twal owsen plough"—and the early improvers—the improvers of the breeds of live stock as well as the improvers in cultivation; but it is interspersed with descriptions of domestic life and social habits, contributory industries, vagrancy, popular amusements, &c. This survey, fascinating in itself, is rendered additionally interesting by the constant introduction of illustrative anecdotes and proverbs—pregnant proverbs like the following:—"Tulzyin' tykes come haltin' hame," "They liket mutton weel that licket faur the yeow lay." "It'll be fan the deil's blin', an's een are nae sair yet." But none of the anecdotes surpasses one that appears in "The Making of Aberdeenshire":—"Dr. Johnson, descanting upon the bleak and treeless aspect of Aberdeenshire, remarked to a native proprietor that if he searched his whole county he would not find a tree older than the Union. 'At all events,' replied the sturdy laird, 'we have no such era in Scotland as the Conquest!'"

* "The Making of Aberdeenshire."

Such, then, is a brief outline of the leading features of Mr Alexander's contributions to Scottish literature. They were not numerous, but they were of the kind whose quality is not to be gauged by their quantity. Simple, unaffected, homely sketches of life and character, they worthily hold a place in the records of "the short and simple annals of the poor;" and their author may be ranked among the writers who have invested these annals alike with humour, pathos, and the charm and felicity of accurate description. But Mr Alexander's literary work has a claim to higher recognition than even this. It is largely endowed with one notable feature that is destined to secure for it enduring merit and appreciation. It has stamped with permanence the modes of life, the habits of thought, the manners, and the distinctive characteristics of the people of Aberdeenshire; and it has preserved, in enduring form, the native speech of the district. The influences of the age, with their tendency to uniformity of type and mediocrity of character, have penetrated to Aberdeenshire as well as to other parts of the country; and the dialect is in danger of disappearing before compulsory education in English. In a short time the language of "Johnny Gibb" will become obsolete, and the characters portrayed by Mr Alexander will cease to be recognisable. To have placed both on imperishable canvas is no slight or insignificant lifework; and this considerable and conspicuous feat it was Mr Alexander's distinction to have accomplished.

THE RYDINGE OF THE STANGE.

"Hech, kimmers," Betty Burgie cried,
"I've gotten siccan fun;
I think I'll never mair do guid,
I've laughen sae and run."

"Draw in about the creepie, Jean,
Sit down, sirs, ane and a',
And I'll tell the story head and tail,
And how it did befa',

"Yon useless brat, the Tailzour carl,
Began to ding his wife,
And twa three o' the neighbours roun'
Hae haftins ta'en his life."

"Whisht! whisht!" cried Jamie Meldrum,
"Just hear that waesome maue;—
That Devil's-buckie, Fraser,
He's thrashin's wife again.

"There's no an 'ook in a' the year
But he gangs on the spree,
And then his wee bit wifikie
Maun a' his anger dree.

"To keep my ain fireside in trim,
Troth I maun stir about,
But, losh! to bang a helpless thing
Wad shame a very brute."

Syne out spoke Johnie Falconer,
"Shame fa' the dastard loon;
He's fit to bring a black disgrace
Upon our landward toon."

"It war weel waur'd," quo' Sandy Brown,—
"And needna tak' us lang—
To seize upon the cowardly carl,
And gar him ride the stange."

"Hurra'! hurra'!" cried ane and a'—
Nae sooner said than done—
And for a sapling frae the wud
Full half-a-hunner ran.

They trail'd the Tailzour frae his cloots,
And set him on the stange,
And aye they rode him up an' doon
Amo' the motely thrang.

And aye the kimmers leugh, and cried,
"Hech; gi'em't rough and strang;
There's nae an ac' o' parliment
'Gainst rydinge o' the stange."

The Tailzour like a trooper swore
He'd bang them at the law,
But the mob o' loons and kimmers
Ga'e the tither great guffaw.

They rode him by the stan'in' stanes,
And round the very kirk,
And aye the Tailzour's hurdies
Got the tither waesome jerk.

And how they gar'd him hodge and jump
Upon the jaggit pole,
I'm sure 'twas mair than rumple-bane
O' mortal man cud thole.

Wi' shout and cry they bare him by
The cordiwaner's sta',
But case it sud be his turn neist,
Faith ! Cordy slunk awa'.

At length and lang frae aff the stange
The Tailzour lap by force,
And hirpled to his cloots again,
Just like a spavied horse.

And aye the kimmers leugh, and cried,
"Ye've gotten't hot and strang,
There's nae a cure for drunken carls
Like rydinge o' the stange."

"I've lived in Huntly, wife and bairn,
Twa score o' years and mae,
But never got I half the fun
That I hae got the day.

"I kenna what we wives wad dee
Wi' carls that drink and bang,
But for the halesome discipline
O' rydinge on the stange."

That the "riding the stang" was at one time considered the appropriate punishment of husbands who maltreated their wives, is fully borne out by the following curious document, the original of which is preserved in Her Majesty's General Register-House at Edinburgh, from which it was copied into the first volume of the Maitland Club Miscellany :—

"Petition to the Bailie of the Regalitie of Huntly for a toleration to the stange (A. D., 1734).

"Unto the much honoured the Bailie of the Regality of Huntly, the humble Complaint and Representation of the Under Subscribers upon Mr. John Fraser, Husband to Anne Johnston in Huntly.

"Humbly shewing,

"That upon the eleventh of January instant, the said Mr. John Fraser Did, under Cloud of Night, most inhumanly and Barbarously Beat and Bruise Anne Johnston, his Said Spouse, to the effusion of her Blood and great hazard and peril of her Life. And not only that, but it is his constant practice, as can be attested by Severalls of the Neighbourhood, who have divers and Sundry times risen from their

Beds at mid-night, and has rescued her out of his merciless hands, or she had been most miserably Butchered by him. And seeing your Petitioners are informed that the said Fraser has given in ane information to your Lordshipe against some of our good neighbours who, upon Saturday last, being the twelfth instant, went to his house alleading they would cause him Ride the Stange (use and wont in such cases) but to our certain knowledge with no other Design than to fright and deter him from his villanous and cruell usage of his Said Spouse in all time coming.

"May it therefore please Your Lordshipe to take this our more than Lamentable case into Your most Serious Consideration, by granting a toleration to the Stang, which has not only been practicable to this place, but in most pairts of this Kingdome, being, wee know, no Act of Parliament to the contrair', Or else if Your Lordshipe can fall on a more prudent method, wee most humbly begg Your Opinion for preventing more fatall consequences, Otherwise upon the lest disobligment given, wee must expect to fall victims to our husbands, displeasure from which *Libera nos Domine.*

Ann Johnston.	Barbra Jessiman.
Agnas Scot.	Griseal Allan.
Lilles Garden.	Janet Forsith.
Elizabeth Burgie.	Agnes Gordon.
I. R.	Isobel Kemp.
jean Guthrie.	i. P."
Janet Roy.	

Notwithstanding the averment of the above petitioners, that their "good neighbours" only went into Fraser's house "alleading they would cause him Ride the Stange," but to their "certain knowledge" only to fear him, we find the "good neighbours," when the case is brought to trial, "confessing and acknowledging their being accessory airt and part in the cryme lybelled," viz., that they did attack Fraser "in the face of the sun, about three in the afternoon, tore his clothes and abused his person, by carrying him in a publick manner through the toun of Huntly upon a tree." The bailie decerned that they should "pay five pounds sterling, in name of damages to the private party."

"To Ridge the Stang" is thus defined by Dr. Jamieson. To set a man who beats his wife astride on a long pole, which is borne on the shoulders of others. In this manner he is carried about from place to place. Captain Grose mentions this custom as remaining in his time in

Yorkshire; where, he also tells us, that the woman who beats her husband is also punished in the same way.

Brand, in his "Popular Antiq.," says, "There is a vulgar custom in the North called *riding the Stang*, when one in derision is made to ride on a pole, for his neighbour's wife's fault." This word *Stang*, says Ray, "is still used in some colleges, as in the University of Cambridge." To *Stang* scholars in Christmas time—was to cause them to ride on a colt—staff or pole for missing of chapel.

This riding the stang was a mark of the highest infamy—the person who had been thus treated never recovered his honour in the opinion of his neighbours.

In some nations, the man who had debauched his neighbour's wife was formerly forced to *ride the stang*, but very frequently another person was substituted, who was said to *ride the stang* on such a person.

"They frae a barn a kaber rough,
Ane mounted wi' a bang,
Betwixt twa's shoulders, and set straught
Upon't and rade the Stang"
On her that day.—*Allan Ramsay.*

"On you I'll ride the stang."—
R. Galloway's Poems.

Also a husband, who was notoriously under the dominion of his wife, was sometimes subjected to the same ignominious treatment:—

"Like hen-pick'd husband riding the stang,
He by the mane on tail and knees hang,
Attended with a mighty noise
Of ———, and knaves, and fools and boys."—
Meston's Poems.

In this riding of the stang we have evidently the remains of a very ancient custom. The Goths were wont to erect what they called *Nidstaeng*, or the pole of infamy, with the most dire imprecations against the person who was thought to deserve the punishment. He, who was subjected to this punishment was called *Niding*, to which the word infamous most nearly corresponds.

THE CROSS-ROADS.

"Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms from off her bosom yet,
After the lapse of untold centuries."

—*Percival.*

OAR FROST lies over the meadow and fallow land. It seeks a place between the muddy ridges at the gateway where the plough has been dragged from the meadow. As the gloom fades and day comes in, the fall wheat and new grass lands get cold and moist. Cold, because then seen—moist, because the sun breaks the frosty crust. The rooks are astir before the maid at the farm-steading lights her lamp to visit the byre. An early blackbird goes down the road and turns the dead leaves on the ditch side, before the crofter leads his old mare from the thatched stable to the cart-shed. It is quiet then. The crofter lights his cutty, as a first duty after dressing, and works slowly and methodically in all things. His horse runs in the same groove. The man walks with deliberate steps—his beast gets into harness in like fashion. Both seem to drag out the first half-hour, as if their limbs were stiff and swollen. By the time the last rook crosses the old toll-house, horse and man are heated and active. Farm hands all work after the same style at day-break.

But in the Shires life is not yet a neck-to-neck race. The generations that lie still, by the foot of the hill, where the Auld Kirk stands, never dreamed of city activity. They built their huts of clay and boulder, lived peacefully, and died in a deep trust of the great unknown. Generations reared castles of stone and lime, planted and fenced, but time judged, and nature swept the images off the stage. Folks lived long days then, and many a light went out, only after the physical parts were unable to move in unison. This sturdy characteristic is still apparent in the children of those men and women. It can be recognised in the children's children. There is even yet no haste or hurry, and mental worry only rarely comes inside the door. Domestic troubles certainly visit the

Shires, and many anxious moments become the lot of husband and wife, but I speak of everyday annoyances, so prevalent to city dwellers, compared with the trials of rural life.

Blue smoke curls towards the clouds, the village carrier wends along the dyke-side and the days become instinct with throbbing life. Teams of farm horses come through the mist bearing their attendants to their fields of labour. The Clydesdale gelding steps steadily onwards, the grey horse hanging on the rein, yards behind his leader. On the frosty air the melodious whistling of the ploughman keeps time with the steps of the Clydesdale. Listen to the sound of the falling hoof and the notes of the rural ditty! Horses move quieter and steadier to that music and oxen will work so pleasantly while the voice charms their march. Before the horses start for the real work afield, the stone-breakers have wheeled their barrows from the gate-way, and the farmer has made the round of his byres and courts. The hum and boom of the threshing mill is heard in the rickyard and the merry laughter of men and women breaks forth at intervals between the strokes of the engine, as it turns the flapping belt, and sends its smoke in clouds across the field. So still and clear is the atmosphere, that every sound strikes the ear suddenly; quick, as if a hawk darted over, dropped its quarry in fright, and dashed over the firs.

There was formerly a long range of willows on the lower side of the turnpike, *i.e.* the arm of the cross-roads that points to Edinburgh. Those willows, my schoolmaster told me, were planted by one of the best and greatest of men. Strange to say, his name is not in any school book or history of the Scottish nation, but he must have been a great man nevertheless, or my dominie would not have said so. That dominie died, aged 47. I looked at his tombstone not so long ago, and felt I had mistaken the date, or that there must be an error somewhere. But it turned out, that he only lived 47 years, and that the distance of time had marred my imagination. When I knew him in the flesh, he seemed a great-grandfather, and now the milestones are few I have to pass to reach his goal. His willows are still known as the "Saughs." In his day, they were cut annually for basket-making purposes, but the business has departed years ago. The road-men cut them now when their boughs over-reach the ditch. A couple or two of water-hens go out and in amongst the sedges, and explore the reedy channels, and often a ploughboy leaves his horse and leaps

over to cut a switch that looks straight. All branches seem straighter when on the tree than they do after being chopped off. There is an art in selecting a straight branch, but many of the ploughmen have this faculty, and with some, the cutting of canes is a craze. Gamekeepers know a good wand amongst hundreds of an inferior description. The modern demand for walking sticks, fashioned after the old shepherd's crook, dates its origin from the hillside. A sportsman envied the keeper's stick and carried it townwards. The keeper made others in his spare hours, and the sportsmen of the following autumn purchased the pile. The supply not being equal to the demand, machinery pushed the keeper out of the bnsiness he had inaugurated. The main road that goes north from the toll-house has a bare, unwooded aspect. A long line of stone wall runs on either side, and whin, broom and heather, usurp the plains and slopes for miles. The road dips as it reaches a solitary belt of fir wood, and from the toll-house the eye catches the North road on the further slope, winding along mid the heather and rock. When the toll-house was converted into a cottar's dwelling, and the big white arms of the check-bar were carried into the neighbouring field, the country made a stride nearer to town and city. Mail-coach and pedler, creamer and carrier, gipsies, coupers, and showmen, became less and less characteristic of the Shires. Four-in-hand coaches, resembling the old mail, are now few in number, but a four-in-hand club in a measure takes the vacant place of Captain Barclay and his team. It is a most delightful pastime—coaching—to those who love to handle a willing team of bays; to whom appeals the merry crack of the thong, and the bugle sounding down the wood-edge. Of pedlers, their name is legion; but they are modernised and practise deceitful arts and ways. A pedler to-day has no reputation to uphold, and he scarcely understands the meaning of the word. There are very few gaberlunzies worthy of alms, only a race of idle, loafing vagabonds prowl the lanes and turnpikes. A greasy cap and coat-collar, shady trousers and matchless boots, denote the man who hates work. At night a barn, a hayrick, or a fir-wood cover, shelters his seedy garments, and as the light breaks again, he issues forth to live upon the sympathetic kindness of mothers and daughters. The creamer and the carrier have been ruined by steam power, and the hand-loom weaver by the same agency. Here and there a remnant lingers of the one or the other, but few

rural directories contain the names of young men who have taken to either calling. The horse, sheep and cattle trysts still draw one or two gipsy camps. Like the old world couper's trade, the public auction-marts have withdrawn the supplies from those hill-fairs, and the gipsy-dealer and the cattle-couper have turned into other paths. The showman is going too, and the little accessories of "Puffing dart," "Pipe stem and Coin," and others of that ilk, follow the stream that bears the wrecks of a slower age.

In years gone, the highway that winds from the sea coast towards the hills, and passes the deserted site of the check-bar, was once the route of smugglers, on their inland journeys. Old Murray was the tenant then, a steady old veteran, who knew good liquor, and many an evening his little lamp danced along by the "Saughs" as a signal to the advancing troops. The road passed under Murray's window, along the whinny dykes, over the near hill, then along by the river in the adjacent valley. By morning the smugglers would be beyond the lofty sheepland and deeper in the recesses of the glen. Those quaint picturesque figures are now absent, but the landscape is not altogether robbed of its beauty. The keeper strides by, carrying his big bag, and his setters trot at his heel. In autumn, the southern "Shooter" brings his household north, and spends his money to brighten the little homesteads dotted over the fields. The laird chats with the road-side joiner, and the red painted van, with the village bread, carries the gossip and the hour, to the cottar and farmers' doors. The sickle and reaping-hook—the heuck—is but an echo of lost voices, of brawny men and tanned women's faces. Oats and barley go down under the touch of the mowing-machine: wheat is tossed aside as if a hidden spirit was at work. Where the convolvulus hides there is equal beauty on the fields now as of yore. The sinews of man and beast are left to grow strong at the expense of the modern binder. Yet no injustice is done to the wheatlands, and no harm done to the fertile acreage of the Shires. The steam-plough conquers the meadow with its budding robe of sorrel and golden cups. The lark's nest, where the songster had so often slept between its musical acts, is beaten into the sward. Red sorrel, daisies, buttercups, and the food of bird and beast, become the prey of steam, that wrestles to darken the land for a while. The earth is opened—spread—and looks upon the azure sky, and the lark sings upon the clod in the light that pierces the haze. Larks sing, and thrushes trim

their feathers on the sheltered bank of the burn. Where the cuckoo in early spring mocked the echo of the woods with his quaint, hollow voice, the steam whistle sounds the call to arms. Sawyers and lumbermen pass through the heated vapours and black smoke, carts come and go, trees fall, the engine pants, and logs—trees only dead an hour—become almost living sacrifices to the sharp teeth of whirring steel. Posts, boards, staves, drop where they were planted as tender saplings. They grow and are scattered to the corners of the isle, shaped after the manner of the hour. There is less carting of the rough logs to town now, compared with former years. Time and labour are both dearer, so the rtistic figure of the wood-cart, entering the quiet street in the gloaming—once so common—will be an indistinct landmark with our children. Like the rude weapons of savage, Celt and Roman, the implements we now employ will be object lessons to generations that are to come: where we now cut and plough and write, prehistoric legends, historic stories, and ancient ballads, are as morning mists. In the low swampy meadow, the earthy ramparts and deep ditches make a page of Roman romance in those latter days. Roman soldiers have marshalled where the dragon-fly beats his wings in the sun. Camp-fires burned where the rooks are nesting, and the croft near the cross-roads is the site of the halting place of a Wolsey of that far off date. There are few traces of the ancient Roman in the aboriginal fir forests of the Highlands. There are indeed no marks of his footsteps; no lasting impressions of moat or trench; no trails of those Wolseys beyond the barriers of the Grampian hill-front. They journeyed along the valleys and lowlands, and were satisfied. When they reached the mountains they lighted their fires and were at once an idle army. As a pastime they hunted, but their feet never crossed the hill or pressed the heather. No ptarmigan started from the crag and sailed over the deep valley, and no peregrine screamed affrighted by invasion. Roman camp-fires burned brighter and longer in Southern Britain than in our colder climate. Highland blood is warm as the colour of heather when the bees dance over the blooms.

Then troops of lordly barons with their vassels and serfs possessed the land, and hunted the wild woods, often trafficking in human blood. Nomadic monks, like birds of passage, crossed the landscape, carrying their shrines upon their shoulders. Courtly gallants and gay ladies in castle and chase followed, and we again

reach the pedlers, gaberlunzies, and quiet pastoral landscapes. The old white arms of the check-bar halts the steed at eventide, and the figure of Murray and his lantern issues from the grey hut at the bend of the road, while the gabble of midnight geese is a voice that stretches from sea to loch. A white-washed, grey-slated cottage, with a sloping parterre, going down to the turnpike, with no fence to mark the boundary, was once old Murray's home.

A. NICOL SIMPSON.

To Flora.

In Summer, when the roses were in bloom,
From Mary's hand the pleasure oft was mine,
Plucked from the door porch, laden with perfume,
To get a dewy rosebud rich and fine
What time we parted at the solemn eve—
Her tender gift my feelings to relieve.
But now she's gone to fill a happy hearth,
And all the honours of a wife receive;
Leaving thee, Flora, of a later birth,
Around her lovers airy spells to weave.
O darling Flora! O ecstatic bliss!
Thy sister's flower was naught beside thy kiss!
What though the Winter roses all eclipse,
When I get rosebuds from thy honey lips! J. S.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

" He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae's us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born."
—*Burns.*

"ONE of our most brilliant men of letters" died on the 3rd December, 1894. Literature has lost a star of the first magnitude; the world has lost perhaps the greatest writer of prose in this generation, and Scotland has lost her most gifted son. We grieve, we know it is foolish to do so, but we cannot help it, for "O, we grudge him sair" to that bright world to which he is gone, beyond the clouds and beyond the sun.

The legacy he has left to mankind, in the form of essays, poems, plays and criticism, are all very good, as far above the mawkish drivel of our modern school of writers as the sun is above the earth.

Fine although Stevenson's work is in the field of general literature, it was as an original artist, as a creator of character in the realms of fancy, that he excelled.

His *New Arabian Nights*, his *Master of Ballantrae*, and *Prince Otto*, were sufficient to have established a reputation, but they were completely eclipsed by *Kidnapped* and the *Treasure Island*. These two may be considered his greatest efforts; they delight the old and the young alike, a sure test of great merit. The latter will live and be read with avidity while boys exist, and, side by side with De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, will be a pleasant heritage to our children's children in the days that are to come.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, and educated in that city. His father was one of the celebrated Stevensons who did so much for Scotland in projecting canals, erecting light-houses, and other works of great public utility in the first decade of this century. Robert's health was always delicate, so he was fated to wander all over the globe in search of a genial climate. When only twenty-two he was "ordered south" to Mentone; he afterwards, in the fight he had with death, tried Bournemouth,

Davos, and California; at last he settled in Samoa, where he died on the 3rd of December last year.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, in a pathetic letter to Sydney Colvin, whom he designates as "Louis's best friend," says, "Thank God he was spared the long illness that he dreaded,—I wish to die with my clothes on was always his desire." He got his wish, for in this touching letter, written by his loving step-son, we are told, "He was unconscious from the beginning, and for about an hour we waited about him seeing the life ebb. He was in his sailor's jumper and trousers, and kept his high colour to the last. When he passed away we lowered the great Union Jack we fly over the house, and covered his body with the flag he loved."

Louis Stevenson's love for his fatherland was a passion—"I love," he says, "my native air, but it does not love me." He also dearly loved the city of his birth, "Auld Reekie." This love for auld Scotland, her history, her institutions, and her traditions, has made him dear to Scotsmen in every corner of the globe; hence, the universal wail of woe that was wafted from shore to shore when the sad news was confirmed that this fine mind, this bright genius, this enchanting story-teller, had been taken away, while still full of projects for the world's edification, from the commonwealth of letters.

Who will not echo the beautiful words of Richard Le Gallienne on the departed genius:—

> Virgil of prose! far distant is the day
> That at the mention of your heartfelt name
> Shall shake the head oblivious and say,—
> "We know him not, this master nor his fame."
> Not while a boy still whistles on the earth;
> Not while a single human heart beats true;
> Not while love lasts, and honour, and the brave
> Has earth a grave,
> O well-beloved for you!

WHITE PETE,

OR

THE HAUNTED SHEIL.

IN the olden time, when supernatural spirits left their proper sphere and held high carnival on this terrestrial ball, many strange and untoward events are reported to have taken place. These supernatural gentry assumed a variety of forms, and discharged multifarious duties, the said duties being almost always antagonistic to the welfare of man. Water-kelpies lured their victims to destruction; spunkies guided belated travellers deep into quagmires and morasses; wraiths, dead-lights, and a variety of other signs and sounds intimated to frail mortals the approaching dissolution of soul and body; ghosts of the murdered and injured haunted the scenes of their wrongs, frightening all and sundry by their hideous appearances and unearthly sounds; fairies, too, frequented the greenwood glade, and, although not reckoned of so dangerous a nature as the before-mentioned, were yet known to be strongly possessed of a desire to whip off people, especially children, to Elfland. Nor did these supernatural beings confine themselves to certain localities: they were equally at home in the busy haunts of men, or the wild and desolate waste. The Highland glens would appear to have been their happy hunting ground, and none were deeper read in their mysteries than the wild and warlike Gael.

At the period of which we write—the beginning of the present century—the most inaccessible and remote Highland glens were dotted with sheilings erected by graziers for greater ease in attending to their flocks, while in these wilds during the summer season. One of the most secluded and lonely of these was Sharroch Sheil. In addition to its lonely situation, it enjoyed the reputation of being haunted, but by what or whom no one could exactly tell.

Sharroch Sheil could boast of a "but and ben," while the great majority of its compeers consisted of only one apartment. During

the summer and ewe-milking seasons both apartments were occupied; during spring and autumn one only was used by the solitary shepherd who tended the sheep; and for a considerable period it stood empty. Not always, however, for it was often occupied by the illicit distilling apparatus of some daring Highlander. Smuggling was then in full swing, but the power of the hated gaugers was beginning to be felt, and those who distilled whisky, minus His Majesty's licence, had to betake themselves to lonely and secluded spots in the deep corries and ravines of their native mountains. Nor did this always save them, for the gaugers were lynx-eyed, and drew information from rascally informers, the result being that many a smuggling bothy was by them reduced to masses of smoking ruins.

One of the most inveterate smugglers of the period of which we write was Peter Grant, better known as White Pete, so called from the almost woolly whiteness of his hair. Pete possessed a frank and affable disposition, was of tall and symmetrical build, and endowed wiih a fleetness of foot beyond all with whom he ever came in contact. Many a brush did Pete have with the gaugers, and oftener than once lost almost all his illegal possessions, but his speed and endurance stood him in good stead, and never yet had he been captured. Experience taught him that in a multitude of associates lurked danger, as some one almost always turned informer; he therefore dispensed with the assistance of any comrades, and wrought entirely on his own account.

White Pete, though to a certain extent impregnated with the superstitious beliefs of the time, was, nevertheless, not so deeply imbued with them as the generality of Highlanders, else he would never have thought of commencing distillation alone within the haunted precincts of Sharroch Sheil. When the rigours of winter forced the shepherd to take his sheep to lower altitudes, Peter Grant fitted up the "but" end of the sheiling as a smuggling bothy. During summer he had taken care to cut a large quantity of peats, and these, with his father's hardy Highland cowt, he conveyed to the scene of his illicit operations. A quantity of barley was bought, subjected to the necessary process of fermentation, and conveyed to the friendly miller, by whom it was dried and ground into "maut." It was then taken to the sheil, where it was put through various other processes, and was now ready for distilling into the fiery usquebaugh.

Pete had just reached this stage in his operations when Saturday night arrived, and having arranged everything for Monday morning, departed to spend the Sabbath under his father's roof. The last days of the year were almost reached, but the season was mild and comparatively free from snow. On the Sunday in question it rained the whole day. The streams which drained the valley were swollen into headlong torrents, thundering down their steep and rocky channels in white, foam-crested masses. Towards night the rain ceased, and the sky began to show indications of frost. The evening sped on; the old man produced the "big ha' Bible"; the family engaged in worship, and then, with the exception of Pete, retired to rest. It may seem strange that these rude smugglers and law-breakers, impregnated as they were with the grossest superstition, should thus engage in worshipping their Maker; but so it was. These simple Highlanders were imbued with deep religious feelings, and held inviolable the sanctity of the Sabbath.

When the family had thus retired to rest, White Pete left his father's roof and hied on towards Sharroch Sheil, determined to commence distillation once the midnight hour had passed. The way was wild and lonely, totally devoid of human habitation, and the burns brattled and brawled with strange unusual sounds as the hardy Highlander pursued his journey. His way lay for most part along the side of the main stream, but latterly he skirted the edge of a rather extensive morass. This morass caused him to make a slight detour, but to have gone straight forward would have landed him among interminable quagmires and peat-hags. Now he had almost reached the sheiling, but between him and it rolled the Sharroch Burn—an impassable barrier, yet he must cross, and without a moment's hesitation he struck up the side of the stream. On he sped, until having passed several smaller tributaries, the proportions of the foaming torrent were considerably lessened. Backing the few yards of level ground that lay at the burnside, Pete took a race, sprang with all his might, and alighted safely on the other side.

Reaching the sheiling, and judging it now to be past midnight, for be it remembered these were not the days of clocks and watches, Pete commenced operations. With the aid of flint and flourish he managed to procure fire, and soon the cheery peat flames were leaping and dancing in the capacious fireplace. The "pot" he filled from the cask containing the wort, or wash, adjusted the

"head" and "worm," turned a small stream of water upon the spiral form of the latter to keep it cool, and thus cause condensation, and sat down by the side of the fire to wait until the "pot" boiled. It was necessarily some time before the contents of that large vessel reached the desired temperature, and Pete, after having piled on plenty of fuel, stretched himself in front of the glowing heat to await the time for further action.

For a time he regarded the dancing flames, and amused himself by tracing shadowy forms among the ever-varying embers of the half-consumed peats. Now he saw some ancient feudal keep, replete with all its long-forgotten glory, and his vivid imagination conjured up scenes of what might have transpired within. Slowly it devolved into a chaotic mass, and from out the ruins of its battlements emerged two doughty warriors, who confronted each other with menacing aspect. Again the scene changed. The mail-clad warriors vanished as had done their feudal residence, and their place was taken by the sylph-like form of a young and beautiful woman. This vision was evidently a pleasing one, for a smile played round the smuggler's lips. Under its benign influence a soothing train of thought pervaded his mind, and his eyes gradually closed.

But although his eyes were closed he was not properly asleep. He was in that comatose state which generally precedes sleep, and in which the consciousness of our surroundings is in great measure retained. Such a state is generally induced by pleasing fancies, and our waking thoughts are gradually and imperceptibly carried forward into the realms of dreamland. Such was the case with White Pete. The beauteous forms in the glowing embers recalled pleasant recollections of the past. Gradually these thoughts became obliterated, and the real merged into the ideal as the "wild brood of fancy" gained the ascendancy. Now in company of a "fickle fair" one, he strayed by the side of a purling stream. His arm encircled her waist, and her head rested on his shoulder. On his cheek he felt her breath, sweet and pleasant as the ottar of roses; and the pleasures of the Turkish heaven would have paled before the honied words that passed between them.

Now, by some strange transformation, the scene was changed from the sweet and soothing enchantments of Nature, to the artificial pleasures and gaieties of the ball-room. And such a ball-room! it shone with an indescribable, dazzling splendour, under

myriads of lamps of the intensest brilliancy. Through the intricate mazes of dances which he had never before beheld, Pete led his fair partner with the ease and grace of a polished gallant. The music was supplied by a number of curious looking instruments, and was of that low, dreamy cadency that renders motion scarcely perceptible, yet one of the most exquisite of pleasures. Intoxicated with the depth of his feelings, Pete felt in a perfect Elysium, and on the faces of the other pleasure-seekers could be traced a like happiness. The enjoyment was at its height when the harsh and discordant notes of the great Highland bagpipe broke on their ears. Before its powerful note the mellow-toned instruments became silent, consternation was depicted on every face, the dancers halted, the lights went out, and Pete found himself sitting bolt upright in front of the almost consumed peat-fire in haunted Sharroch Sheil.

Astonished beyond measure he could scarcely realize whether the scene he had just beheld was real or imaginary. The gloomy and cheerless surroundings of the sheil, garnished with the multifarious requisites of smuggling, presented but a sorry resemblance to the apartment of princely magnificence in which he had just been. But then the notes of the bagpipe that had so rudely broken the charm still sounded in his ears. At first he thought that the sound must be the result of the vivid dream which he now believed his former experiences to have been, but as it still contiuued he became aware that it, at least, was real. The piper was evidently in the "ben" end of the sheil. But, hark! what was that? Yes, there could be no doubt about it; the notes of the bagpipes were accompanied by the scuffle of dancing feet on the mortar floor.

Springing to his feet, now thoroughly aroused, he listened to the unwonted music. Had an assembly of fairies taken possession of the "ben" end? Or was it a repetition of such an orgy as heroic Tam o' Shanter witnessed in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," and the piper the arch fiend himself? Or had he after all desecrated the Sabbath, and these nocturnal visitors been sent to execute condign punishment upon his devoted head? These ideas flashed through his mind with lightning rapidity, but were immediately banished by thoughts of escape. The outer door stood open, but close beside it, in the partition that divided the building, stood the door that communicated with the "ben" end. It by rare chance

happened to be shut, but to venture so near what might be the infernal presence, was an ordeal from which the hardy smuggler shrank. But he was doomed to suffer a new and more alarming danger. His rapidly pulsing heart almost ceased to beat, his hair began raising the bonnet from his brow, and a cold sweat distilled from every pore, when he heard the low and confused murmur of voices in which he thought his own name was mentioned. Suddenly, clear and distinct sounded the awe-inspiring tones of one evidently in authority, "We'll hae White Pete throo a reel."

Oh, horror! was he who had so lately commingled with beings more perfect than the houris of the Mahommedan paradise now to be dragged into the dance of demons, to be knocked and buffeted about by them, and afterwards—but thought failed to comprehend the dread finale. His only chance of escape lay in flight, and bracing up his scattered energies, Pete dashed for the open door. While standing in the sheil, confronting the door of the "ben" end, his terror had been bad enough, but once he gained the outside, it was added to in a tenfold degree. His back was now turned to his enemies, and his lively imagination pourtrayed a whole host of supernatural beings swiftly following in his flying footsteps. Down the gentle incline he dashed towards the Sharroch Burn. To cross had cost him a long detour, to recross never cost him a thought. With a flying leap he plunged into the seething torrent, battled for a moment with the wild waters, and by the aid of an overhanging willow, scrambled out on the opposite bank. A less resolute and athletic man would assuredly have been swept to destruction.

The morass now lay before him. To skirt it never once entered his mind; he took a bee-line for home. Utterly oblivious of the fact that the supernatural gentry of the Sheil were precluded from crossing a running stream, Pete kept up his headlong flight. Now he pitched head foremost over some unseen peat bank; now he was up to the waist in the slimy depths of a treacherous quagmire. Nothing could retard his progress; and in an incredibly short space of time Pete again reached his father's door. And what a spectacle he presented. His garments were drenched from head to heel with the water of Sharroch Burn, and sticking fast with peat and green slime—evidences of his hasty retreat. His bonnet and he had long ago parted company, and his fine white hair had assumed a hue that could hardly be classified. Small wonder though his father and mother were alarmed at his extraordinary appearance, and

listened, awe-inspired, as he breathlessly narrated the narrow escape he had just had. The Bible was produced, and the goodman read a chapter, and offered up a prayer, thanking the Deity for Pete's deliverance from the powers of darkness, after which they again retired to rest. The news of the extraordinary adventure soon became bruited abroad, and for a time Pete was the hero of the rural community; but his thirst for glory was not great, and he sought not to add to his laurels by again commencing illicit distillation in Sharroch Sheil.

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A probable explanation of the foregoing has been offered by one deeply read in the mysteries of smuggling. According to his theory White Pete had fallen asleep, and his thoughts winged an airy flight into the realms of dreamland. The fire beneath the "pot" had heated the contents of that vessel almost to the boiling point, at which stage it often emitted a hollow, ever-varying, rumbling noise, not unlike what we occasionally hear from one of our larger domestic pots. That sound had evidently pervaded Pete's dreams, and upon wakening he had mistaken it for the notes of the bagpipes. His dazed condition aided the delusion, a change in the rumbling had been construed into the awful voice which caused him to beat a hasty retreat, a few seconds at most, perhaps, covering the whole duration of his terror.

JOHN MORRISON,

POET, MUSICIAN, AND TRAVELLING SHOWMAN,

BY

DONALD J. JOLLY.

CHAPTER III.

OPENING OF THE NEW CIRCUS—MR. JOHN DELANEY'S FEATS—DONALD MACKINTOSH, THE WOULD-BE EQUESTRIAN—HIS REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION—MR. ORD THE HERO OF THE EVENING—TAM O'SHANTER AND HIS GREY MARE MEG—DELANEY AS "CUTTY SARK."

WITHIN half-an-hour after the doors were opened the circus was crowded in every part. The first seats were filled by the shopkeepers and gentry, the others by the well-to-do working people, and so great was the demand for the standing room that it was with much difficulty the ring-master could prevent them from overflowing into the performing area.

It was indeed a grand sight—a perfect forest of genial happy faces, and the circus itself looked beautiful, as everything was new and unsoiled. The glare of the paraffin lamps, the beautiful trappings of the horses, and the glistening spangles of the performers, made up a scene that appeared to my unsophisticated eyes like a glimpse of fairyland. The usual buffoonery between the ring-master and the clown opened the proceedings, and every joke that was "cracked" elicited rounds of laughter and applause.

The first equestrian performer for the evening was Mr. John Delaney, who went through a remarkable performance of mounting and dismounting his horse in every possible way without the use of stirrups.

After this performance Charles Walker, John Nicoll, Daniel Lindsay and myself, all did extraordinary feats in horsemanship, and though the saying so will perhaps be considered egotistical, still love for the truth compels me to affirm that a smarter set of men were never brought together in any circus. They were all very clever at their work, and I am not sure if the present generation of circus riders could display the same fearless daring, matchless

agility, and graceful deportment displayed by the company under Mr. Ord half-a-century ago in Inverness.

Mr. Ord's orders were—"You must not attempt to do; you *must* do."

After the whole company had executed their various feats a hubbub arose among the audience nearest the entrance, which caused all eyes to be turned in that direction.

A man, who appeared to be a shepherd newly from the hills, was making the best of his way across the barricade into the circle. He marched up to one of the horses that was standing in the ring, and Mr. Delaney having ceased performing when he saw the stranger coming over the barricade, demanded in a loud voice what he wanted there, when the man told him that his name was Donald Mackintosh, all the way from Tain, and that he wanted an engagement.

He was sternly told that there was no job for him, and the whole employees of the circus fastened on the luckless Donald to forcibly remove him, but he appealed to the ring-master, declaring that, if he only got a chance, he would jump on the back of the horse as he had seen others do.

The ring-master left the settlement of the matter to the audience, who with one accord decided that Donald should get a chance to show his powers. He managed to get on the back of the horse in a very clumsy way, but it appeared impossible for him to keep anything like a steady seat as the horse made its way round the circle.

At one time he could be seen with the neck of the horse clasped in both his arms, the next holding on by the mane, and again by the tail.

At last he managed somehow or other to scramble on his knees, and as the horse continued to increase its speed Donald got to his feet, and at last became quite steady.

After a few rounds of the circle had been traversed in this manner, to the great amazement of all, and amid cheering that was tremendous, the countryman cast off his homespun dress and was transformed into Scotland's famous cateran, "Rob Roy," in full highland costume.

The horse still continued at full gallop, and another change of dress transformed the rider into Scotland's darling hero, "Sir William Wallace."

The next change portrayed "Bruce of Bannockburn" brandish-

ing the fatal battle axe that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, and as an illustration of history the rider was seen looking with concern at the edge of the axe as if regretting having blunted it on the knight's skull. More than a dozen transformations took place, among which were "Rollo," the Peruvian hero, "Buy a Broom," and the "Newhaven Fishwife," and all the characters were well delineated by the dumb show of the equestrian.

At length, after he had cast his last shell, the veritable Mr. Ord was recognised as the actor who had gone through this varied and interesting *dramatis personæ*, and as he stood erect with proud look and noble bearing on the bare back of the horse the audience realised at once that he was master of his profession, and the cheers, clapping of hands, and enthusiasm displayed by them must have pleased the stern old equestrian.

Mr. Ord gave another performance on the same evening—a feat in which I have never seen him equalled, viz., the ride upon the backs of eight horses. This feat was a great one indeed, but he was master of it, and never during the progress of the ride did he lose nerve or confidence. The whole eight horses ran side by side, his right foot being on the back of the outside, and his left foot on the back of the inside horse. He thus strode over the other six, while all the eight horses galloped at their utmost speed. This was considered to be the crowning feat of the evening, and when it was over the spectators' cheering was deafening, and you would have thought that the clapping of hands would have never ceased.

While I looked on the pleased and excited faces of the audience, and the extraordinary feats that Mr. Ord performed, I could not help thinking that the sympathy and admiration of an audience go a great way to inspire the performer and make him accomplish feats he would otherwise be incapable of performing.

I was also reminded on looking round the circus that night of some remarks made by Gœthe, in "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," about the showfolk, when *Mignon* goes away with them.

Alluding to their performance, he says:—"they seemed to make all who saw them happy for one night, and that no one had altogether lived in vain who could still the fierce and conflicting emotions of the human breast and fill it with pleasure—although it was only for one night."

It would perhaps weary the reader to minutely describe everything that happened in the ring that night, but I may mention in

brief that Daniel the clown, who was well known at one time throughout Scotland as the "Brosy Merryman," afforded much amusement; that Mr. Delaney performed his famous ladder dance; that Mr. Ord's learned horse danced a measure to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming," and the whole performance concluded with the spectacular extravaganza of "Tam o' Shanter and his Grey Mare Meg," in which the whole of the company, both male and female, took part. Delaney's representation of "Cutty Sark" was unique, and probably has never been surpassed.

CHAPTER IV.

MEETS WITH AN OLD COMPANION—RESOLVES TO LEAVE THE SHOWMAN LIFE—MEETS A RECRUITING SERGEANT—PARTS FROM MR. ORD—MEETS SIMON PROUDFOOT—ACCEPTS AN ENGAGEMENT—INTRODUCTION TO THE COMPANY—ENTERS ON HIS DUTIES.

The performance was over, the audience were fast leaving the circus, and the company were busy putting things in order for the night, when I heard a voice crying out my name, and turning to whence the voice proceeded, I perceived a young man whom I recognised as a youthful companion of my own.

This was the first person whom I had met from home since I commenced the life of a showman, and I was anxious to know what my father and mother were thinking about my absconding, and how all my old friends and acquaintances were doing. I quietly told this young man to wait for me a few minutes outside until my duties for the night should be accomplished. He did so, and when the lights were out and everything made snug, I took him home with me to my lodgings, where we had a long, and, to me, extremely interesting conversation. He urged me strongly to give up the wandering life, and make my way to Edinburgh, where my father and mother now resided. He said he was sure they would be only too happy to see me, and would do what was in their power to give me a start in life.

My friend urged me so strongly, and pleaded so hard, that I at last consented; but what was I to do with regard to my engagement with Mr. Ord? I knew he would be unwilling to part with me, for I was a very promising pupil, and likely to be of great use to him in the future; and I had been so well treated that it

appeared to me to be gross ingratitude to leave the kind old gentleman, when I knew he would have some trouble in filling my place.

I have often observed in my walk through life that the gravest problems that trouble us very often solve themselves. This was what happened on this occasion.

Next morning, on leaving my lodgings, whom should I encounter but a recruiting party marching through the streets. They had engaged a fifer, a drummer, and a clarionet player, and were beating up for the purpose of attracting young men to enlist. There were two lance-corporals and a sergeant, and smart, trim fellows they were. The sergeant had been, when a very young man, engaged at Waterloo. Having there distinguished himself for his coolness and bravery, he was shortly after made a non-commissioned officer. He had the fine, suave tongue of a successful recruiter; and was wonderfully fertile in his inventions as to the pleasure and glory of a soldier's life.

As I was then a strapping youth of some nineteen summers, well proportioned, and straight as a rush, I caught the eye of the recruiting sergeant looking towards me with the expression of a connoisseur. He accosted me in a cheery voice and invited me along to the rendezvous to have a talk. Nothing loth, I went along with the party and spent a few pleasant hours in their company, but all the fascinating descriptions of the joviality, glory, gallantry, and sprightliness of a soldier's life, failed in succeeding to entice me to enlist.

I well knew the picture to be what the Irish designate "blarney," and that the life of a soldier at the period of which I write (it is better now), was one of hardship, ignominy, and slavery.

Mr. Ord had got by some means to know that I was drinking with the recruiting party, for I got a very peremptory summons to wait upon him at his lodgings at once.

I made the best of my way there, when I was greeted with such a fearful burst of passion and wild denunciation from the lips of the old gentleman that I was perfectly terrified. He accused me of ingratitude in having resolved to leave him and become a soldier. I at once saw that this would be a good pretence for leaving, and I told him that I wanted to go at once.

At this the old gentleman softened a little, and said he would pay me what was due and let me go.

I sold my dresses to one of the company, and with some £2 10s. in my pocket took the road to travel from Inverness to Edinburgh. As I walked along the road to Nairn I was in very low spirits. The day was gloomy and lowering, snow fell at intervals, and the howling of the wind and the tempestuous aspect of the sky somehow appeared to produce a feeling of deplorable melancholy and sadness in my breast. Life appeared to me to have no roseate shadows; all was gloomy, dark, and desolate. I upbraided myself for leaving a comfortable and respectable home and becoming an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth. I regretted and saw in a light that had never presented itself to me before the agony I must have brought upon my old parents by my mysterious disappearance. I was in that frame of mind, and passing through that process of thought, which sometimes suddenly makes bad people good, careless people religious, and converts the careless, rollicking rogue into a serious, moral man.

I arrived at Nairn, and put up in the travellers' rest there, and after partaking of a hearty tea, relished by a "Glasgow Magistrate," eaten with some good oat bannocks well buttered, I felt myself a new man, and was beginning to laugh at my gloomy views of life. I met in this house one Simon Proudfoot, an old showman, who had a caravan of his own. His show consisted of a performing pony that did wonderful feats with cards, told who liked the girls, and when asked how lazy girls did in the morning would lay himself on his back, shut his eyes and grunt. He had also a performing monkey who, when dressed like a soldier with a small sword by his side and a miniature musket in his hand, did wonderful feats in musketry drill and broadsword exercise. He had also two performing dogs, the one a huge black Newfoundland, some twelve stone in weight, and the other an Italian greyhound, the prettiest lady-looking little dog ever I clapt eyes on. The fine expressive almond-shaped eyes which struck out prominently from her beautifully formed little head seemed to have in them human intelligence.

I have been thus particular in enumerating the company of performers in Simon's caravan, because I was destined to become intimately connected therewith. Simon himself was an old man some seventy-five years of age; tall, although the weight of years now bowed him down. He wore his scanty locks, which were as white as the driven snow, in long ringlets; his forehead was broad;

his eyes dark grey, and he had altogether a very pleasing, although stern expression of countenance.

Some thirty years before the time of which I write his wife had died leaving him with an only son, who, as he grew up, became his father's right hand, and assisted him in the show business; but about a month before I met Simon this son, then in the full vigour of his early manhood, was seized with a malignant fever and died.

The old man found himself unable for the laborious business of attending to his animals and driving his show from place to place. He had already had a few assistants, but he told me they all turned out untrustworthy, and at the present time he was on the out-look for a man.

While we sat smoking our pipes over a tankard of tenpenny ale I gave Simon a slight sketch of my antecedents. He offered me very liberal terms. "In fact, John," he said, "I am a bit of a physiognomist, and when first I clapt eyes on you I said to myself, here is a good-faced, determined, reliable, trustworthy fellow. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you, John, should you agree to become my servant. When my boy died"—(as he said these words there was a sob in the noble old man's voice)—"all the kith and kin I had on God's creation died. Now, if you will prove yourself true and faithful to old Simon Proudfoot, when I go to my rest, which in the course of nature cannot be very long, I will make you heir to all my belongings, for since Jim"—(his son's name)—"departed, it has cost me many a sad thought—if I should die suddenly, too—about what would become of my poor dumb friends."

I felt strangely attracted to the kind old showman, and closed with his generous offer, thanking him truly from the bottom of my heart.

He took me along to his caravan, and introduced me to his dumb performers. "Madge Wildfire," his performing pony, came whimpering up when she saw him, licked his hands with her tongue, and pushed her nose into his capacious pockets in search of biscuits. "Boatswain," the Newfoundland, was also in ecstasies at the sight of his master, putting his immense paws on Simon's two shoulders and licking his face. "Beppo," the monkey, sat chattering in a corner, as if displeased at the presence of a stranger, whilst at his feet lay the timorous Italian greyhound "Blanche," eyeing me with a questioning look, as if asking whether I was a friend or a foe.

Old Simon informed me that, as the weather was getting very stormy and boisterous, and as he expected a very hard, rough winter, he intended, early on the morrow, to take the road south, probably fixing his quarters for the winter either in Dundee, Perth, or Glasgow.

After I had suppered up the waggon horse and seen, under the old man's direction, to the comfort of the company, we retired early to bed in the caravan to be up betimes on the morrow, as we intended making Fochabers our destination, a good day's journey from Nairn.

(To be continued).

THE CARLIN'S CAIRN AND POLMADDY MILL.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF BRUCE.

" Ye heathery hill of Galloway,
Ye woods of oak and pine,
Ye wildly foaming cataracts,
Ye all are friends of mine."

McKerlie in "Galloway, Ancient and Modern," remarks:—"There is no district in Scotland that surpasses Galloway in historical interest, and this extends from the earliest traceable times." The appearance of the country, with its wild and picturesque scenery, adds charm to the subject. Galloway has sometimes been styled the Southern Highlands; and much of the scenery frequently reminds one of different parts of the Highlands of Scotland, and it contains combinations of loch and hill and stream and wooded glen, that will compare favourably with the most admired districts of the North.

Galloway also possesses many objects of antiquarian interest, and is especially notable for its numerous cairns. Those of the Druids were usually surrounded with circles of stones, a large flat one being on the top, where the sacrifices were made. It is doubtful if there are any of this class in Galloway. They are quite distinct from the cairns raised over the dead. As *cārn*, or *cairn*, in Gaelic, is for a heap of stones, so *carnach* or *cairnach* is a Druid, a priest. Colonel Forbes-Leslie mentions in "Early Races of Scotland," that cairns have been known from the time of Jacob, when he raised one at Mizpah and set up a pillar. Darius, on certain occasions, caused each of his soldiers to throw a stone thereon, and thus these immense piles were raised. Some of these cairns, of course, were records of dark and infamous deeds; and others again are honourable memorials. Forbes-Leslie also states that in Ceylon, in Palestine, in Syria, and in various countries of Europe to the extreme North of Scotland, it was the custom of every one who passed to add a stone. The "Carlin's Cairn" may

have been either increased or diminished since its original formation, but the main portion of it was erected all at once, in commemoration of the success of Bruce in achieving the freedom of Scotland, and ascending the throne of his ancestors.

The burn of Polmaddy takes its rise in the Kells Rhynns (a range of hills in the North of Kirkcudbrightshire) between the farms of Bush and Castlemaddie, and forms the boundary between the parishes of Carsphairn and Kells up to its confluence with the river Deuch, a tributary of the Ken. Polmaddy bridge spans the burn about six miles above Dalry, on the way to Carsphairn, which is about ten miles distant from Dalry village, or what was a village until a few years ago; but it is now so large, and contains so many handsome buildings, and such excellent accommodation for tourists, who flock to it from all quarters, that it deserves the name of a town. It is situated in the midst of the most beautiful scenery in the South of Scotland, and is fast becoming a popular health resort. There are many remains which testify that this whole district has been much more densely peopled in former times than it is at the present day. Indeed, the same thing has happened here as in the Highlands. The many crofts, into which the land was divided, are but memories of the past, and their names are only to be recovered from tradition, or the memories of the oldest inhabitants. Many vestiges of these homesteads are to be found all over the country, and on the north bank of Polmaddy burn, about a mile above the bridge, may still be seen the ruins of a whole village, named Largurie, which was built around what is still known as Polmaddy Mill, though the mill has long since shared the fate of the village. The weir across the burn, and the form of the mill-race, may still be traced, and tradition adds that it is not a great length of time since some of the houses were inhabited, but no person now living seems to remember such a thing.

The Mill at Polmaddy was, no doubt, intended to grind meal to supply the village and the neighbouring crofts, or small farms round about. Now there is not a foot of cultivated land to be seen, and probably not an acre of ploughed land within a mile. But 600 years ago, as I have already indicated, there seems to have been a considerable population all around living on small farms. This population found subsistence by cultivating limited portions of land after a rude fashion, and by keeping cattle—there were few sheep kept in those days. Nor was there any imported

grain and supplies of provisions from a distance, such as we have nowadays, so that the inhabitants were often on the verge of starvation if their own crops failed.

About the year 1300 the mill was erected, and it must have been one of the very first in the district, because we find mention in history about this period of several kilns and mills being set up in different places, particularly on lands belonging to the king, the clergy, and some of the nobles. An old road, said to be Roman (it has, at least, some characteristics of a Roman road), passed near the mill, and would, doubtless, prove a useful means of communication in days when roads were neither many nor good. The very fact of the mill being built in the neighbourhood of the King's Forest of Buchan, and the important Castle of Dundeuch, proves this to have then been a place of some importance, and a centre of activity.

The miller was a douce, canny, industrious man, and was called the *carle*, and his wife the *carlin*. She was a woman of character and decision, and exercised considerable influence over her husband. Some little time previous to the opening of our story—about the year 1306—Edward I. of England had made his memorable campaign into Galloway, completely subduing its inhabitants, and placing garrisons in every fortress and stronghold to overawe them.

After Robert Bruce had killed the Comyn in the Church of the Grayfriars at Dumfries, he renounced his allegiance to Edward. As he had no hope that his offence would be forgiven, he at once threw down the gauntlet, and set Edward's power and authority at defiance; so that his only safety now lay in the boldness of his measures, and the energy with which he executed them. His following was small at first, consisting only of his brother, Edward Bruce, and his vassals; but he soon began to make vigorous preparations for war with the English. While maturing his plans and wandering in disguise among the hills of Kells, Carsphairn, and Minnigaff, marking the state of the country, and noting the feelings of its inhabitants, Bruce, one wet evening, in the autumn, called at Polmaddy Mill, and asked shelter for the night, as he was too wet, weary, and hungry to proceed further. Next day found him still resting at the Mill when four English soldiers from the small garrison at Craigencallie came in search of the Bruce; for informers had given notice of his whereabouts, and it was generally known that he was wandering among the Galloway hills.

The miller was about to tell them of the stranger who had sought shelter on the previous night, but his wife quickly and adroitly cut short all explanation by declaring loudly that no one of the name of Bruce had ever come there, and that they would be much more likely to find him in his Castle of Lochmaben than in any such humble domicile as Polmaddy Mill. The suspicions of the soldiers were allayed by the frankness of the good wife, so they departed.

The miller's wife, however, suspected that her guest might either be Bruce himself, or one of his followers, and, as she was afraid her injudicious husband might be talking about the stranger to some of the Dundeuch garrison, she ordered the miller to go to his work, and went and told her guest that English soldiers had been there enquiring for Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick.

Bruce, in order to feel his way, asked her what reward she would give him if he told her where the Earl of Carrick was hiding. She replied, in a spirited manner, that she would neither give nor take a reward in such a matter. On the contrary, she would conceal him if he were on her premises; for she held him to be her rightful sovereign, and her heart must be black and treacherous indeed if she would ever prove false to her rightful king. Bruce reminded her that, perhaps, her husband was not of her way of thinking. "My gudeman," she said, "is no that ill a body, but he's ane o' the kind o' men it aye likes to stan' weel wi' the pooers that be, and maybe he's a wee faint-hearted, and thinks it's a hopeless task to oppose the English the noo; but I'll tak' care, I'se warrant ye, that he'll keep a calm sough gin either the king or ony o' his men come to this hoose; but," after a pause, she resumed, "I'm thinking ye're aiblins juist Robert Bruce, Earl o' Carrick, yersel'." He confessed that he was, and asked her to give him shelter a few days longer, until he got intelligence from his friends, who were collecting an army to enable him to prosecute the war against the English. He begged her not to betray a helpless wayfarer in any case. "Betray my sovereign," she burst out, "No, never!"—and sinking on her knees before him, she made a profound obeisance to him whom she considered her rightful lord and king. "Rise, my good woman," he said, "I shall not forget the miller's wife of Polmaddy—you must, however, keep an eye on your husband and see that he holds his peace."

The dame then set some *greddan* (meal and water stirred together) before the king, and went to look for her husband, and

give him instructions regarding their guest. She told him the wanderer was a relative of the Bruce, and that he himself might soon be there with a band of armed followers. She also directed her husband that, if any one came there seeking Bruce, he was to hide the stranger behind the hopper, and cover him over with sacks, or else conceal him, somehow, amongst the wheels, where the soldiers would be little likely to look for him.

A few days after this, a party came from Craigencallie saying that Bruce had been seen at Polmaddy or in the immediate neighbourhood, and that they were commissioned to search the miller's house for him. The miller overheard the soldiers, and beckoned to Bruce to follow him out at a back door. He hastened to follow his host, and was soon hidden among sacks at the back of the hopper. The men searched the premises, but failed to find Bruce, who, however, had a very narrow escape on this occasion. One of the soldiers, on leaving the Mill, struck the sack covering Bruce's head, with the flat of his sword, so heavy a blow that the dust which arose from the sack completely blinded the Englishman—an accident that, perhaps, saved the fugitive's life.

A happier destiny was reserved for the Bruce than to perish by the sword of a trooper in Polmaddy Mill, and soon brighter days dawned upon him. Not long after this narrow escape, a messenger brought word that his brother, Edward, and the good Sir James Douglas, who was one of the first to acknowledge the claim of Bruce to the throne of Scotland, after the death of the Red Comyn at Dumfries, had collected an army at the head of Loch Truil, and only waited for him to join them, in order to proceed to action.

Loch Truil or Trool, the scene of this gathering, is remarkable for the wild grandeur of its scenery. Thomas Grierson, writing in 1846, calls it one of the most romantic spots in the South of Scotland, and it will be familiar to all readers of "The Raiders." From the shores of Loch Trool you see the Merrick, "the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee," towering away into the clouds. Merrick is said to be nearly 3000 feet in height, and is decidedly the loftiest mountain in Galloway. The view from its summit is of the most commanding description. The whole Firth of Clyde lies, as it were, mapped out before you towards the west, and the whole of Arran, with its fantastic peaks, the Mull of Cantyre, 100 miles of the coast of Ireland—from the Giant's

Causeway to the mountains of Morne—Mull of Galloway, Benghairn, Criffell, the Moffat Hills, &c., &c., and under favourable circumstances, one may also see therefrom the Isle of Man and the Cumberland Mountains, with many of those of the West Highlands, and even some of the Hebrides. The Islands of Ailsa and Knockdolian are particularly conspicuous, with the whole coast of Ayrshire, from Largs to Lochryan.

Amid the romantic and picturesque surroundings of Loch Trool, in the Highlands of Galloway, did Bruce rejoin his trusty brother Edward and the good Sir James, with such men as they had been able to raise; and every reader knows how, after varying fortune, and many skirmishes and battles with the English, the MacDoualls and others who were opposed to them, ending sometimes in defeat, and sometimes in victory, he, at length, achieved the freedom of Scotland, and secured the crown for himself by the decisive and culminating victory over the whole English army, under Edward II., on the famous field of Bannockburn (1314).

After he was crowned under the title of Robert I., the miller's wife of Polmaddy gathered together all her relatives and friends within reach, and proceeded to the top of Castlemaddy hill, on which they built a cairn of big stones to commemorate the success of Bruce in freeing Scotland from the English yoke. This cairn stands there till this hour, and still goes by the name of the "Carlin's Cairn." Nor did King Robert, now that fortune had smiled upon him, forget his friends at Polmaddy Mill. He sent for the Dame of Polmaddy and her husband, and gave them a grant of land in the neighbourhood of their homestead, and entailed a vote on the clapper of Polmaddy Mill, and a power of freehold on the mill's possessor so long as a mill should be there upheld.

J. G. CARTER, F.S.A. Scot.,

NOTE.—Maddy or Maddie signifies a dog or wolf, and the place derived its name from the king's hounds which were kept there for hunting in the Forest of Buchan.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oorsels as others see us."—*Burns.*

CHARACTER BUREAU.

BY

JAMES COATS, Ph.D., F.A.S., Rothesay, N.B.

(Author of "How to Read Faces," "Scientific Physiognomy," &c.

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men may read strange things."
Shakespeare.

Subscribers for one year of "Caledonia" are entitled to one delineation of character from photograph, or handwriting, *Free.*

THE NOMINAL FEE OF ONE SHILLING. A delineation of character, and a copy of magazine containing it, will be forwarded to any address in the United Kingdom.

For Physiognomical Readings, send photographs; for Graphological, any specimen of handwriting, with usual signature preferred.

All letters for this department to be addressed, "Character Bureau," 23 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

CHARACTER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

BOB (Dundee).—This is a bad photograph from which to delineate character. So far as we may estimate the same from it we conclude him to be a rough and ready specimen of humanity, with a streak of fun and a large dash of daring in his mental composition. He is of the wiry and muscular kind; is of an active and horsey type. Had he the advantages of education he would make a first-class veterinary surgeon. He takes an interest in, and is strongly attached to brute beasts. He would also make a good farmer or stock-raiser. While not saying that he drinks, he cannot be too temperate, as there appears to have been drink in the family. He can be drawn, influenced, or persuaded: being

most stubborn and self-willed he will not be easily driven. An active outdoor life is best for him.

ALICK (Arbroath) presents plenty of go and spirits. He has a warm, active nature, may be a bit soft in being impressionable and influenced too much by feminine society. He is fond of praise and all that, but is not as ambitious as he might be with advantage to himself. He possesses good material to work upon. Requires active occupation to get at the best, and to enable him to act with greater forethought and judgment. He is intuitive, quick, and, in general, well liked. Needs patience and discrimination or a little more solidity. Should have a quick musical ear, and enjoy music if not play effectually himself. Weight, solidity, etc., are more required than activity.

EDGAR (Stirling).—This is a most peculiar fellow; a varied combination of passion, impulse, originality, animal passion, not exactly sensuality but strong sensuous emotions. There is nothing tame or luke-warm about him: a tendency to excessive energy and extremes. Youth and enthusiasm are on his side, and he will throw these with great spirit for good or for evil into whatever he takes in hand. Fortunately, he possesses much refinement of taste, the semi-refining organs being all marked. He has a quick imagination, a fervent spirit, a practical and available intellect. He has a good eye for size and form, but somewhat indifferent for colours. Has a musical ear and a musical nature. Maturity may do much to perfect his character.

DR. GRAHAM (Edina).—Of a refined, highly organised type, capable of exquisite enjoyment or intense suffering. Of a high order of mind, positive, sensitive, and at the same time, conservative. His imaginative powers are vivid, memory fairly retentive, and his tastes largely literary; and, possessing good language, our friend should have excellent conversational powers, and with dignity, an impressive style of address. Although somewhat narrow, he has a good deal of the humanitarian and philanthropist about him. He will always feel more or less disappointed at the actual experiences of life falling far short of his ambitious ideals. To succeed in any pursuit, especially as a medical man, he will need to be more practical.

A. M. (Edina).—This lady has a refined, quick, and sensitive organisation. Delicate, but not necessarily unhealthy in structure. The high nervous and mental conditions give to disposition vivacity, quick responsiveness, alertness, and brightness generally. Care must be taken to avoid undue excitability, as persons of her temperament present more or less of a hysterical diathesis. She is a woman of bright intellect, and of excellent intuitive powers. She will not only learn to know what may be gained by study, but her womanly intuition will grasp and *sense* many things which cannot be gained by the usual routine of learning. She has a trusting, generous, sympathetic, and loving nature. She will be able to take a vivid intellectual interest in her husband's interests whatever they may be. She and "Dr. G." are admirably suited in tastes and in age, and might do worse than decide for conjugal partnership.

FREDERICK (Kilmarnock).—This lady has a strong, healthy, and vigorous organisation. She is a strange combination of the womanly and of the masculine in disposition. She has the fineness and sensitiveness

of the woman, the strength of purpose, determination of will, and resolute energy of the man. It is more than likely she takes after her father, or mother's father than of the female side of the house. She is endowed with a massive intellectual brain; the breadth of head shows at once her great executive energies, while the lower part of her face, breadth of chin, and general *tout ensemble* determine for us her strong, passionate, and emotional nature. She is either a friend whose friendship is worth having or a person whose enmity is to be feared.

MacKinnon (Rothesay).—This gentleman has a wiry, active, and athletic organisation. The motive and muscular elements are well defined in constitution. He is ambitious and aggressive, and will be dissatisfied with a mediocre position or servile capacity of any kind. He has good natural brain capacity, well developed intellectual lobes, and is endowed with energy, activity, and enthusiasm. While not saying positively, I am inclined to think that these endowments are by no means as cultured as they might be. In a word, he suffers from lack of culture. Notwithstanding this assumed drawback, he has native energy and go which will enable him to succeed in active outdoor and constructive undertakings. On the whole, he is best adapted for constructive and mechanical pursuits.

FROM HAND-WRITING.

Gertrude (Alloa) is ambitious, has a quick, fly-away temper, lacks decisiveness and stability of purpose. Is young and inexperienced. These are defects time may yet help to overcome. She is very sanguine, hopeful, bright, vivacious, and changeable. Thinks she knows, but really does not know her mind, she is so restless, buoyant and imaginative. She lives in the future almost as in the present; careful in trifles, particular about pins, not so careful of pounds. Gives time to little things and neglects the larger and more solid. Gertrude is coquettish, self-conscious, does not exactly pose, yet does very little without effect. Her character is decidedly feminine, and shows much tenderness and sensitiveness, intuition and generosity.

Martha (Glasgow).—Estimated by this specimen, "Martha" is very womanly, sympathetic and generous, yet fairly exacting, fond of attention, obedience and respect. She likes to advise, command and direct. I presume she is looked up to as an authority on proprieties, etiquette and what not, so essential to the well-being of all young ladies. There is much of refinement, courtesy, judgment, taste, sense of character, precision, and self-reliance here. A suspicion of vanity—just a little. Should have a decided taste for music. But the scholastic elements are decidedly in the ascendant.

Cycle (Glasgow). There is life, brightness, and humanity in this individual. There is a tremendous amount of go in "Cycle." Capital at business, of good address and business energy. He is a rapid and intuitive thinker, and if in his right place would be a journalist, trade journalist, if possible. Co-operationist. His business is tinged with decision, purpose and self-reliance. He is a man to lead, to take an active part, to stir up enthusiasm in others. He is restless. Strong tempered, does not stand contradiction very well. Thinks when he says

a thing that is enough, you should accept it. Nevertheless, is a fine fellow.

DEWER (Banff).—The writer has all the virtues of Pecksniff. The same unction and display of egoism. There is great profession of charity in words, but little or none in handwriting. There is no breadth for generosity. Exactitude and severity, orderliness, and precision in small things are characteristic. In domestic life "Dewer" would be very exacting, a bit of a tyrant, and yet not realise it. He is always demanding and directing. He will save where others will spend. He is, I believe, conscientious in the main, but is too full of himself. He is a good student, able and clever young fellow, and just the type ritualistic parsons are made of. Always seeing humanity out of or through some specious theory or other.

ASTROLOGICAL BUREAU.

FREE HOROSCOPES.

A Free Horoscope—giving a full astrological delineation of character, with prognostications as to health, wealth, weal or woe, *Fate* has in store, will be sent to each subscriber for twelve numbers of "Caledonia." The following rules to be observed:—

1. State sex, place, day, and hour of birth.
2. Send a stamped and directed foolscap envelope.
3. All letters in this department to be addressed to "Astrological Bureau," 23 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

ASTROLOGICAL QUERIES.

Each subscriber, as above, in lieu of a Horoscope, may ask three questions respecting his or her life.

Mr. Wilde, the celebrated Astrologer of Halifax, conducts this department.

GLASGOW has been excited for some time over that excellent picture of the "Victor and Donor" in the Corporation Galleries. It is of course a matter of the first importance that we should know, as far as possible, the true history of all our art treasures. Should the picture be labelled a Van Eyck or Raphael on the one hand, or with some obscure name on the other, it will, notwithstanding, still retain the position it has always held among art lovers. Too often the esteemed merits of a picture hang on the painter's name which it bears, but such is not the case with the "Victor and Donor."

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The journal of the Ex-Libris Society opens with an article on the bequest of Heraldic works left to the Lyon office by the late J. M. Gray of Edinburgh. Mr. J. Forbes, Nairn, designs a book-plate to be placed in the volumes forming this valuable collection.

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A series of Saturday evening lectures on art is being given this winter in the Corporation Galleries. I noticed that Art and Photography formed the subject of one of the lectures delivered lately by Bailie Primrose. This subject is at present attracting the attention of the art magazines and papers, as well as art circles and camera clubs. After a little experience or two, I have a word to say on the subject.

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I have met a great many ardent devotees to the little mysterious

box on the tripod stand, and have seen the work of many more, who finish and manoeuvre their plates and prints, then uphold that they have done as much for the world as the best artist has ever accomplished, and with far more truth to nature.

Without knowledge and without thought, they have not as yet discovered how bald and unacceptable the truth (with regard to picture-making) generally is; also that the be-all and end-all of art is not to be literally true and to rival nature. If so, we might as well stop at once, and be content with the actual thing.

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Art is not nature at all in one sense. It never pretended to be. It is an impression, it may be, of nature in some phase or other that has struck the artist, which he has worked out and stamped with his genius, or it may be the inspiration of a high ideal that has stirred him, or a divine message which he is to give to the world—but it *must* be the light and truth of nature shining through the tinted windows of his poetic soul, to make the impression which he faithfully gives us, or fails to make a picture that can rank as a work of art.

Yet in this same sense art is nature, and of the highest and truest kind, for the genius himself is the medium through which nature is working. Surely, then, it is he who gives us the truth—a nobler truth than the faithful reproduction of every single and uninteresting blade of grass, every stitch that holds a patch in an urchin's jacket, or every pebble on the shore, where all are the same shape, monotonous and dull. All such copying, be it ever so faithful and in what manner executed, has never been called art, nor can it ever have any lasting value as a picture. If it records the placement of features of individuals, their costumes, their houses and general environment, for that it is always valuable—but this does not make art. The interest is more historical than scientific.

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Photography, to my mind, is science from beginning to end, and the turning of a screw to give a sharp or foggy effect, or the subsequent "finishing up" of any plate, does not remove it from the pale of science, and crown it with any glory of art.

And why should the photographer wish it to be so? Is he dead to the merits belonging to the craft itself? Has it no glory of its own? Are its triumphs not sufficient to satisfy its followers

without trying to usurp a place in art, to attain which is an impossibility? Photography must be looked upon as one of the greatest scientific acquisitions of the century. Every one knows, or ought to know, the unlimited aid it has given to all science in the reproduction of sections and parts, showing the construction and formation of all kinds of machinery, from that of the human frame and the tender plant, the complicated working of the steam and electric engines, to the simplest diagrams of the elements of every scientific law.

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It has also given to the world innumerable faithful copies of the masterpieces of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, and it has lifted engraving and book illustration to a much higher sphere. In the latter it has made the results sure, easy of attainment, and installed it as a craft for many clever workmen. It is true that photography has killed the mediocre portrait-painter and the poor engraver, and has banished entirely the art of miniature painting. (This last, however, is more a loss than a gain). We all hope that it may continue on this course, and rid us of the manufacturer of "pot-boilers" and the "stencilled horrors," which are produced by the dozen, and palmed off on an innocent public as genuine work.

It appears to me that on these lines it has a high vocation—one which many may consider higher than that of the Painter; but to expect that the genius of art will ever forsake her palette and brush to think out and execute her noble inspirations with a camera, is to expect the impossible.

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I once heard a master tell a pupil, who had a nicely pointed pencil, and leaned his hand on his work, taking infinite pains over every little line, to stand up and work with his whole arm, as his shoulder joint was nearer his head than that of the wrist, meaning thereby that he must first of all think out and appreciate his idea fully in his own mind, then draw directly from that fountain-head. The camera, besides being further removed from the artist's brain, has got limits and capacities of its own, which of course would reduce modes of expression to one dull level, and must greatly hinder the process of the thought crystallizing on the canvas. The ideal, the artist's images of the unseen, and his impressions, are by far too subtle and refined for such a leveller as this would be.

A very good comparison has often been drawn between the artist and photographer. A reporter may be present at any interesting scene or event, along with a poet or novelist. The first will publish a full and truthful account in his journal; the second will carry away an impression, to make it the outstanding feature of a novel or poem, which lives and interests mankind long after the journalist and his paper have been forgotten.

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Railway stations come about last in the list of places in which we expect to find art—unless, perhaps, the architecture of the hotels built in connection with them, which are sometimes decorated. The Caledonian Railway has gone a step higher for once in their new station at Princes Street, Edinburgh. The face of this building is to be ornamented with four groups of sculpture, representing Mechanics, Agriculture, Commerce, and the Fine Arts. They have just been finished by Mr. John Hutchison, R.S.A., who has done the work carefully and well.

The groups have been suitably designed and executed, each to fill its proper place, and will, when in position, greatly enhance the appearance of an already fine building.

We may yet expect to see the frescoes of some of our best painters decorating the interior walls of large stations, instead of the heterogeneous mass of vile-looking advertisements which at present do duty for ornament, but which, alas! sadly fail in that respect.

* * * * * *

An engraving of special interest to the readers of "Caledonia" has been issued by Messrs. Aitken Dott & Son, Edinburgh.

The original from which it is taken is an oil painting representing the meeting of Burns and Scott, painted by Charles Martin Hardie. The artist has introduced portraits of some of the literary celebrities of last century, who very probably had been present at this meeting in the house of Dr. Adam Fergusson.

As the picture lends itself to engraving, and the story is interesting, this print will be a popular one.

* * * * * *

In the sudden death of Mr. James Hamilton, A.R.S.A., our national art has lost a devoted exponent. Mr. Hamilton had

strong Scottish sympathies, and painted pictures of Highland life in our glens and farms and cheery cottage fires, also pictures of

"Old unhappy far off things,
And battles long ago."

J. YOUNG.

Echoes from the Sanctum.

THE first month of 1895 came in like a lion raging and storming. While I write, the wind still howls in the lum-top, shrieks round the corners, and whistles through the key-holes. Christmas was past before we got a single taste of what people call "seasonable weather," but sometimes since then we might as well have been stopping in the polar regions.

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Let the well-to-do always remember that this so-called "seasonable weather," when it comes at Christmas and New Year times, means a terrible time of misery and suffering to the poor in general, and to the unemployed poor in particular. The artist John Frost has covered the window-pane with a delicate tracery of beautiful leaves and flowers. He has also enabled the curlers to have bonspiels on the lochs and ponds, and thereon we also see fine ladies and gallant gentlemen, both clad in furs to the eyes, gliding over the ice on skates, all the world like huge birds on the wing. Oh, how this class of people do enjoy this "seasonable weather!" But there is another side to the picture. In garret and cellar, with an insufficiency of rags to keep out the cold, with little food and less

fuel, such "seasonable weather" means to thousands helpless, hopeless distress.

* * * * * *

A valued contributor, Miss H. I. Grant of Elgin, has sent me, no doubt prompted by this "seasonable weather," some musical verses on old Jack Frost:—

That Wizard of winter, old Jack Frost,
  Is back in our land again,
Bringing the ghosts of the flowers which died
When far away the summer hied
  To peer through the window-pane.

A wonderful wand has old Jack Frost,
  For, while we slumbered and slept,
The shades of the palms and moss, and the vine,
Of the flowers, and the ferns, and the sweet woodbine,
  Out of their graves have crept.

A slumberous hand has old Jack Frost,
  For he lulls the winds to rest,
Out on the deep and on vale and hill;
Under the moonbeams all is still
  As a bird in its little nest.

He is not musical, old Jack Frost—
  He hears but a rippling rill,
So he muffles its sound, and the raindrop's stream,
Out in the starlight's flickering gleam,
  Is an icicle starkly still.

A faithful friend has old Jack Frost;
  He is known to men as Death:
At the dead of night, on wold and street,
Those trusty old comrades often meet
  To still frail mortal's breath.

But the world is soon again to wear a brighter aspect, for—

An enemy strong has old Jack Frost—
  'Tis the sun; 'neath his glance of pride
The buds awake, and the winds and the streams;
And back to the beautiful land of dreams
  The phantom flowerets glide.

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Everybody connected with the production of the first number of "Caledonia"—editor, artist, poets, contributors of every class, publisher, printers, binder—every one, in fact, has just reason to be proud of the praise given them by the press. Out of over a hundred press notices from all over Scotland, "Frae Maidenkirk to John O'Groat's," all, with only two or three exceptions, pipe our praise. I will here take an extract or two from the two nearest to the two places mentioned in this line from Burns. *John O'Groat's Journal*, of date the 28th December, says:—

"'Caledonia,' the new monthly magazine of literature, antiquity, and tradition, whose advent we announced some time ago, has now appeared, and fully justifies the favourable forecast we gave of it. The Editor is Mr. Alexander Lowson, Forfar, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that the literary department of the magazine will be ably attended to. The literary contributions to the first number are varied and readable, and, generally, "Caledonia" is attractively got up, and has all the appearance of having come to stay."

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Maidenkirk, so named by Burns, as all my readers know is an inversion of the name of Kirkmaiden, in Wigtonshire, the most southern parish in Scotland. I do not have a notice from Wigtonshire, so I will take the one from the Old Town of Ayr. *The Ayrshire Post* of the 28th December says:—

"The first number of 'Caledonia' ought to make Scotchmen everywhere hail the appearance of this excellently printed, ably written, and deeply interesting publication. The cover is a beautiful piece of workmanship. It is not too much to say that this magazine has no equal in the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

* * * * * *

I am also glad to record that the first instalment of our serial story "Linnburn Farm" has drawn forth hearty praise. One lady writes, "I have got a taste of 'Linnburn Farm,' and think it promises to be very interesting. Miss W. seems to be a very sensible person. I like the tone of your story, so far as it goes, exceedingly. The different characters introduced are not of the

subtle and pernicious type we too often meet in our current literature." I can assure this lady, and all our readers who love pure and healthy literature, that the same high tone is sustained throughout the entire story. My own opinion is that "Linnburn Farm," for purity and fine domestic feeling, clothed in apt and beautiful language, will rank among contemporary novels pretty much as "The Cottar's Saturday Night" ranked among the poems of Burns' day and generation.

* * * * * *

I have neither space, time, nor inclination at present to reply fully to the objections to the article in our last issue on "The Drink Traffic in Scotland Fifty Years Ago," but would submit for consideration the following letter written by that great and good man, David Macbeth Moir, the famous M.D. of Musselburgh. It was addressed to Charles Dickens, and when speaking about their mutual friend George Cruikshank, Moir says:—

"We were friends in ten minutes, and he gave me some curious and most interesting details of his early life and progress. 'The Drunkard,' and 'The Drunkard's Children,' I had both admired and shuddered over; but I must say, in spite of this, that the only thing in him I was not prepared to meet with was—the teetotaller. Be it right or wrong for himself, one thing requires consideration. I have known several men of talent and genius who, under the impression that they had been accustomed to live too fully, had become *water-drinkers;* and it has struck me that the abstraction of the wine might also be noted in the abstraction of the vigour and originality by which their compositions were formerly distinguished. It is a curious subject, and worthy of investigation. Admitting what I have stated to be a fact, the only plausible counter-argument would be, that some breaking-down of the constitution—some threatening of mischief—was the cause why stimulants were abandoned, and not the effect of the abandonment. Wordsworth has been all along a water-drinker: is this the cause why his compositions of early and later years are so much akin to each other? Is it thus 'the child is father to the man?'"

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The critics have been somewhat severe on J. M. Barrie's little poem, entitled "Scotland's Lament," for Robert Louis Stevenson. The editor of the *Edinburgh Evening News* even took the trouble

to write a leading article on the subject, in the course of which he says: "In the *Bookman* he has written what purports to be an elegy on R. L. Stevenson, but which reads like the production of a comic poet with a weakness for sarcasm. The poem is entitled 'Scotland's Lament.' If Scotland does her lamenting in the J. M. Barrie fashion, then all that falls to be said is that Scotland is fast reaching the stage of the dotard and the driveller. Mr. Barrie's poem reminds us of the wailing gibberish of some old crone, or the spasmodic splutterings of the village 'natural.'"

* * * * * *

This is plain-speaking, is it not?—but then is it true? I do not think so. Mr. Barrie has seventeen verses in this lament, and there are six of them good—the first three, the thirteenth, and the two last. Had he limited his lament to these six verses it would have been a neat little thing—not great but good. I am sorry to say that the other eleven verses in the poem are very weak, and some of them nonsense. Can any of my readers tell me what Mr. Barrie means by this:—

"He egged me on wi' mirth and prank;
We hangit gowans on a string,
We made the doakens walk the plank,
We mairit snails withoot the ring?"

Information will be thankfully received.

* * * * * *

Max O'Rell, in one of his clever books published the other day, pays some very high compliments to our nation. "The English colonies," he says, "are in the hands of the Scots. Out of seven governors, five are Scottish; the President of the Legislative Council is a Scot, and so are three-fourths of the Councillors; the Mayor of Melbourne is of the same nationality, and the Agent-General in London is another Scotsman. England ought not to call her colonies Greater Britain, but Greater Scotland, and the United States might be named Greater Ireland. As for the South of New Zealand, it is as Scotch as Edinburgh, and more Scotch than Glasgow. Go to Brokers' Hill, the richest silver mine in the world, and you will see five great shafts leading to the treasures of the earth; these five shafts bear the following names: Drew, M'Intyre, M'Gregor, Jamieson, and M'Culloch—five Scots. The lucky inhabitants of this beautiful country have every blessing

that can help them to success—a perfect climate, a fertile soil, no wild animals, no snakes, and plenty of Scots."

* * * * * *

It would seem that the gentlemen who write for the press are as a rule ignorant of the facts of Astrology, and as it would be a great pity that the idle talk of persons so ignorant should be allowed to pass unchallenged, and so be re-echoed by an ignorant public, I will from time to time record a few facts and figures thereanent.

* * * * * *

We are told by Mr. Stead, in the January number of his Quarterly Review *Borderland*, that according to one of the New York papers, one of the most thriving life assurance managers in America never engages a clerk without consulting the stars. When asked by an interviewer if this was true, he replied:—

"Yes! and plenty of others do as I do—ask what the planets have made of those they wish to employ. I have followed that course now for years, and have not, in a single case, had cause to regret it. I could give you names of half-a-dozen men in similar positions to my own, besides three or four bankers, and at least one publisher. Yet so far we have but little more than learned the accidence of this our spiritual grammar, though the thing itself is as old as nature. The Bible is full of it."

* * * * * *

Many kind friends, since the publication of our first number, have written to say that there is only one thing that can prevent the certain success of "Caledonia," and they all agree that that one thing is the fear that it will not be made *truly National*. To this we reply that, from Peterhead in the East, to Oban in the West, from John O'Groats in the far North to Kirkmaiden in the extreme South,—yes; from each and all of the thirty-two Counties in "Bonnie Scotland" we will from time to time cull our sketches, ballads, and traditions. We know that there is not a county in the "Land o' Cakes" in which there does not exist rich stores of traditionary, antiquarian, archæological, and historical matter hitherto untouched. The only good reason for our existence is to collect these treasures, and, with the help of our contributors, to put them into an attractive form, so that the Scot, both at *home* and *abroad*, may know, not only the history, but also the weird legends and tragic stories of the land of his birth.

ALEXANDER LOWSON.

W. QUARRIER.

" Caledonia ! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind ;
Thou land of the torrent, the pine and the oak,
Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind.

* * * * * *

Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,
Of genius unshackled and free.
The muses have left all the vales of the south,
My loved Caledonia, for thee.

* * * * * *

Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,
Of the storm and the proud rolling wave—
Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,
And the land of my forefathers' grave."

HAIL, SCOTIA!

Hail Scotia! Land of beauties wild,
Where freedom loves to dwell,
And blood-stained fields to mem'ry dear,
Their tales of triumph tell;
Whose mountains proudly rear their heads,
And mock the tempest's power;
Whose sons as boldly face the foe
In battle's deadly hour.

Then, Scotia, let me raise my voice
In melody to thee,
The land of beauty, worth, and song,
Of love and liberty.

Hail! land of towers and hallow'd tombs,
That whisper of the past;
Lov'd by thy sons in every clime,
Where'er their lot is cast;
While in their dreams they often view
The scenes of early mirth,
Or climb the heath-clad airy heights
Lov'd country of their birth.

Then Scotia, &c.

When listening to thy tales of yore,
The tales that I revere,
Methinks I hear the pibroch's notes,
The slogan thrills my ear,
In fancy's dreams I hear the shock,
And see the flaming steel,
As Scotia's sons to glory rush,
And foemen backward reel.

Then Scotia, &c.

Hail, Scotia! land where Wallace stood
And wav'd his mighty blade,
Till rude invaders quailed and fled,
All scatter'd and dismay'd.
Where countless bards have sung his praise
In never-dying strains,
And taught us how to live and die,
And hate oppression's chains.

Then Scotia, &c.

THRUMS. W. L.

By The Editor.

No. III.

WILLIAM QUARRIER,

PHILANTHROPIST.

"Knock, and the door shall opened be; seek and your soul shall find;
To every one with earnest plea the Lord is ever kind.
Whate'er you feel your soul requires for perfect happiness;
For that pour out your heart's desires, and God will grant no less."

—*Taylor.*

BENEVOLENCE is perhaps the noblest faculty of the human mind. This faculty is the fount from which flows sympathy, kindness, generosity, and a strong desire to make others happy. It would bestow kindness upon all living creatures. It goes out with pure and disinterested motives to the stranger, the afflicted, the humble; indeed, those whose condition precludes any return or degree of reward seem to afford it special pleasure in the exercise of its functions.

Such a character never expects any favour from anyone, but is always ready to assist; never looks for reward, unless an approving conscience; does not expect love, sympathy, or gratitude, but is ever ready to give such to others Scotland's poet king—Robert

Burns—who with the eye of genius could measure men's minds, said:

> But deep this truth impressed my mind,
> Through all His works abroad,
> The heart benevolent and kind
> The most resembles God.

In ancient times Plato and Socrates were public benefactors; and the story of Sir Philip Sidney—who, when wounded at the battle of Zutphen, and suffering from excessive thirst, gave the water he was in the act of raising to his mouth to a dying soldier, whom he saw eagerly eyeing it, saying, "Take that, your need is greater than mine," is a good example of the manifestation of benevolence.

In later times we have had John Howard, Thomas Gray, Father Matthew, Elizabeth Fry, who all devoted their time and means for the good of mankind. In our own times we have, thank God, many names that stand prominently forward as benefactors of their species, and among them—in the front rank, stands William Quarrier, the orphan's friend in the day of trouble and time of need.

The best answer that one could give to the rampant scepticism of our day and generation would be to point to the Orphan Homes of Scotland, at Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire. Faith in the efficacy of prayer has been the means, with God's help, of successfully carrying out a philanthropic mission, now in the twenty-fourth year of its existence.

I do not intend in this article to give many statistics; but a few figures will show the vast magnitude of the good done, and the marvellous mode in which it has been accomplished.

The total number of children who had passed through the Homes from 1864 to 1893 was about 10,000, besides tens of thousands of casual cases temporarily helped. About 4,000 had been sent to Canada, and about 4,000 had settled at home. Then, in answer to the faithful prayers of Mr. Quarrier, £286,328 13s., more than a quarter of a million sterling, had been received.

That my readers may fully understand the principles under which the Homes are carried on, I cannot do better than let Mr. Quarrier speak for himself. He says:—

"We never call on any one for money, nor do we send out collectors, nor go out to give lectures to get money, or resort to bazaars or enter-

tainments for the purpose of raising it. The work is the Lord's and we commit *everything* to Him in prayer, believing that He will supply, through His children, what we require; and hitherto this has always been the case. Although we have needed during the past year (Novr., 1893, to 31st Oct., 1894) £40 a day for maintainance, it has come with a regularity and exactness which has been marvellous in our eyes, and yet indicating the Father's knowledge of our needs, and leading us to praise Him who has said in his precious word, 'My God shall supply all my need.'

"For the first nineteen of the thirty years I have been engaged in succouring orphan and destitute children, I tried also to carry on my own business so as to support my wife and family. Twelve years ago, however, I was led, after much prayer and thought, to give up the remaining part of my business and devote my whole time to the work of the Homes, my wife and family assisting me. Since then, our heavenly Father has sent, year by year, through His stewards, gifts to a special fund (wholly apart from any of the funds sent in for the Homes) which has hitherto been sufficient to meet the needs of my family and myself."

In July of last year, the Lords of Session appointed Mr. Bremner P. Lee to visit the Orphan Homes at Bridge of Weir, in connection with a case then pending before them, in which the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland asked Mr. Quarrier to deliver to them two children—a brother and a sister—who, they maintained, should be educated in the faith of their Church. The following extract from Mr. Lee's report will give the reader a good idea of the extent and usefulness of the philanthropic work now carried on by Mr. Quarrier:—

"The Curator made a careful inspection of the Homes. The extent of the institution, which shelters eleven hundred destitute or orphan children, and the rapidity of its growth, are an indication of the estimation in which they are held by the public. The Homes are situated about two miles from Bridge of Weir, and consist of forty-six houses, including chapel, school, and boys' and girls' sick houses, erected at a total cost of nearly £150,000. The amount necessary for the support of the institution is between £14,000 and £15,000 per annum, and this, together with the cost of building, has been met in whole by the voluntary contributions of the public from year to year. The children are well cared for and well fed; they are efficiently and practically trained for service or for trade, and are kept until they are able to support themselves by their work, either in the Homes at Bridge of Weir, or at the Branch Homes in Glasgow and in Canada, where children already

working for themselves are housed. The respondent admits no child without its own consent and the written consent of its guardians; each child has a free choice of the employment for which it shall be trained; and no child is ever sent out of the country until it has been fitted for work, and has expressed its own desire to go. In Canada there are Branch Homes to which the immigrants may go in case of sickness and want of work. The respondent finds it necessary for the success of his enterprise that his hand should be left free from the interference of relatives, though he states that on good cause being shewn he is always willing to restore a child to relatives who seem able and willing to keep it. The moderation with which the respondent exercises his authority is manifest from the fact that, though so many children pass through his hands, he has never before had to defend a case of this nature."

All the Homes in this "Children's City" have names given to them, and to each name there is a history. In the delightful sketches we had from the eloquent and graphic pen of "Deborah," in the *Dundee Advertiser* last year, she gives us the origin of some of these names.

One day there was sent to Mr. Quarrier, in an old dirty envelope, the sum of £1,700. Accompanying the money was a note which stipulated that the house built with the money should be called the "Sagittarius Home." From that day to this Mr. Quarrier knows nothing more, and seeks to know nothing more, regarding the anonymous sender of this munificent gift.

We would have liked, but space will not permit, to have given the origin of "Montrose Home," the "Aberdeen Home," the "Edinburgh Home," &c., &c., but I cannot pass over without a few words the "Sabbath School Home," which has been built by the Sabbath School children and teachers throughout Scotland. This Home was opened on the 5th day of May, 1894, when Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, president of the Sabbath School Council of Scotland, some members of the Council, and 4,000 Sabbath School teachers, gathered to grace the opening.

During the proceedings that day, Mr. Quarrier spoke of his own boyhood. "He looked back to the time when he was a little child of seven or thereby, to whom a dinnerless day was not uncommon, straying about the streets, on being fished into a Sabbath School and hearing for the first time in his life something about God and heaven. It was an old story to go back upon those days, but God put it into his heart then that if ever he made money it would be

spent on the orphans of the land. The money did not come in the thousands he had hoped for, but away back twenty-three years ago, he began to pray in faith, and the help he sought for others came as it was needed." Then he went on to speak on a point that has often been mooted. "A great many people asked, 'What shall be done with the work when Mr. Quarrier dies?' That was a great bugbear to many. They saw no endowments in connection with the work, for he did not believe in endowments; they saw no money laid past for a rainy day, and they saw none of the machinery that was usually in vogue in such effort; and they said, 'What is to become of it?' just as though Mr. Quarrier was the sum and substance of it. Now he wanted to say he was just a simple servant in God's house; that God could dispense with him at the end of the week if he liked; but God kept him on and he kept on to God; and God fed and clothed him just as he fed and clothed the children; and since he began to trust Him for the family and himself, it had been the happiest time of his life."

Some romantic gifts have come to help Mr. Quarrier from very unlikely sources. An old washerwoman sends for him when she is on her death-bed and gives him the savings of a life of self-denial and hard work—£1,400. Considering how the money was made, there appears to be a poetical justice in the mode in which Mr. Quarrier spent it—it was won over the washing-tub, and expended in bringing a supply of pure water into the "Children's City."

Again, last year on the 5th January, came a gift of £500, which is recorded in *N. B. D. Mail.* As the story is interesting and short, here it is. "Mr. Quarrier has been alike gratified and astonished at receiving a gift of £500 for the 'Homes' almost rivalling in its way that which he received a year ago from the old Scotchwoman who left him 'the fortune made from a washing-tub.' About two months ago, he was waited upon by another old Scotchwoman, who stated that she had been reading about what he was doing for the orphan children, and she wished to give £500 to help on the work. Mr. Quarrier was somewhat astonished, but said he was gratified to hear of her proposal, and she was to think over it, and he would call and see her in a day or two. He did so, and found her living in a room and kitchen house on the South-side. Everything was scrupulously clean and tidy, but everything also showed that the old woman was living in very

humble circumstances. Asked how she had been able to gather so much money, she said it was *saved by pennies.* In the event of his accepting her generous offer, had she money left to keep her in comfort in her old age? Her reply was: 'Quite sufficient for the rest of my days.' Mr. Quarrier left her with the injunction to think well over the matter, and let him know her decision. Yesterday he was informed that the old lady adhered to her intention, and that she wished the £500 to go to either the Farm or the Aged Workers' Home, or whatever Mr. Quarrier thought best."

In the "Narrative of Facts" for the twenty-third year, published by Mr. Quarrier, we find under Aug. 10th an account of a few admissions that had taken place that day, which gives a good idea of the variety of work being done in succouring the needy, relieving the heavy burdened, and comforting the sorrowful. This is Mr. Quarrier's account of that day's work:—

"This was one of the busiest days we have had for a long time in the taking in of children, fourteen of whom were received and added to our number. The following are a few facts regarding those admitted, indicating a little of the sorrow, sin and misery that our work for the needy is among, and they are a fair sample of the cases we have to deal with from day to day. Three little ones aged five, seven, and nine years from Edinburgh, whose grandfather nearly killed their mother, and then put an end to his own life. The poor mother's character is of the worst discription. Four of a family from Maryhill, whose mother died a short time ago, leaving five children, the youngest a baby eleven months old. The loss of his wife, and the burden of the helpless little ones so prayed on the mind of the father, who was a musician, that he committed suicide a few days ago. Some members of the Musical Society brought the case before us, and we have taken the four youngest. The baby, as well as the others, we are sure, will find a mother's kind care in our village Homes. Another case is that of three orphan children belonging to Glasgow, who have been brought up by an aunt, who has acted even more than a mother's part to them. She has struggled bravely on for the past seven years, but has now been forced to give up and seek help for her young charges. A wayward lad of sixteen who had been incorrigible, we are giving a chance to redeem his character. Other two children from Glasgow, whose father deserted them three years ago, and the mother has deserted herself, and is among the

erring ones of our great city. The poor old grandfather, who is alive, has helped them in the past, but is now unable to do so longer. A fatherless little girl, who with her mother has slept for the last three nights in the Night Asylum. The mother has had a hard struggle since her husband died, and has a boy in the hospital at present. We received the child, offered to take an older girl, and paid the poor mother's bed for the night, hoping that her way may be made easier by the help afforded."

The central figure in this wonderful mission, conducted on lines nearly without a parallel in the history of the world, is plain William Quarrier. What a noble task it is to which he has dedicated his life—to lift out of the mire the friendless orphans, to rescue the poor little waifs of our towns and cities. keeping them from becoming vile criminals, and making them good God-fearing useful members of society.

From William Quarrier's portrait, one can easily read that besides having a kind and sympathetic heart, he has also a strong will-power, especially in the practical, full of resources, great faith in the future, and ability to push the cause of philanthropical earnest benevolence.

Quiet and unassuming, taking no credit or praise to himself—giving it all to his Master, the mighty Author of the Universe; a true disciple of Christ—Christ-like himself in his love for and care of the little children—he goes on in the even tenor of his way from day to day, accomplishing such wonders that can be regarded as little short of miraculous.

A LOVE STORY OF TO-DAY.

By JAMES STURROCK,

Author of "Sketch of Dr. Norman Macleod," "Sermons on Scottish Song," "The Prince's Charm," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

"Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose."
—*Burns's Jolly Beggars.*

BEFORE starting for the North to spend his three weeks' holiday David Graham was moved by a strong impulse—almost irresistible—to pay a visit to Glasgow Fair. Having seen it several times since he came to the city, some nine years ago, he had not been thinking of going to see the Shows this year; indeed nowadays he had little taste for jostling among an unruly crowd of all sorts and conditions. But he fancied that a still small voice whispered to him that a tour round the Fair, on the eve of his departure for Lochdale and Glen Rhymen, would have a special interest for him. What that special interest might be he could not conjecture. He knew that he would see many ferlies and perhaps some fresh novelties in and about the Shows; and these would supply him with something new and entertaining to talk about to his friends in the far North. He could fancy, too, that after the noise and riotous revelry of the Fair he would enjoy all the more sweetly the idyllic peace and quietness of Glen Rhymen, where his maternal grandparents had now their abode. Still, for the life of him he could not imagine that anything else of a special nature would result from his going round the Shows.

For all that, he felt himself quite bent on "doing" the Fair once more.

On Thursday evening, 11th July, the only evening Graham could spare, he found the great annual Saturnalia in full swing. Rainy weather had so often prevailed during the holidays that it seemed a sarcasm of some ironical wag to call it the Fair week: this year, however, the term Fair week was no misnomer, for the days were indeed golden.

Though the public works had not been closed till this afternoon, many, for some evenings past, were getting a foretaste of their holidays by visiting the Shows at the Green. No lack of entertainment there of one kind or another; all and sundry would find some attraction suitable to them: so many and varied were the exhibitions at the foot of the classic Saltmarket.

Graham did not this evening patronise many of the Shows; and after seeing one or two, he elbowed his way quietly through the ever-increasing crowd to make a leisurely inspection of all that was to be seen outside. Having donned an old suit, with nothing in his pockets but a few coppers, he moved about with a mind at ease, keenly alive to the humours of the Fair.

Anon he paused before one of the Shows to look at two girls dancing on the stage. Why did the name "Hammond's Temple of Varieties" startle him? why gaze so attentively at these girls in white muslin and skin-tights? He had witnessed a similar performance in front of some other shows without particular emotion—why should a livelier feeling be kindled before "Hammond's Temple of Varieties"? Could it be possible he was interested in one of the girls? he—the son of a pious father, a respected elder in the church, and himself a Sabbath School teacher, is it credable that he could be taken up with a play-actor girl? It must be confessed he was! Gently, fair puritan! don't condemn till you hear further. He was interested in Mr. Hammond's daughter because, strange as it may seem, she was a pupil in the Sunday school where he taught: "Hammond's Temple" being located near the school, though during the holidays it had been removed to the Green. One of Graham's scholars had whispered to him one Sunday evening lately, that there was a show-girl in the class near him, at same time turning round and staring at the girl with suspicion and contempt. Graham's curiosity being instantly aroused, he asked with bated breath—which girl? Immediately three fingers of three boys darted out with sure aim at the culprit: for such the poor girl appeared to be in the eyes of these young heathens. What a different feeling their teacher had for the Showman's daughter. "That's her—that's her with the white straw bonnet," cried one of the boys. Graham at once gently rebuked them for speaking so loud; and, without turning, took a mental note of the girl's head-gear for future use. He longed to have a peep at the girl. He had not long to

wait. At the close of the lesson, on changing his seat, as usual, he had a full view of the class in which this interesting pupil sat; and as he gazed at the fine pale face and soft dark eyes, beneath the white straw hat, his thoughts—even in the Sunday school—wandered away to Miss Faucit, Miss Neilson, and other great actresses whose performances he had dared to witness, and in young Miss Hammond he conjured up a possible future star tragedienne, who might some day electrify the world. He watched to see how the Showman's daughter would shake hands with the lady teacher at parting. How gracefully she did it! What a premium he would give to have the privilege of teaching that young actress: unfolding to her the great drama of life. What a grand Juliet she will make some day. So he mused. Clearly he was bewitched. On her way out the girl glanced modestly into Graham's face; he smiled kindly in return: thus assuring the daughter of the poor player that he for one had no prejudice against her.

But we must return to Hammond's Show, and the two girls dancing. Was Miss Hammond one of them? No: Graham did not recognise her. He would go in and perhaps see her. She came to the Sunday School—why not return the compliment? and thus encourage purity of entertainment.

The boys were right. Miss Hammond did take a part in her father's show, and there she was, to be sure, modestly dressed in white. The performance with which we have to do, as it greatly concerned our hero, was when Miss Hammond brought into the ring her highly trained pony—a pretty creature that had been taught various laughable tricks. It could tell who stole the jam, who drank the cream, who kissed the girls; and, in its own way, answer other such-like stereotyped questions. By and by Miss Hammond gave one question, or rather command, to the pony, which Graham certainly did not think was stereotyped. He was sitting in front quite visible to the girl, and although he did not catch her eye, he believed she had noticed him, but was too well-bred to look to him for a recognition; so at least he fancied. The command, which almost stunned him, was this: *Now, Donald, point out the gentleman who first met his sweetheart in a railway train!*

The pony at once started round the ring, followed closely by Miss Hammond, who carried a riding-whip, making with it certain motions best known to herself and Donald: onwards came the pony till exactly opposite Graham, at whom he nodded his head three times! "What, three times, Donald! You seem to be very sure about the gentleman," cried Miss Hammond, now glancing at Graham, with a slight blush—but nothing to the scarlet which suffused his face, notwithstanding his efforts to hide it, by laughing with the others.

The girl then led the pony quickly away to the other side of the

ring, and gave him another command, thus diverting the gaze of the people from the last victim.

As for Graham, he had neither eyes nor ears for anything more, so absorbed was he in speculating how Miss Hammond could know anything about his meeting in the train with Miss W. He never mentioned the incident to any of the Sunday School Teachers, and he could not imagine what bird of the air had whispered the secret to the Showman's daughter. Possibly there might be nothing in it; the girl might simply have been drawing her bow at a venture. Still, he would like to be sure of that; hard to say what might come out of it. What a pity he was going away on the morrow—it would be so easy to get hold of Miss Hammond at the Sunday School, and ascertain if she really possessed the secret. He could not bear the idea of going off for three weeks without finding that out; it might have such an important bearing upon his future, and even upon his forthcoming holidays. So he resolved to try and see the clever young girl at the close of the performance.

Accordingly he lingered in the Show till about the last, when he had a good chance of speaking to her father.

"Capital entertainment yours, Mr. Hammond."

"Not bad for the Fair," he answered with a knowing smile.

"I must say I was rather tickled with the pony's performance; he's a clever rascal: he found me out very unexpectedly."

"Oh, he did," smiling. "If you are Mr. Graham, Patricia told me she was to astonish you."

"And so she did—most effectually. May I ask what prompted her to give such an order to the pony? I will ask Miss Hammond herself if you kindly give me permission."

"Oh yes, do, Mr. Graham." Then he signalled his daughter to approach. "You will be interested in what Patricia has got to say about your railway adventure."

Graham instinctively held out his hand to the girl, and she took it quite naturally, but not without blushing. At first Patricia seemed a little afraid she had given offence, and was now to be called upon to apologise: the friendly smile and hand-shake, however, relieved her mind completely, and made her feel at home with her interrogator.

The sum and substance of the brief interview was this:—On the memorable Hogmanay, Patricia, then a girl of eleven or thereabout, was travelling in the same train, and in the same carriage with Graham, Marchmont, and Miss W.; moreover, like the lady, she, too, was bound for Montrose. She was sitting in the corner at the off window, her mother being right opposite. When she entered the carriage at Perth she was very sleepy, and curled herself up in the corner for a nap. After a short sleep she awoke, much refreshed; and then her attention was at once arrested by the talk between Graham (whom she knew by sight as a

teacher in Dr. Blow's Mission School, which she attended when at home), and the young lady beside him. She witnessed the interesting scene when our hero asked the lady to take a good look at him, so as to know him again. His request sounded like a challenge to the little observant girl in the corner to do the same—albeit quite unnecessary for her. However she took his photograph afresh, (the scenery being rather different from the Sunday School accessories,) and not *his* photograph only, but also, as will immediately be seen, an indelible portrait of the lady. She likewise told him a very interesting fact, (with which you—the reader—have been long acquainted), and a very striking bit of news it was to him. It was this: When he left the carriage at Lochdale, Miss W. took down the sprig of holly, kissed it! and placed it in her breast!

After this astounding information, he felt almost distracted—not knowing for the moment very well what to do or say; and had Patricia's information stopped there, his position would have been terribly tantalizing and perplexing. What a sharp little girl to observe and remember so well: young girls are notorious for perceiving a thing in a twinkling; and Patricia's natural quickness of perception was no doubt much cultivated and sharpened under her father's professional training.

"Have you ever seen the lady again?" Graham asked with quivering voice: "I am sorry to say I have not."

Yes, she had seen the lady twice. Sensation! Where had she seen her? Once in Montrose, on the New Year's Day following the historical Hogmanay, and again last summer in the Show at Redmuir. She was sure—even the second time, that it was the same lady she saw in the train; for after she (Patricia) returned to the Sunday School and found Mr. Graham there as usual after the New Year holidays, she often thought of the scene in the carriage on Hogmanay, and wondered whether the lady had also seen him again. Observing the same lady, therefore, in the Show, it was easy when going round with the pony to ask him to point out the lady who met her sweetheart in a railway train; and the result convinced her that her conjecture was right, But she could say nothing further.

Graham thanked the girl warmly; told her he expected to be in Redmuir on Saturday, and he might be fortunate enough to hear some tidings of the lady in question, though he might not have the happiness to see her. But whether he saw her or not he would bring something from Redmuir to give to herself, as a souvenir, for the information she had kindly given to him.

"No more Shows to-night: clearly the purpose (although not mine) which brought me here has been fulfilled; and my duty now is to reflect upon it." So Graham thought, as he quitted "Hammond's Temple of Varieties." The Fair was not quite the place,

perhaps, for a Sunday School Teacher; but what was he to think after what had just happened? Simply,

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will.

When talking with Patricia, Miss W. was brought so vividly to his mind, and the train of circumstances for bringing them together again, seemed so complete, it looked as if he would have nothing more to do than go to Redmuir, when, lo! the long lost Miss W. would appear. But that was not the feeling he had the moment he was out of the Show. What had he learned? That the lady had been seen last summer about this time in Redmuir. What good would that do him? Not much, perhaps, but still it would be a pleasure—a great pleasure—to be passing through a town with even the barest possibility of meeting the lady. And it was indeed a singular coincidence that Miss W. and Miss Wilson seemed both to belong to Redmuir!

But Miss Hammond had told him something further about the lady—something more deeply significant than merely seeing her—extremely important though that was—namely, the striking incident—Miss W. kissing and treasuring the sprig of holly! He believed from certain signs that the meeting in the train was fully as interesting and impressive to her as to him; but the holly incident—now known to him for the first time—made assurance doubly sure that their feelings towards each other were mutual.

He wondered whether she had done anything to find him out; very likely she heard Marchmont mention his name; assuming she remembered it, she could not forget that he went out at, and belonged to, Lochdale; how easy for her, therefore, if a native of Redmuir, to find out from friends all about him. And yet she did not seem to avail herself of these advantages (advantages which he did not have), and do something to bring them both together again. The whole thing was involved in mystery. He could not fathom it.

Doubtless the mystery—the double mystery—would clear up some day. Accustomed in his Sunday class to show the working of Providence in sacred history, he tried to trace the Divine fingers overruling his own life. He felt as if he were being led towards some promised land, a blink of which he got from time to time, and then it vanished from sight: sometimes proving as delusive as the mirage of the desert. He must have patience. If he is destined to meet Miss W. again, Providence must have a wise end in view in keeping them so long apart.

He was glad to be free from the crowd round the shows, and on his way home by the quietest route, enjoying the banquet of his own thoughts. Now his desire to be on the wing was intensified! And how powerful the new motive for passing through Redmuir!

"Oh for to-morrow!" he mentally exclaimed, "Oh, for to-morrow—to be off to the heather hills and flowery valleys, the green pastures and the quiet waters. What happiness may wait me there! Farewell to the smoke and the din of the city; and welcome, thrice welcome! the silence, the joy, and the health giving aroma of the woods and glens."

CHAPTER X.

"O for Friday nicht,
Friday i' th' gloamin'.
O for Friday nicht;
Friday's lang o' comin'.
Feather beds are saft,
Painted rooms are bonnie;
But ae kiss o' my true love
Is sweeter far nor ony."

Anon.

The Galloway herd, whom Dr. John Brown supposes to be the author of the above homely verses, had clearly a special longing for Friday night. In love, probably with one of the servant lasses up at the big house, and having been favoured by her with a sight of its grand interior, he delights to sing in its praise. But his ramble through the baronial mansion was not for a moment to be compared to the pleasure of Friday nicht i' th' gloamin', and the joy which culminated in the kiss o' his true love.

Like him, David Graham had been longing for the Friday night on which he was to start for his three weeks' tour. No doubt it would have given a keener edge to his enjoyment if at the end of his first journey a sweetheart had promised to await his arrival: so that he might experience the felicity which was the height of bliss to the Galloway herd. As our readers, however, well know, Graham had not yet been fortunate in securing the fair partner he had chosen; nevertheless on this Friday night, or rather afternoon of the 12th of July, his joy was great, for although he had no dulcinea to embrace, he could now, metaphorically, take to his bosom and kiss the Goddess of Liberty!

He was at the station early, as he thought, for the four o'clock train. It was crowded—though a very long one; but by the time he had walked to the end of it, searching in vain for a seat, two more carriages were being shunted to the front, and were soon rapidly filled up. He was fortunate in getting what he wanted—the corner at the near window with his face towards the engine.

His fellow passengers were all in a flutter of excitement; they had been despairing of getting away with that train; every carriage being full to overflowing; and as there was still a crowd eager to be accommodated, they were all exceedingly thankful and

delighted at their good luck. Graham relished the hearty spirit of gratitude displayed; and after all parties had settled down comfortably he began to study his companions. But nothing pertinent to this story happened until the train had reached Perth.

Strange it was here too—at this famous station—that our hero met the never forgotten Miss W.! Where was she now? What would he not give to meet her again? or even for some more authentic intelligence regarding her? Was there any chance of seeing or hearing about her, when in Redmuir, on the morrow? or any time during his stay in the North? Yes, he believed it was possible—nay even very probable, that he would find her out in Redmuir, or at least learn where she was to be found. He placed considerable faith in young Miss Hammond's circumstantial account of being in the same train along with himself and Miss W., and of seeing her in Montrose, and specially marking her out in the Show at Redmuir; and as it was a small town he would leave no stone unturned (not literally of course) to discover her.

His reverie was soon broken by a tall young lady in a closely fitting dress of blue serge. As she walked past it made him hold his breath for a moment—she was so handsome. He noticed that even the porters—though in a hurry—turned round to catch a glimpse of her. Having occasion to go to the Bookstall he lost sight of the lady for a minute or two; indeed he took his seat in the train, not expecting to feast his eyes again on such a grand specimen of womanhood. Fancy, therefore, his consternation —the paroxysm of joy that seized him when the veritable lady in blue entered the same carriage and sat down opposite to him. Was it a dream? Could it be possible that this living picture—the observed of all observers—was before his eyes? It seemed too good to be true.

"Hallo! Miss Wilson," cried a young gentleman who had caught a glimpse of her in passing—the door being still ajar. "You are going to Redmuir, I suppose; my sister is in the next carriage—you might come in beside us—there's plenty of room."

Graham could have felled that man at a blow! The moment the lady entered the carriage and caught sight of our hero, the flush of admiration suffusing his countenance was instantly reflected on hers; and now when invited to leave the carriage, he thought she cast a regretful look towards him, as if she would rather remain. But in the circumstances she could hardly do so.

"My usual luck," he sighed after she left—

> "I never loved a tree or flower
> But 'twas the first to fade away."

When he came to himself, what were the thoughts that flashed upon him? Naturally these: "Miss Wilson, Redmuir! Can it be possible? none other than Jonathan Weathercock's 'My dear

Miss W.'" Wonders will never cease! What an extraordinary fate is mine: just at the very moment when a very desirable lady friend seems within my reach, she eludes me like a shadow. How dreadfully tantalizing. The worst of it is—that for aught I can say, Miss Wilson may really be my long lost Miss W.! Had she remained I would soon have found that out. Something about her reminded me of my Miss W.—unless the wish was father to the thought. She looked at me as if she had met me before, but was not quite sure; and, being hurried out of the carriage, had no time to make certain, and, if really the veritable Miss W., to accost me according to our arrangement. I shall try and see her again at Lochdale, where carriages are changed for Redmuir. No, it is not so easy to recognise a young lady again after a lapse of three years and a half; especially when one has only sat beside her at night in the train, and has but a dim idea of her height and figure. And how a young lady changes in form and expression—from, say nineteen to twenty-three.

He was slow to relinquish the hope that Miss Wilson might be his Miss W.; and when hope began to fade, a happy thought came to cheer him. "Perhaps the lady I have just seen may be a sister, a younger sister, of my Miss W. Well, well, I shall not remain many days in uncertainty. I have got a clue which will unravel the mystery."

When the train was nearing Lochdale, Graham fondly turned his gaze to the North. The faint line of smoke, on the rising ground some miles off, marked the town of Redmuir, now famous to him as the birth-place of Miss Wilson (if not one more dear!) and of Jonathan Weathercock. Farther north and west, a striking object in the landscape presented itself of much greater interest to Graham than even Redmuir: namely, Ben Katelaw, whose twin tops were then being gilded by the rays of the setting sun. What a grand picture! And thinking of his dear friends on the banks of the Rhymen beyond it, how very pleasant and suggestive! How sweet the prospect—how rich the enjoyment awaiting him away on the other side of those sunlit hills!

He fully intended on arriving at Lochdale to look out diligently for Miss Wilson, but found it inconvenient, owing to the friends who had gathered at the Station to await his arrival. Had no one been meeting him he would have lingered on the platform and seen the departure of the Redmuir train. Even when talking with his friends he could not avoid glancing about for one more glimpse of the lady before reluctantly tearing himself away. He had the pleasure of seeing her alighting and standing for a moment or two the centre of an admiring group.

"Ah, well!—no matter," he said to himself on his way home to his father's house; "no matter; three weeks will be ample time to find out all about the lady, and perhaps—who can tell?—to get

introduced to her. Then surely, surely, there will follow a revelation!"

CHAPTER XI.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
—*Psalm cxxi.*

Breathing a pure religious atmosphere from his cradle upwards, and familiar as a nursery rhyme with the metrical version of the favourite Psalms, what more natural to David Graham, when he set his face towards Ben Katelow, than to remember the above lines of the royal bard? What kind of aid would come to him from the hills he knew quite well, so far as Reason could prophesy. But when he pondered the words *mine aid*, various synonyms were suggested, the most welcome in his present state of feeling being such as were poetical rather than philological, namely—my help; my help-meet; my wife!

Before leaving Glasgow he had resolved to start the very next day for his grandfather's; and now that Saturday had come, and the weather all that could be desired, he was still bent on carrying out his design. The romantic element of his nature was yearning to be gratified. New scenes and new friends, or old friends long separated—female ones, including Miss W., if possible—were absolutely requisite. Lochdale could not supply all these, and he must be off. His friends at home wondered what was all the hurry—why he could not be contented to pass the first Sunday under his father's roof: there was abundance of time afterwards, surely, for going North.

"I think, David," said his mother, smiling, "you must have a tryste with some bonnie lass away about Rathie, for I cannot see what is tempting you to be off so soon."

"Ha! ha! That is a good joke, mother. Why, excepting our own folks, I don't know a single person in the whole glen. Of course I've heard about the Rathie family, and grandfather told me that the Countess and Lady Helen have been at Woodbank two or three times this summer looking at his famous pansies. Eh? How would you like to see me eloping with an Earl's daughter?"

"You've more sense than that, David," smiling, "but I would be very happy to see you well married, and I hope you'll take my advice about choosing a wife. You've waited long, and I hardly think you'll make a fool of yourself now."

"Trust me. When I marry I expect you will be proud of my choice. Lady Helen may do for a belted knight, but not for me: some other 'Helen of the Glen' may fall to my lot. Grandfather or Sally, perhaps, will assist me to the sort of bride you would like."

"It's high time, David. But are you really going North after dinner?"

"Not a doubt of it. You know I can be with you the next Sabbath, and the next—ay, hooray! and even the next after that. So you will kindly excuse me; I'm so hungry to breathe the mountain air."

"'He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar;' and as you are determined to be off, I must at once send the girl out for some things to take with you—it would never do to go up yonder and trust to pot-luck. You don't mind being troubled with a parcel do you?"

"Well, I'll be glad to take anything reasonable, but, you know, don't saddle me with a week's provisions. I'll get some tobacco and snuff for grandfather, and a packet of sweeties for the women-folks—so, of course, you won't buy these things."

"You won't have any bother with the parcel: the machine will put you down at grandfather's door."

"All right, mother. I give you *carte blanche*. But, take heed! if you wish me back soon, you had better not provision the garrison too lavishly."

Graham was happy when seated in the train for Redmuir. He was well pleased with his fellow-travellers: two young ladies being the only other occupants of the carriage. One of them was reading a small paper-covered hymn-book. How did he know? Because "another of the same" was lying on the seat with its title, "Evangelical Hymnal," facing him—evidently laid down by the other lady to take a turn at her knitting for a change.

"This is promising—I rather like it," thought Graham, quickly comprehending that a wave of religious revival had embraced the ladies before him; "according to the new creed of these dear creatures we are all brothers and sisters, and all pilgrims to the better land. No fear of a rebuff from them if sympathetically addressed."

"May I take a look at this?" he said, pointing to the hymn-book, shortly after the train had started.

"Certainly—with pleasure," cheerfully answered the lady with the stocking; and he assisted himself to the book, and glanced over a few pages.

After some talk on the revival movement, Graham changed the subject, being very anxious to ask these young ladies, natives of Redmuir, if they knew the Wilson family. They did—very well: Miss Wilson being a frequent attender at the Evangelical meetings. On telling them about the Miss Wilson he had seen in the train yesterday, he learned that she was Miss Effie, a younger sister, a teacher in Glasgow. Miss Wilson was not quite so tall as Miss Effie, but a nice, amiable girl, and engaged to be married to the Parish Minister.

As Graham had somehow got it into his head, for the moment, that this engaged Miss Wilson was none other than the long-lost Miss W., the news made him start. He took care, however, not to betray himself He simply thanked the ladies for their information, adding, "I am sorry our journey is such a short one—I should like to have had a longer talk with you, ladies."

They were glad to hear it, and were good enough to give him their name and address. They also informed him when and where certain religious meetings were held, so that, if he happened to be spending a night or two in Redmuir, he might have the privilege of attending. They were themselves invariably present, and sat in the choir. Their father, the Rev. Mr. Lee, generally conducted the services, and would be very glad to see him.

An omnibus was at Redmuir Station waiting to take passengers to the "Rathie Arms"—the very thing Graham wished. At the hotel he hired a dogcart to drive to Rathie at four o'clock.

The intervening hour he was to devote to a ramble through the town. Being Saturday afternoon there was some stir abroad, and as he sauntered through the streets and lingered about the shop-windows the sight of every tall girl thrilled him. But no Miss Wilson appeared. Not being favoured with a sight of the lady, he could at least have a peep at her father's house. It was easy to find. A charming villa on the brow of the hill, with a southern exposure, the garden sloping gently down to the road, was truly a fit abode for so elegant a family. On leaving it, or rather when passing the gate, Graham lifted his hat. No one was at the window, but, like Jonathan Weathercock, he had lived long enough to realize the virtue of secret admiration.

Next he went in search of Caleb Weathercock's house. He might have asked the Misses Lee where it was, but on second thoughts he refrained: he did not wish to spoil any good impression he may have made on these pious ladies by leading them to suppose that he was connected in any way with such a skin-flint. The hotel people could have told him at once, but he had no desire to damage his credit even with them.

He knew that the west gable of Weathercock's house was flush with the Rathie road, and that the garden before the door ran parallel to it. The house was easily found—uncomfortably easy, in fact; for a boy in sadly faded corduroys was far too demonstrative in pointing it out. Graham had also been told that on a fine day he could not fail to see old Weathercock walking in his garden, generally airing a large blue handkerchief—a process he indulged in to save the tear and wear and expense of washing. So the wives about the doors maintained. The house was soon reached. Graham passed it very slowly and with seeming indifference, scanning the building and the garden carefully, however; but, unfortunately, the owner was not enjoying his usual promenade. Continuing his

walk up the road as if his mission had been fulfilled, Graham returned in a quarter of an hour or so, to try his luck again. "Ha! there he is—the veritable Caleb: no doubt of his identity, though not at this moment airing the blue handkerchief." He was dressed exactly like his son Jonathan, in a black suit, open frock-coat, and dress hat. Being under the middle size, he preferred to wear habiliments that seemed to add to his stature, hoping thereby to rule and impress all about him more powerfully. The proud old man stood very erect to be nearer eighty than seventy, and moved along the garden walk with a wonderfully elastic step.

Graham was sorry he could not decently pause to study Weathercock more minutely; but, being unobserved, he retraced his steps to have another glance at him. By this time Caleb had come to the gate to see better what was doing on the road, and in repassing Graham got a fine front view of his face. The expression was very characteristic: thin lips firmly compressed, a square jaw, stern, imperious eyes that seemed never to melt into tenderness, and Graham fancied he saw his right hand clutching at something imaginary, in such a way that when once anything was fairly within his greedy grasp, it would never be let go—unless for its equivalent. As might be expected of a hard-fisted old man, his clothes, though well brushed, were rather threadbare, and very shiny at the 'points of maximum attrition.'

When Graham's dogcart was on the way to Rathie, he had another glimpse of Weathercock, and was quite tickled this time to see the old screw manipulating the notorious blue handkerchief.

"What old gentleman is that?" asked Graham of the driver, curious to hear his opinion of him.

"That auld carlie?—that's Caleb Weathercock. I see the auld chap is a-dryin' his hanky as usual, he! he! he! Queer chap that, mind ye."

Graham was amused, not only with the driver's remarks, but with his peculiar laugh. "Indeed?—he seems a quiet, decent old man."

"Ay, ay, sir; it's easy seen ye're a stranger here—he! he! he! D'ye ken what the laddies—curse thae flees!—ay, d'ye ken what the laddies ca' auld Weathercock? The flagstaff! for he's aye hoistin' that blue napkin—he! he! he! What a nuisance thae horse-flees is; I'd like to het that beggar;" and, suiting the action to the word, John cracked his whip at a fly that would persist in buzzing about the horse's ears.

"Mr. Weathercock must be well known from what you say."

"Ay, ower weel—the greedy beggar! I'll wager ye don't catch me drivin' him if I can help it—he! he! he!—never since he gae me a saxpence for drivin' him sax mile. Of coorse I grumbled, an' he, the sleek-heidit auld rascal! says he to me in his big solemn wey:—

"John; you've no cause to complain," says he; "a penny a mile is the proper parliamentary allowance, and I can't give you any more."

"From what you say, John, I'm sure he must be the father of a Jonathan Weathercock I used to know in Glasgow."

"In Glesca! of coorse he is. Man, I hav'na seen Jonathan for mony a lang; they say he's in Lunnon now. But I'm feared, though he's a clever chield, Jonathan, that he's no makin' money, and that pits his father greatly against him, poor chap."

"Does Jonathan ever come now to see his folks? I'm sure his mother would be happy to see him."

"Ah! puir feckless body: she has nae say i' the hoose. Jonathan was aye his mither's favourite, an' it maun be a sair heart to her no' to see her son. I hinna seen him for a lang time: lat me see—ay, it micht be a dizzen years or so; but mebbe, of coorse, he's been in Redmuir for a' that I ken. Weel do I mind ance o' drivin' him an' twa or three mair young nabs to Rathie; ay, I kent fine that day that Jonathan wasna a chip o' th' auld block: man, min, he gied me half-a-crown that day, an' as mony nips oot o' his flask as I liket. He, he, he! he, he, he!!"

"You drove the party to Rathie: is there a hotel there?"

"O bless you no, Sir! Her leddyship, the Countess, ye see, wadna allow a hotel on the estate. But ye'll be gaun to stop wi' a freend?"

"I'm glad to say I am. But surely there's a howf of some kind in the clachan?"

"Oo ay, to be sure: there's Mrs. Forman's Inn—a bit thack house. But sall, they tell me she's makin' money like sclate stanes. Ay, Mrs. Forman would like verra weel to hae a hotel; in fack she gaed to his Lordship's factor, and says she—'if Lord Rathie bigs a hotel to me, I'll advance the money.' She thocht because his Lordship wasna ower flush, as they said, he micht tak' a len' o' a thousan' or twa frae his alehouse tenant. Na, na: the Coontess wadna hear o't. She winna alloo spirits to be selt on her grund ava. He, he, he!"

"Is the Rathie family anything well liked?"

"Aweel her leddyship, ye ken, cam' frae England, an' is juist raither ower parteekler, some folk think. Ye see she has naething ado, an' she gangs aboot, an' ca's on a' the farmers' wives, an' gars them egg up their men to plant flooers, ye ken, an' keep a snod garden; an' lots o' thae farmer chaps canna be fashed wi' flooers. They dinna pey. He, he, he!,'

"I have found that Lady Helen goes about the estate with her mother. Is that the case?"

"Oo ay, she does that. I ken Lady Helen fine; she's a braw hearty lass. I mind fine ae time, when a big pairty o' strangers was gaun oot to the Castle, an' their ain kerridge no bein' big

eneuch, the Earl hired a machine at the Hotel for his ain family. Aweel, Lord Douglas, a young stout callant about twal, cam' up on th' dickie aside me. Leddy Helen looked up at him lauchin', and, says she, 'you seem very comfortable up there, Douglas;' He, he, he! He, he, he!! "

Graham was not forgetting to ask the driver about the Wilson family, but kept his question—one of his leading questions—to the last.

The information got from John corroborated what the Misses Lee had told him; so that Miss Wilson's engagement to the minister was evidently well known. One fact mentioned by the driver was rather interesting to Graham, though it agitated him somewhat.

"She's a fine affable lass," said John, effusively, "so my Missus says, an' she kens her brawlie. Ye see, Miss Wilson is ane o' thae leddy track distributors, an' when she comes to oor hoose she just sits doon an' cracks awa' wi' my wife, as if she was her sister. Ay, she's a nice lass an' a bonnie; an' its my thocht she's a wheen ower gude for the minister."

Graham made no reply: preferring to ponder what he had just heard in silence and alone.

In order to view the country properly, being new to him, he thought at first of walking from Redmuir to his grandfather's, and would very likely have done so, had there been a carrier to take his portmanteau. Now he was very glad no such chance had occurred, as he would have lost the pleasure of a delightful drive, and the gossip of a lively and original driver, original certainly in his stereotpyed laugh, which was, however, thoroughly genial and unmistakably borrowed from the stable, albeit a gentle spontaneous *nicher*, not at all like the proverbial horse laugh. Springing lightly over the ground behind a first-rate trotting bay, whose graceful action was in itself a treat to witness; learning the names of the various farms and gentlemen's seats on the way—obtaining, in short, just the kind of information he wished—he felt indeed doubly thankful he had been so fortunate. And the air was so delicious! laden with the odours of countless wild flowers, conspicuous among them being the wildrose, the blossoms of the bramble and raspberry, and, here and there, clusters of meadow sweet and stately fox gloves. He could not help manifesting his joy: expanding his chest and sucking in the air. "What delicious air! how I envy you breathing it every day."

"Oo, ay: mebbe you comin' frae Glesca think it grand; as for me, I never feel it—I ken nae difference."

Graham was certainly in a gracious mood, despite the news about Miss Wilson. The driver thought him as happy as a bridegroom, and, so friendly had they become, even chaffed him pleasantly about going to see his lass in Glen Rhymen. No doubt the

lovely dears had something to do with his joyous spirits; in fact, the Misses Lee as well as the Misses Wilson had contributed not a little to his elevation. They had struck a rich chord in his heart, still vibrating in undertones of the most enchanting music. "Miss Effie is still free! Hooray! She is more likely to be my Miss W. than her elder sister."

Near Rathie they came to a watering-trough at a picturesque turn of the road, flanked by a commodious rustic seat. While the horse was drinking Graham alighted and tasted the water, to contrast it with the Loch Katrine water, which supplies Glasgow; then he sat down on the rustic seat for a minute—just to try it also.

Mounting the vehicle again, a hundred yards or so down the road brought them to Rhymen bridge, the boundary of the Earl of Rathie's estate. Jumping down again, he leaned awhile over both sides of the bridge, taking a good look of the river about which he had been dreaming by night and by day. And truly delighted he was with his first glimpse of the Rhymen.

Having reached the borders of the Rathie policies, Graham, on remounting, asked the driver to allow the horse to walk slowly. They were in fairyland. If not, why did our hero's heart beat with such tender romantic feelings at the next scene? Looking through the trees—thanks to the high seat—a pretty blue lake peeped out having a tiny boat on it. How refreshingly cool the picture that warm July afternoon! It was the swan pond. The boat was being pulled about by gaily dressed children on the shore, and the swans seemed to be chasing it.

"Is that Lady Helen with them, I wonder?" asked Graham. John could not say—she was too far off.

They started again (almost unconsciously they had come to a dead stop opposite the lake); no words were spoken while the horse walked slowly up the brae. They had not gone far when another carriage was seen coming towards them as slowly.

"That's the minister's pairty," whispered John, kindly giving Graham a warning to look out. "He'll hae his sweetie alang wi' him, nae doot."

There was a sensation! Graham's heart palpitated wildly, not knowing what might follow from a glance at Miss Wilson!

The minister's carriage stopped. "Grand day, John," said he cheerily, adding, "One of our party went down to the bridge to make a sketch: did you happen to see him?"

"No, sir," answered John; then, turning to Graham, he said, "You lookit ower the brig at baith sides; did you see the gentleman?"

Graham also gave a negative answer. He had cast eyes on no one near the bridge; but now, while addressing the minister, he used them well in observing the young lady beside him, whom he

took to be Miss Wilson—there being in her a strong resemblance to Miss Effie, whom he saw yesterday. He was satisfied Miss Wilson was not his Miss W.: had he been mistaken, it was not likely that the lady, with such a good chance of noticing him, would also be mistaken. But beyond a courteous smile, given along with the minister's "thank you," no signs whatever that she recognized him.

Well, at anyrate there was a deep satisfaction in discovering that an engaged lady was not the one he was in search of in the fond hope that she would be free—free in every way to entertain matrimonial proposals from none other but himself.

So his Miss W. was still shrouded in mystery. What he had just seen, however, somehow persuaded him that he was drawing nearer and nearer the object of his romantic quest.

As they approached the South Lodge of Rathie Castle, a lady and gentleman were crossing the road, as if to enter the gate. John lifted his hat, and the salute was gracefully returned by the gentleman.

"That's the Earl and Leddy Helen," whispered John.

The mention of Lady Helen—an Earl's daughter!—set Graham's heart in a flutter—especially when he saw how distinguished-looking was her ladyship, and remembered that he would probably meet her at his grandfather's.

Lady Helen for the time eclipsed every other lady. He sighed for something romantic; was he not getting a taste of it now?

"The beautiful, charming Lady Helen!" he mused to himself. "At what witching hour would she leave her 'rich and purple chambers' in the Castle and be wending her way, oh, so gracefully! through the shady avenues to feed her milk-white swans? Happy creatures! to be gilded by the light of her stately eyes, and to take their food from her lily fingers. And may not Lady Helen be another Genevieve, ever ready to hear the tale of woe? and when sinking low the wan sufferer beholds no hand outstretched to save.

> Fair as the bosom of the swan
> That rises graceful o'er the wave—

her breast heaves with angelic pity, and the poor sufferer could worship her very shadow."

The clachan, or Kirkton of Rathie, being reached, our travellers turned into a farm road on the left, up which the horse was allowed to take his own pace; Woodbank being only a quarter of a mile or so up the brae.

Why did John Ruskin come into Graham's head at this pretty spot? Because he was considering what fee he should give the driver, recalling an incident in Ruskin's Autobiography. It was this: "One sunny afternoon at Pisa, when just as we were driving

past my pet La Spina Chapel, my father, waking out of a reverie, asked me suddenly, 'John, what shall I give the coachman?' Whereupon I, instead of telling him what he asked me, as I ought to have done, with much complacency at being referred to in the matter, took upon me with impatience to reprove and lament over my father's hardness of heart in thinking at that moment of sublunary affairs." Graham had only himself to consult, and he had no difficulty in coming to a decision. His coachman had spoken gratefully about the half-crown which Jonathan Weathercock had given him for the same drive. Why might he not emulate Jonathan? He had a larger income: might not his tip for once exceed Jonathan's? The driver was a decent married man, who seemed to make a good use of his earnings. Yes, he would just hand John half a sovereign, which would leave to himself a respectable balance — rather more than the half-crown — after paying the hire to the landlord of the Rathie Arms. And, in addition, he was sure his grandfather would give John "a gless o' the best o't" to cheer him on his solitary journey homewards.

So Graham and his coachman parted on the most friendly terms imaginable.

CHAPTER XII.

"How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A life of labour with an age of ease."—*Goldsmith.*

Adam Brownlea, our hero's grandfather, was well pleased with his present abode and manner of living. Though a retired farmer, he was by no means idle; he had been too industrious a man all his days to be quite contented sitting always on the rustic seat in the garden before the door smoking his pipe or reading the newspapers. Still hale and hearty, his energies must find a congenial outlet. This he found in his garden—a never-failing source of delight to him; and late and early he might be seen working in it, of course in the leisurely fashion of old age. Even when at The Haws he enjoyed the reputation of keeping his garden in better trim than the other farmers round about; and he had often the pleasure of asking a neighbour, whose garden might not be so fruitful as his own, to come in and have a few berries or apples.

Woodbank as yet had little to boast of in the way of fruit, and Mr. Brownlea could not therefore cater to the stomach of his friends as formerly. But such of them as cared to take a look at his flowers, and in particular his rare collection of pansies, were made exceedingly welcome. Ah! he was a proud man that day, Adam Brownlea, when the Countess of Rathie and her daughter, Lady Helen, hearing of his skill as a florist, paused at the garden gate and begged to be shown the wonderful pansies. And how very easy and pleasant to show the rarest of these pansies, growing

under the shade of a weeping elm in the front plot, a yard or two from the road. Indeed, the Countess and her daughter had been at Woodbank on the very day of Graham's arrival, and were having a talk about the forthcoming Flower Show, in connection with which Mr. Brownlea was taking an active part.

Old Sally was quite sorry that David had not come earlier so as to meet these big people, and that her favourite might be introduced to Lady Helen: for such was Sally's extraordinary admiration for her master's grandson that even an Earl's daughter was not too great a match for him.

No wonder, therefore, that Graham laughed outright when Sally hinted this after she had been referring to the visit of the titled ladies, and expressing her regret that he had not been present.

"Ah, Sally, you are always very flattering, but I am sure that Lady Helen would not so much as allow her eyes to light upon a poor fellow like me."

"Indeed, and what for no, Master David? I'm sure she micht be prood to hae a braw lad like you for a man."

"But think of her rank, Sally—her wealth!"

"A snuff for her rank! and what money has she to boast aboot? My certie, she's but a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree."

"And that's just the kind of lass, Sally, that needs to marry a man wi' a lang purse. It's all very well to read in ballads about love levelling all ranks, and laying the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre, but that sort of thing doesn't happen every day. How would the ell-wand look beside Lady Helen's gold-mounted parasol?"

"Indeed, it wad look verra weel if it was an honest elvan, an' no' a short elvan, like some folks' we ken."

"Take care what you say, Sally! Remember there's a malicious proverb that a draper's ell-wand is one of those things that won't stretch; and, you know, I must defend my own trade."

"Weel, weel; sae let it be yer ain wey. Ye ken I'm nae hand at arguefeein'."

"Thank you, Sally. You always let me have my own way—too often, I fear. Speaking about the ell-wand again, grandfather would tell you that Allan Marchmont got married to a rich draper's daughter. Do you think that Mr. Dallas made his twenty thousand pounds by using a short elvan?"

"Twenty thoosand! dear be here! and does Allan's wife get a' that money?"

"Not likely; not even the half of it. She gets only some six thousand or so."

"Sax thoosand! mercy me!—what a mint o' money! Sax thoosand!—'od I suppose Allan rides in his kerridge noo?"

"Well, he does go to business in a carriage, and a first-class carriage it is."

Grandfather smiled, adding, "An' sic a wonderfu' horse draws the kerridge: sic an iron constitution he has."

"And such extraordinary speed! If he gets plenty of water fifty or sixty miles an hour is easy to him," continued Graham, trying hard to maintain his gravity, as he observed that Sally was seeing through the joke.

"I ken fine what ye're ettlin' at: ay, you wis aye a great lad for makin' fun. But it's high time to gie up your jokin' and bring hame that wife wi' the three thoosand. I'll be content if ye get that: it's only hauf of what Allan's wife brocht to him. Has she got ony sisters?"

"Only one."

"An' hoo mony mair wad ye hae?"

"He'd mebbe like to be a patriarch," said grandfather waggishly: "he'd mebbe like half-a-dizzen wives!"

"Na, na; ae wife is aneuch. An' are ye no' gaun to tak' the sister?"

"Ye'd better speer first whether the lassie 'll tak' *him*."

"Right there, grandfather. Funny that Sally thinks I have nothing more to do than lift my little finger, and any lass I want will rush into my arms."

'Weel, at onyrate I aye thocht ye as gude—and mebbe a better man than Allan Marchmont; and his wife's sister micht be happy to get ye—I dinna care hoo rich or bonnie she is."

"I've no chance, Sally—not the ghost of a chance. The fact is, there's a braw young minister after her, and he's been in the field long before me. No, no; I've no chance against the cloth: women folk, ye ken, are a' daft about ministers. But look here, Sally, is there no some fine lass in the glen here you could recommend to me? I've lots o' time noo for coortin'. You mind, grandmother, when you used to tell me not to mind the lasses till my beard grew"—smiles, and strokes his ample growth. "You'll surely admit I've some title now to speak to them."

"I am glad you've a better richt than that, Davy, to look out for a wife: I believe you could keep a wife comfortably now, and the sooner you settle down the better."

"Man, Davy, if ye had married as early as Rob" (his brother), "you would hae had a big laddie at the schule by this time."

"Ha! ha! Hear, hear! Sally says that I'm a wag, but I cannot hold the candle to you, grandfather. Really, however, instead of making game of a poor fellow in that way, can you not do something for me? I'm quite ready to marry if you'll only help me. Sally, do you no ken ony braw lass that would suit me—never mind though she hasna three thousand."

"'Deed, Master David, I've nae mind o' ony lass i' the noo; my memory's a' clean jumbled; but the morn's Sawbath, and we'll be

seein' plenty gaein' by to the kirk, an' then I'll mebbe be able to tell you."

"Ay, and what's better, mebbe," said grandfather, "we're to hae preachin' i' th' smiddy th' morn's nicht. Mr. Reid aye preaches ance i' th' month i' th' smiddy in summer; so ye'll hae a double opportunity of walin' out a lass."

"Weesht, Adam! I wonder to hear ye! I hope, Davy, ye'll hae something better than lasses to think about when ye gae to the kirk—or even to the smiddy, when ye're to worship there."

"Gudewife, hae ye no mind that marriages are made in heaven? For my pairt, I see nae hairm in a young callant fa'in' in love i' th' kirk, if he disna disturb ither fowk wi't. Isna a happy marriage a paradise on earth? Nae doot. Noo here's this lawthie ramblin' aboot yet in ooter darkness. Would it no be better than the best discoorse ever he heard if some dainty lass—say i' th' smiddy th' morn's nicht—should kindle a flame that wouldna let him rest till he married her?"

"Ay, but he winna see Leddy Helen i' th' smiddy—no, nor ane wi' a tocher worth lookin' at. Just hae ye patience, Master David. Nae fear but ye'll get a braw lass to please ye by-and-bye."

"I've waited longer than my father did, and a good deal longer than Robert has done, Sally; and I mean to take your advice, and have patience. You know I'm rather particular, but I must say I'm not so anxious to get a lass with a big tocher as you would like me. However, we'll see what luck I'm to have in the glen. Try and mind a' th' nice marriageable lasses here about—ye maun ken a lot of them, Sally—and then we'll lay our plans for getting a hold of one of them. Meantime I'm keen to be out again to breathe the fine caller air."

"By-the-bye, grandfather, I've brought you a copy of yesterday's, or rather Thursday's, *Daily Telegraph*"—taking it out of his pocket, having just remembered it was there.

"Thank you, Davy lad; and I'm much obleeged t'ye for a' the papers ye send me. This is the first time I've seen the *Telegraph* i' th' glen. Is there onything important in't?"

"You'll see a report of a grand garden-party at Holland House the other day. I knew you were a great admirer of Lord Holland, as well as of his celebrated uncle, Charlie Fox; and besides, as your Flower Show is coming off soon, I thought that you might like to read about a garden-party at such a famous historical house."

"Man, Davy, ye're very considerate. Noo I'll hae something to say to the Coontess th' next time she comes roond."

Leaving the genial old farmer settling down in his easy chair, and adjusting his spectacles to have a feast of news, Graham stept to the door, and sat down on the garden seat for a few minutes.

His sensations were very agreeable indeed. The genius of change was operating like magic on his feelings. What a contrast to his

life in the city! How welcome the bright and cheery faces of his grandparents and Sally, after his poor landlady's anxious and care-worn countenance; and how delightful their playful remarks after her serious talk! Was it the pure sweet air, or the joyous company, or both combined? that caused him to feel at this moment, after a festive tea, as if he had been eating ambrosial food, so richly was the blood stirring his heart. Even in coming so easily to the door, instead of down a flight of stairs—what a luxury!—all the doors were open, and one could glide into the garden without a sound and without fatigue.

Where was his old friend Ben Katelow now? Did he behold his twin tops? He did. But how changed in aspect from that point of view. The noble Ben seemed to have lain down and stretched out his limbs, like a mighty giant, to rest; and yet it was early to slumber, for his head and shoulders were still radiant with the purple beams of the setting sun.

How Graham envied his grandparents their rustic chair at the door. His soul swelled with joy at the magnificent sweep of open country before him. What a glorious natural horizon! so different from the broken sky lines and murky atmosphere to which he was daily accustomed. Looking towards the south-east, a round dozen of miles off, he saw Lochdale shining in the sun, although the steeple was not so bright as he had seen it on many a summer afternoon from The Haws, when it 'gleamed like an alabaster pillar lighted within.' Down the slope to the left about half-a-mile, the towers of Rathie Castle rose above the trees, and a little nearer stood the clachan of Rathie, with its church, post-office, 'smiddy,' and inn.

How long he would have mused in the garden if left to his own free-will, his grandmother and Sally could not tell; for they had several times reminded him that it was not good to be so long out in the night air, and that he really ought to come in. He assured them he was used to the night air, and the air of Rathie was so delicious, he could not breathe enough of it; he would, however, be in immediately. Pray do not imagine that Graham persisted in remaining outside while his friends were sitting in the house fidgetting and fretting about him. O dear no! They were all in the garden together. Grandfather had laid aside the *Telegraph*, having read all that he wished, and joined David half-an-hour ago; while grandmother and Sally shortly after, finding it too dark for going on with their knitting, had followed suit. But the women folks had not been long in the garden before they suggested to David the prudence of adjourning to the house, albeit all the while they listened to him as to an oracle, rejoicing to be in his company. Sally however soon carried the point when she said, "It's no ilka nicht, Master David, that ye've a chance to get a sang frae grand-

father. Dinna ye think we had better gae in noo, and hae the lamp lichted an' the toddy brewed?"

"Capital, Sally!" exclaimed Graham; "the very thing to suit me!"

Whereupon Sally darted into the house, and very soon had it nicely lighted up, and the table spread for supper, including the indispensable steaming brass kettle and accompaniments.

"Weel, billies, what sang is it to be?" cried grandfather gaily, after his first glass.

"Oh, give us 'Blythe, blythe around the nappie' to begin with," exclaimed David, who was, properly speaking, the only billie of the company.

After clearing his throat with another drink of warm toddy, the genial old minstrel trolled out with infinite glee the much relished convivial song. Nor did he stop (except to take a drink) until he had sung half-a-dozen or more of his favourite ballads—some of them pretty long, too.

What an interesting group that was about the table during the ballad-singing. Grandfather's face, flushed with joyous exertion, looked more than ten years younger; the plump countenance of his happy spouse glowed with pleasure; while Sally's wrinkles were all smoothed away, and her kindly eyes were either beaming with quiet enjoyment or over-running with laughter. Both grandmother and she seemed to derive more delight this evening from watching the magical effect of grandfather's ballad-singing upon David, than from hearing the ballads themselves. These they were familiar with, but it was not everyone who so heartily enjoyed the singing of them as David did, or whose manifestation of the pleasure afforded was such a treat to behold.

Grandfather was not easily tired singing when once fairly begun, and had it not been Saturday night the small hours of the morning could not have exhausted his energies or his stock of ballads. However, David was very glad to have heard a few of the best of them; and when Sally, at a quarter to twelve, handed him a candle to light him to bed, he went upstairs very much pleased with the night's entertainment.

CHAPTER XIII.

How sweet the morning of the hallowed day!
Hushed is the voice of rural labour,
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
Which yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze.
—*James Graham.*

Moving slowly up a narrow wooden staircase to his attic chamber, carrying in his hand a lighted candle, was a new and rather

pleasing sensation to David Graham, who had been lodging for the last ten years in a 'land of flats,' and who never rose to a higher level when going to his bedroom; and the novel sensation was rendered still more pleasing when he entered the chamber and breathed the sweet caller air coming in at the open casement, a delicate odour of thyme making it more delicious. Change, that wonderful genius, was charming him at every step.

In the morning he awoke about eight with an exhilarating feeling of freshness, and lost no time in getting out of bed to enjoy the sunshine streaming into the room. While dressing he could not help noticing a few ornaments and curiosities on the mantelpiece belonging to Sally; and in the centre of them, in a wooden case, was Sally's silver watch—the great historical watch!—gazing at him with its calm, white face, as it used to do twenty years ago. He started as he repeated aloud, "Twenty years ago!" Ay, it was twenty years ago—and more, since that memorable Sunday when he donned his first pair of trousers and vest, and Sally handseled them by giving him the loan of her watch to go to church with. What a proud boy he was that day, and what a debt of gratitude he was under to Sally for trusting and honouring him so highly!

Furling the blind and opening the lattice wide, he rested his arms on the sill to inhale the fresh air and survey the landscape. No wonder that the scented zephyrs and the vast extent of open, fertile country, smiling in all the beauty of a sunny morning in July, moved him to quiet rapture.

Casting his glance nearer hand—just down into the garden—he saw the weeping elm shading the much admired flowers; wonderful flowers, gilded sometimes by the bright eyes of a Countess, as well as by the brighter eyes of her daughter—lovelier than her beautiful mother. Of course the attentive reader knows what these flowers were: not

> Violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath.

No: they were rich and glowing pansies that dazzled the beholder like the dark eye of woman.

Oh, what a luxury it was for Graham on this glad summer morning thus to enjoy its sweet influences! How finely all nature harmonized with his joyous heart! The sparrows were chirping merrily in the eaves beside him, while

> Far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
> The song of the lark was melodious and loud.

He could hardly realize that all this enjoyment was got simply by looking out of his bedroom window.

Hushed was the voice of rural labour; the ploughboy would not dare to whistle in Rhymen Glen on Sabbath within hearing of the

kirk, and the milkmaid's song must be a sacred one if she ventures to sing above her breath. The other occupants of the farm steadings, however, did not restrain their vocal powers on the day of rest. Chanticleer, in the back garden, was blowing his horn with stentorian lungs, and his neighbour over the way responded to his morning salutation with equal force and vigour. It did one good to hear these lusty fellows enjoying their antiphonal concert.

Having dressed, Graham went downstairs and out into the garden a short time until breakfast was ready. Every mouthful of the sweet highland air was a capital appetizer And what a feast to the eye were the 'morning roses tipped with balmy dew,' and the bonnie modest pansies half-hid among the embowering green! Any one could see that he was not among growing flowers every day, so fondly did he linger over and admire those "bright children of the earth and sun."

During breakfast he made some further enquiries about the church and the minister, the hours of worship, and when they required to leave to be in time for the service, He was delighted on being reminded that Mr. Reid was to preach in the Smiddy in the evening. Always thirsting after the romantic he immediatcly resolved he would go to the Smiddy; it would be such a novelty to hear a sermon there. Indeed, apart from the novelty, the Smiddy itself possessed a peculiar charm for him: being entwined with many happy memories of boyhood, when he used to see grandfather's horses shod at the Smiddy near The Haws. On many a Saturday had he and Marchmont looked in at the open door and seen the sparks flying from the anvil.

Few in number, the meeting in the Smiddy would be almost like an assembly for family worship. Would any of the ladies and gentlemen from the castle honour the congregation with their presence? Not at all likely. No matter; Evangeline, the rich farmer's daughter, may be there, and Gabriel, too, the blacksmith's son—the only one of all the youths welcomed by Evangeline; and he will fix his eyes on her as the saint of his deepest devotion!

A happy arrangement for Graham that evening service. For weeks, ay for months, he had looked forward to spending a quiet Sabbath under the greenwood tree. If wet, he would have gone with his friends to church; the day, however, was one of the most enjoyable kind for a ramble in the wood; such another golden Sunday might not again occur during his holidays.

Putting a Bible into his pocket he went up the back garden and into the fir-wood—there, in silence and alone, to commune with the Creator of heaven and earth.

He threw himself down at the root of a noble fir, on a bed of moss and blaeberry bushes, flanked by tufts of heather. What a luxurious couch! so fragrant and soft, and yielding so gratefully to his movements, like an air mattress. How like a Cathedral! looking

along the aisles, formed by the tall bronzed fir stems, and up at the carved and pointed branches overhead, with their deep shadows, resembling fretted vaults. But he heard no organ pealing the morning anthem: all was hushed, not even the chirping of a bird, or the hum of a bee, broke the Sabbatic stillness. Nothing like the silence of a fir-wood. After the roar and din of the city, the soothing quietness was most welcome and refreshing. The aroma exhaling around him was like incense rising to heaven.

Properly speaking, this was his first and only genuine lounge in a wood all by himself. On other occasions he had been along with a merry company, and his sensations then were altogether different: moreover, as the journey thither had always been more or less fatiguing, he had not the dewy freshness of mind and body such as he enjoyed this Sunday morning under the greenwood tree.

Besides a Bible he had with him a Sabbath School Magazine, with the view of studying the lesson for the night; for although he could not be in Glasgow to teach his class as usual, he liked all the same to be prepared for it. Luckily, the lesson was an exceptionally interesting one—Abraham swearing his servant, Eliezer, and sending him away to his own kindred to take a wife unto his son Isaac. The story was indeed very charming; and in going over the chapter slowly, verse by verse, meditating upon it, all the while breathing the life-giving air of the wood, he felt that the pages of fiction had never yielded him a richer enjoyment. It did his heart good to read about the faithful Eliezer, Abraham's oldest servant—"for all the goods of his master were in his hand." What a beautiful and suggestive lesson! However, as he had no class this evening, it was not imperative to exhaust the theme; it would be very pleasant to take it up again on the morrow by the river side.

"One o'clock! astonishing," was his exclamation as he looked his watch—"Ah, how softly falls the foot of Time that only treads on the moss of the forest! What a joyous privilege to worship here as the spirit moves one!"

He almost wished he had not to go down to dinner at two o'clock; when leaving he might have said—"Don't wait for me, please—I'm oft to feed on fancy and perfumed air." Well for him he left no such message: for he now began to feel that dinner would be gladly welcomed.

So he rose and sauntered homewards. Hark! what solitary bird is that singing? It is the shilfa. Why is the song of this lonely chorister so sweet and touching to Graham at this moment? Partly because it is the only bird that has favoured him with a lilt in the wood to-day, but chiefly because the shilfa's song reminds him of happy days twenty years ago—for then the herd laddie at The Haws told him the words of that birdie's song—"Gie me milk and bread, and I'll herd the kye t'ye." So he listened again and again with delight, and sure enough the notes of the brief lyric corre-

sponded exactly with the number of syllables given by the herd-boy.

When he reached the fence dividing the wood from the garden he leaned his arms on the top rail and cast his eyes to the south-east; for grandfather had told him that, standing there, the sea at Montrose could be seen on a clear day. But no; to his vision, neither the sea nor the town presented itself. Nevertheless, what a thrilling memory started up at the mention of Montrose! Was not the young lady, Miss W., on that ever-memorable Hogmanay bound for Montrose?

As expected, he found that grandfather had brought home a friend to dinner—Mr. Summer by name—a farmer to whom he was sometimes indebted for a drive to Redmuir. Nothing occurred during the meal worth special record; but grandfather and Graham conveyed the guest home rather more than a mile, and when parting he bade Graham to be sure and give him a "cry in"—he might not be at hand himself, but he had a big gilpie of a dochter who would be glad to see him, and give him a drink of milk. Graham thanked him, and said he would be delighted to look in when up his way.

Now the event of the evening is to come off—worship in the Smiddy. Tea being over, Graham and his grandfather stepped slowly down the road to the extemporised meeting-house, leaving grandmother and Sally at home—neither being inclined for evening service.

The Smiddy, as a place of devotion, had one great defect—namely, the rude and primitive method of ventilation. Happening to sit down at a window, Graham felt a draught coming through the broken panes enough to blow the Smiddy fire, so they moved a little farther down to be out of the current. The draught, however, did not seem to disturb the equanimity of a sturdy rustic who filled the vacancy.

At the far end of the Smiddy stood the minister's desk, and before it a chair on which an elderly man was sitting. From his position any one would at first naturally suppose him to be the precentor, albeit he had certainly none of the airs of that important functionary; for he sat quietly with bowed head, like one waiting to receive the delicate attentions of the knight of the scissors. It turned out that the poor man was exceedingly deaf, and it was only in the Smiddy he could hear any part of the minister's sermon.

Our hero's interest in the flock was much increased when a certain tall and graceful young lady walked forward and took a seat at the opposite wall, a little to the left of him, and in full view of each other, there being no seat intervening. He knew nothing about the lady, and yet she caused his heart to beat rapidly. No

doubt this was owing partly to her being the only lady-like person present, but chiefly because she very much resembled the ideal lady he had long been cherishing in his breast! "Could she be a lady from the castle? Not very likely. She might be the minister's daughter. Oh, no; there's not the least resemblance—his hair is a flaming red, and hers is dark. Happy thought! Then she must be Evangeline, the rich farmer's daughter. Well, whoever she is, for beauty and style she is unrivalled in this small flock." So he mused. And then the lady sang so sweetly in a rich contralto voice, and altogether looked so winsome and attractive.

During the sermon (the truth must be told) Graham's attention was divided between the lady and the preacher. His text was, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." In the course of the sermon the words "Look unto me" were recurring at intervals; and while our hero bestowed due outward attention upon the earnest appeal of the minister, how much more eloquently to his heart did the pleading face of the handsome lady exclaim, "Look unto me!"

Had his companion been a young fellow, Graham would have learned in a twinkling whether he knew the lady or not without arresting her attention; but it was quite another matter to try to get the desired information from grandfather, considering that neither his hearing nor his sight was so good now. He must have a little patience.

At the close of the service the minister shook hands with one or two who were nearest him, said a word, and passed on. When he came to the young lady in question, however, he spoke with her a short time. From his manner it was evident the lady was not his daughter. This was so far satisfactory.

At the Smiddy door Mr. Brownlea stood with a friend for a few minutes, as their roads lay in opposite directions, and they had got the usual enquiries to make of each other. While standing there, Graham saw the lady come out, turn to the right, and stop at the trellised porch before the door of the smith's house, which adjoined the Smiddy. Mrs. Ferrier, the smith's wife, came out and shook the lady cordially by the hand, and, still holding it, beckoned to her, and looked as if she would fain draw her into the house. Graham was not more than half-a-dozen yards off, and could see all this quite well. After some parley the lady did go in—but not till her face had become bewitchingly animated, and, while glowing with a lovely smile! she glanced towards the group containing our hero, and then went in.

What need for this lady to pause at the door-porch? And was her radiant smile too good to lavish upon one of her own sex?—and so she must give that handsome gentleman beside Mr. Brownlea, whom she knows well, the benefit of it, if he should happen to be looking her way. Assuredly the smile was not lost upon him,

nor was the opportunity she had given him, intentionally or not, to observe her splendid figure.

"How tantalizing!" thought Graham. "I see it all quite clearly: in this highland parish poetical history is repeating itself—yon lady is Evangeline! No wonder that Basil's mother gives such a hearty welcome to her charming future daughter-in-law."

"What young lady was that standing at the smith's door speaking to his wife?" asked Graham of his grandfather on their way home.

"I'm sorry I canna tell ye—I didna notice her."

"She was sitting nearly opposite us in the Smiddy—you could not but see her:" uttered in a tone of disappointment.

"Man, Davy, why didna ye gie me a nudge, an' I would hae lookit at her through my glesses. Never mind; she's awa' into the smith's house. I ken Mrs. Ferrier fine; let's gae back this minnit, an' I'll sune satisfee yer curiosity."

"Oh, dear no. That would be rather cool, to say the least of it. We can go there to-morrow—or some other day."

"Heigho!" sighed Graham; "my usual luck. Ah, well; ae door is sure to be opened as sune as anither is steekit, according to the old song; there's that big gilpie of a dochter I've yet to see. Let me appease the hunger of my heart by visiting her. 'Summer's a pleasant time,' sang a certain love-sick maid; let me hope that Miss Summer is as pleasant as the season she is happily named after. She is a big gilpie—quantity, if not quality. There's consolation for you, Master Graham."

So he said to himself. All the same, the image of the young lady who had just vanished from his sight was deeply impressed on his mind, and he vowed he would certainly give himself no rest until he had found out who she was, and all about her.

(To be continued).

SKETCHES FROM IRVINESIDE.

By John Muir, F.S.A. Scot.

"Irvineside! Irvineside!"—*Burns.*

I.

Down in the valley there the village is awakening from its slumbers. Here and there the figure of a villager may be descried out of doors; but the majority of the inhabitants have not yet left their warm beds, for the Sabbath to the working folks, worn out with the labours of the week, is indeed a Day of Rest. Already the blue smoke is ascending in fantastic curls from several chimneys, intimating that the morning meal is being prepared; and the amber haze lying dreamily around the top of the pit chimney yonder bespeaks the suspension of labour. The splashing of the sawmill water-wheel, and the hum and whirr of the circular saw have ceased. The burring of the turning-lathe is still; and the last sound from the joiner's hammer died away in a faint echo early in the afternoon of the previous day. The dizzing sound of the neighbouring factories is hushed; and for one day the Lade flows uncontaminated. In the smithy at the corner of the Knowe the fire is fast smouldering away, and the showers of fiery hail from the ringing anvil are long since cold and have been swept up by the apprentice lad and thrown on the refuse heap; and the smith himself is enjoying his well-earned repose. In the granary stores under the thatch-covered cottages with the deep eaves, the thump and thud of the thresher's flail is no longer heard.

The sun is already high up in the eastern heavens, gilding the cross on the Catholic chapel. The old grey Parish Kirk has a warmer hue; and the newly built Free Church of red sandstone, looks dimmer in the sunshine than after a smart shower of rain, when the stones assume a ruby colour—the emblem, in sacred art, of the Holy Spirit—and the sea-green slates finished with red tile ridges and ornamental tile finials are harmoniously blended into a variety of rich colours extremely pleasing to behold. The river which runs through the strath in its graceful serpentine meanderings gleams in its blue windings like a stripe of ribbon on Nature's

mantle of green brocade. In the shallow places where the gravel causes the water to ripple, it glitters like a caldron of boiling silver in its dancing dazzle under the radiance of the sun. For a dozen miles it has danced and laughed in sunshine and in shade, swelling in volume until it reaches the ocean.

Away high up to the right the purple splendours of the amaranthine moors are dimmed and subdued by the large clouds in trailing orange and amethyst with white and fleecy embroidery that are floating lazily overhead, casting their shadows over the landscape, like a sombre garment of gossamer and perse. The gentle breeze laden with the perfume of wild violets, and the fragrance of the sweet briar brushes, from the grass the dewdrops that hang like pearly beads. The little stream rushing down the brae yonder is spated with the rain that fell overnight, its berry brown waters are rushing impetuously over the linn; and the fall of the water can be faintly heard where I stand.

Eastward up the valley a lofty eminence looms hazy in the distance. There he sits like a solitary monarch arrayed in his heathery robes of imperial purple, fringed with wild tanglewood and hardy flowers, with a massive rock for his footstool, and the trees and shrubbery on the top for a diadem. The wild conie and the timid maukin are his courtiers, and the birds his court minstrels, and the Irvine his historian, handing down the annals of his decay in the form of stones which the geologists tell us were once part of a volcano. He has been sitting there since before the time when the forests which then surrounded him were converted by the cunning processes of Nature into coal-fields, the working of which employs hundreds of the villagers, and adds greatly to the wealth of the district. But the Black Monster and his captors the steam engine and the locomotive have played sad havoc with the natural beauties of the place, converting the rich woodland into railway tracks, and the holms and beautiful haughs into embankments to facilitate the transit of the dusky mineral.

This "hill of fire," or "beacon mountain," as its name is thought to signify, was an impartial spectator of the battle that took place between our King Robert, the first and greatest of that name, and the English troops under the Earl of Pembroke; and still further eastward, history has marked with a crimson stain the mossy ground to commemorate the struggle that took place one fine Sunday in June between Cavaliers and Covenanters, in which the

former were defeated, and Claverhonse compelled for once to beat a hasty and inglorious retreat. In the vicinity of this same hill a battle was fought in which Sir William Wallace intercepted and defeated the English convoy under Fenwick, who had previously slain his father. On all hands the landscape carries the mind back to the days of feudal sturt and strife, out of which looms the sullen splendour of hardy daring and heroic achievement.

Out of the breast of the brae yonder, eastward from the village, the Holy Well gushes as full and as free as in the days when its crystal waters were believed to possess divine qualities. Sheltered by shady trees, whose leaves, like screens, throw a dull light of green and gold on the glittering waters, suggesting that these trees may be the remains of one of the arborical temples of the ancient Druids, as the stones, forming a circle on the top of Molmont Hill yonder, are supposed to be. Surrounded by the sweet-scented queen of the meadow and the damask rose, whose fragrance, showered from many a spray, perfumes the air, its limpid waters, gently upheaving the delicate sand, wimple and gurgle as they flow down the gentle slope to join their murmurs to those of the stream that runs through the narrow valley, leaping joyously over its pebbly bed, and singing with liquid tongues its moorland lullaby in bubbling undertones—quiring to its finny denizens whose silver and copper-spotted skins glisten as they sport in the stream. But the practised angler will tell you that the trout in this burn are large and soft, a circumstance due to the fact that the stream springs from, and traverses, a large extent of mossy ground.

The pavilion of green velvety carpet above the Well is whitened with myriads of ox-eye daisies, and starred with the glory of the tiny gowans with their bright yellow discs, set in circlets of indented silver, tinged and tipped with pink and crimson like crystal snowflakes, touched with the blood of fairies, mixed with the creamy-white and purple clover, all sighing for the pattering rain that trips with glassy feet from leaf to leaf and from flower to flower, kissing them with her dewy lips and refreshing them into new life.

The sunshine creeps over the flowers, disturbing the humming bee that merrily buzzes from bell to bell, accompanied by the marching music of his own gauzy wings. Him no apiarian can claim. He is a free denizen of the hills and woods, owing

allegiance to no mortal, and stores not his sweets for the service of ungrateful man, but hides them in the bole of some mighty tree, or in the heart of some secluded bank, where he can securely feed upon his treasures in the winter safe from the ravaging tempests, if not despoiled by the wantonness of the boys from the village. There, too, in his train, comes the butterfly, floating through the air like a winged flower, robed in garments of dazzling hue woven out of the colours of the rainbow and sparkling in the sunshine like an alary violet. Beautiful symbol of the human soul and artistic emblem of immortality, as Dante expresses it:—

> Do ye not comprehend that we are worms,
> Born to bring forth the angelic butterfly.

The little brook here, which marks the southern boundary of the minister's glebe, was called St. Mary's Burn in the days when the Parish Church was dedicated to St. Peter, the presiding genius of the place, who looks down patronisingly on the villagers, his stately spire, now lyart and grey, appropriately crowned with a brazen cock, the clouds passing overhead like silver-lined curtains drawn between it and the Eternal. But the saints then, as now, were localized somewhat haphazardly. Was not the old inn, which formerly occupied the site of the present hotel, called after the same apostle?—who has now no namesake in the district save the local masonic body. Strange fate for saints and sinners! The June Fair, to be sure, is the modern representative of the festival dedicated to St. Peter; and the massive building yonder of red brick, with freestone dressing, built after the Byzantine style of architecture, is called St. Sophia. In former days a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was founded in the ancient tower around which the village clustered, and from which it derived its name. In short, never was a village under the patronage of such a distinguished group of reputable saints.

Standing at the confluence of St. Mary's Burn with the Anne Burn, which seems to have lost its saintly prefix—for the district, as we have said, is teeming with saints—the eye rests on a great oblong tower, from one of the windows of which John Knox thundered the reformed doctrines at the admiring populace. Here also Wishart preached; and in the old Kirk, which formerly occupied the site of the present structure, he proclaimed the Gospel at a time when its precepts were little understood, and the practice these inculcate almost forgotten and wholly neglected. "Auld

Father Grub," the priest of the parish, addressed *The Laird of Changue*, in the ballad of that name, in these terms :—

> You've been with that apostate Knox,
> While preaching at the *Bar* ;
> But soon I'll scatter your bonnie flocks,
> And boil your beuk in tar.

Early in the present century the wave of controversy which was raised by the Erskines had reached the quiet retreat of this village, and the burghers worshipped in a tent in summer and in this old castle in winter. At one time it was contemplated as a safe asylum for a somewhat dangerous lunatic; then it served as a prison; and John Wright, the author of the *Retrospect*, has often recited his verses within its walls. Latterly it was used as a granary, and now, as if to complete its mission, it has been turned into a meeting-place for the " Sons of Light," the very flattering designation given by our National Poet to his masonic brethren, so that Wright's wish, expressed in the poem referred to above, is likely to be gratified, that

> These walls should ring with minstrel lay,
> These turrets fall not to decay.

The villagers will gravely inform you that this old castle, known in history as Lockhart's Tower and Barr Castle, and locally as the Barr Alley, was built by the Pechs (Picts); but the old woman in the ivy-clad and straw-roofed cottage close by maintains that it was built of quicklime in one night by the Brownies, famous in Scottish folklore as great builders and hard drinkers :—

" Long ago there were people in this country called the Pechs; short wee men they were, wi' red hair, and long arms, and feet sae braid, that when it rained they could turn them up ower their heads, and then they served for umbrellas. The Pechs were great builders; they built a' the auld castles in the kintry; and do ye ken the way they built them? I'll tell ye. They stood all in a row from the quarry to the place where they were building, and ilk ane handed forward the stanes to his neebor, till the hale was biggit. The Pechs were also a great people for ale, which they brewed frae heather; sae, ye ken, it bood to be an extraornar cheap kind of drink; for heather, I'se warrant, was as plenty then as it's now."

Whether this was one of the auld castles built by the Pechs or Brownies, or by people of more muscle and less spirit, they have

no reason to feel ashamed of their handiwork, which has existed since before the dawn of authentic Ayrshire history, and will probably outlive all the other buildings in the district.

> Proud edifice ! no annals tell
> What thou hast brooked, what thou hast been,
> Who reared thee in this lovely dell,
> What mighty baron—lord, I ween,
> Of hardy Kyle : no bordering tower
> Possessed more independant power.

To-day being the Sabbath, the forecourt is deserted save by the chirping sparrows hopping and chattering round a crust of bread, the tame pigeons that are picking up crumbs, and billing and cooing where in days of yore a chivalrous knight, his armour flashing through the rustling leaves of the forest, has whispered the tale of love in the ear of the high-born ladye whose scarcely audible response is taken up by the passing breeze, and whistled through the woods. On the week days the court is monopolised by the youth of the town engaged in the ancient and classical game of hand-ball, which is said to have been a favourite pastime of Virgil. It is against the northern wall of the castle that the game of hand-ball, for which Galston has been long famous, is played. John Wright refers to this in his *Retrospect* :—

> To Lockhart's Tower now flocked we forth—the prey,
> The wreck of ages, and the pride of song ;
> Where many a gambol circled round the grey,
> Dark, feudal vestage, and its dells among ;
> But o'er all sports athletic, nimble, strong,
> Was handball pastime ; young, mid-aged, and old,
> As equals mingled, after practice long ;
> And scarce a neighbouring village was so bold
> As struggle with our own, the sovereignty to hold.

There is a tradition that Sir William Wallace, when pursued by his enemies, leaped out of one of the windows of the castle, and escaped by means of a huge elm tree which grew close to the north wall till within a few years ago, when the local Goths and Vandals, in the vaunted name of "progress," had it taken down ; probably because it was a nuisance, and certainly because it was of no use, except, of course, for making railway sleepers or coal trucks, ever so much more profitable than merely standing to feast the gaze of crack-brained artists and becobwebbed antiquaries. And the strange thing is, that no one ventured to protest against this bar-

barism. By the oldest leases on the estate on which the castle is built, the tenants were bound to plant at least twelve ash trees yearly. This excellent agreement, which might, with satisfactory results to both parties, be imitated by other landlords and tenants, accounts for the beautiful appearance of the farm-houses on that property, which are in general surrounded by trees.

A note to Wright's poems states that, "till of late years (1843) a beautiful spreading plane-tree grew out from the upper part of the wall, and proudly overlooked its broad and moss-grown battlements—the glory, the delight of the village." At no great distance from the castle is an ancient oak-tree, known as the "boss-tree," from its being hollow in the centre with age; and among the branches of this tree also our national hero is reputed to have hidden from his enemies. But this does not complete the story of Wallace's connection with Irvineside. Everybody has read the story, in Blind Harry's *Wallace*, of his hero, when a youth, being fishing in the Irvine one day when three English soldiers came up to him and demanded the trout which he had caught. Wallace was not disposed to give up the whole of the fish, but offered to share them with the Southerners. This did not satisfy the men, however, and they would have seized the spoil, had he not, with his fishing rod, struck one of the soldiers so hard a blow on the ear that he dropped dead. Seizing the dead man's sword, Wallace speedily put the other two to flight. The scene of this exploit is said to have been on the banks of the Irvine, near Galston. We know that Wallace's uncle lived at Riccarton, and what is more natural than to suppose that the young man was on a visit to his relative, and that he was having a day's fishing in the stream which flows at no great distance from what was once his uncle's residence? After this affair, Wallace had to keep in hiding, and it may have been then that he took refuge in Barr Castle.

As was to be almost expected, the mighty sword of the great Scottish patriot is preserved in Loudoun Castle, on the other side of the Irvine from Galston, whose lordly towers rise grey from out the sylvan scenery immortalized by Tannahill in that most melodious of all his strains, commencing

Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes.

The Bard of Paisley was in the habit of fitting an existing tune with words; and in some instances not very satisfactorily. In

this song, however, he has been most successful, the tune selected having been an old marching air of the Campbells, one of the many names borne by the illustrious house of Loudoun, a daughter of which was mother of Wallace. Although the number of swords said to have belonged to Wallace, like the relics attributed to Burns, are a trifle numerous, we need not grudge this claim now that the illustrious warrior has ceased to use any of them.

Tradition says that from this old tower there were secret subterranean passages connecting it with Loudoun and Cessnock Castles, the latter being once the seat of a branch of the Campbells, one of whom suffered in the cause of religion during the dark days which preceded the Revolution.

But, hark!—the church bells have begun to ring. The Parish Church rings out a deep sonorous peal, accompanied by the lighter but not so musical chimes of the Free Church bell, whose sharp ting, ting-il-ling-ting dies immediately on the ear, while the bang, bang, of the "big Kirk" floats away in the distance, being heard by hundreds of people miles away from the village. People are wending their ways to the various places of worship; and unless one desires to be stigmatized a heathen and sunday-breaker, they must betake themselves to some one of the sanctuaries, or at least keep within doors until the service is over. The auld kirk presents the most attractions. In the old churchyard by which it is surrounded there are many notable tombstones; and in the inside, the burial vaults and monuments of former grandees of the place. With our readers accompanying us we will follow those of the parishioners that are adherents of the National Church, which we now enter.

PHILIP KENNEDY THE SMUGGLER.

A DIRGE.

A PEASANT'S son, but sprung from men who crushed the conquering Dane,
At Falkirk stood with Wallace wight, and fought till they were slain,
From men, so daring that they turn'd war's tide at Bannockburn,
From men who on dark Flodden's ridge could die, but would not turn.
"Die in the bit, but hold your trust," was grafted in their blood,
And when the day of danger came, they felt it like a flood.
O dauntless heart in peasant's breast, stilled in full manhood's prime,
Thy name for constancy and truth shall live to distant time.
What did'st thou know of English laws? Thy code was "do the right!"
And that's to guard my neighbour's trust, or die for it in fight!
"I do not wish to shed men's blood, I'll trust my hands alone,
Let me but get them in my grips and I can hold my own."
Alas! alas! the generous thought has his death warrant signed.
He mastered two and held them fast, the third to friend assigned,
A weaker man, who soon o'erpowered the contest had resigned.
The third Exciseman waves his sword, and then with cowardly hand
He strikes—the loftiest head is cleft in all broad Buchan's land.
Then up sprang Philip, and he ran to Kirkton, like a deer,
That he might tell the people there that enemies were near.
Yes, on he ran with soundless feet, blood pumping from his brain,
Wild thoughts of home—of those he loved—'twas that which caused his pain.
By strength of will, and strength of frame, while life was ebbing fast,
He reached the goal, and found himself in friendly hands at last.
They raised the bonnet from his head, blood trickled o'er his brow.
He cried, "had all been true as me, I'd not been dying now!"

He knew his trust, had held it fast, but man's blood would not shed,
The fierce return from men he spared, was this—a cloven head!
And so he died, an honoured man; at honour's call he died,
And if detractors say, not so, I tell them they have lied.
Though nigh a hundred years have passed, among the Kirkward train,
Yet oft his honoured name recalls the place where he was slain.
And bonnie lassies list the praise of him who knew no fear,
And in the kirkyard at his grave, still wipe away a tear.
And lads still feel the Norseman blood sharp tingling in their veins,
And vow that they'll be staunch and true on distant foreign plains;
Or how if foreign foe should dare their country to invade,
They'd set their teeth, and strive like men, and die if duty bade.
For firmness, constancy, and truth, are honoured by our race,
And he who died at duty's call finds in true hearts a place.
"A smuggling rogue," some lisping swell may mutter in disgust,
No, but a simple honest man who thought his cause was just.
And if this land should shake again beneath a foeman's tread,
God send us men like Kennedy, who for true manhood bled.
We who in changed conditions live, and help to make the laws,
Wisely forget our father's wrongs, who broke them, and had cause.
But let us ne'er their virtues lose, nor hatred of a lie,
And may our sons at duty's call, like Philip, "Do or Die!"

Nearly opposite the bell door of the kirk of Slains, Aberdeenshire, there is a head-stone, among others, to Philip Kennedy, the smuggler, who was killed by Anderson, the exciseman, on 19th December, 1798, aged 38. Philip was a man of great strength and resolution, who, with his brother John, was stationed in a lane near the kirk of Slains to guard the transit of gin from a Dutch lugger, it being considered at that time—one hundred years ago—a right thing to avoid paying duty to what the peasantry still considered an alien government. They were attacked by three armed excisemen. Philip, to avoid bloodshed, threw down his oaken staff, overturned two of the excisemen and held them fast, calling on his brother to secure the other. John was immediately in combat with the other exciseman, and in parrying the cutlass

with his oaken staff got a severe cut on the forehead, piercing through his bonnet, the blood flowing over his eyes and face rendering him helpless. After wounding the brother, the exciseman shouted out to Philip to let go his grip, or he would sever his head from his body, but be still kept his giant grasp. Anderson then, uttering an oath, brandished his cutlass, and with one fell stroke laid open the head of poor Philip Kennedy. He immediately started to his feet and shouted out "murder." Although severely wounded, he walked the distance of three quarters of a mile to the farm of Kirkton, and seating himself heavily on a chair in the kitchen, said, "If a' had been as true as me, the prize would have been safe, an' I woudna been bleedin' to death." After which he expired with a groan. It was said that a finer and more stalwart fellow never entered the kirk of Slains, and that he was known among his fellows when on the road thereto by his home-spun blue suit, staff in hand, and broad blue bonnet with red tap. The skull of Philip has been repeatedly turned up when excavating the graves of others of the name buried in the same spot. It was known by the cut of the exciseman's weapon. His brother John, who died in 1842, bore the mark of the cutlass as long as he lived. Anderson, the exciseman, who inflicted the fatal blow, was tried on the 28th September following, upon a charge of murder, but was acquitted by the jury on a verdict of not guilty.

J. DALGARNO.

TO-MORROW.

Shrouded and still, within a shadowy place,
To-morrow stands,
And we toward the veiled, averted face,
Stretch eager hands.

But she, a mystery, stands aloof and free,
Until at last
Herself unveils her face, and lo! we see
She is our past.

ABERDEEN. JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.

Highland Seer Series.

No. II.

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Staines the white radiance of eternity,
Until death tramples it to atoms."

—*Shelley.*

AFTER breakfast next morning, the *Seer*, as I will call our host of the curious cottage in the glen, went with us for a long walk over the hills. The day was fine, the sun shining brightly, so we took plenty of time, talking of many things, but chiefly about the plants and flowers growing around us. The *Seer* pointed out some very rare herbs and flowers, and explained to us what planets governed them. The gorse or whin was, he said, governed by Mars, the fox-gloves by Venus, the water-flag was under the dominion of the moon, and so on. He also told us at what time they were to be plucked so as to have the full benefit of the strength and virtue of which they were possessed. He told us of a little book written by a Scotsman in America, entitled "The Mistletoe and its Philosophy," which was full of information on the virtues and mystical properties of

plants. The author of this book was a very learned man called Peter Davidson, one of the greatest of our living writers on the occult sciences. He said he would read us a few extracts from the book after supper, as he was sure we would enjoy them.

After the evening repast, I reminded the *Seer* of his promise. He smiled and said he was just thinking about it. He then opened a door in the wall behind him, which I had not before noticed, and we all three entered a room I had not yet seen.

This room was evidently devoted to the use and work of a laboratory. A retort was built in one corner, and blow-pipes, glass syphons, measures, large bottles containing various coloured fluids, and all the other curiously-shaped paraphernalia that go to make up the furnishing of a practical chemist's workroom were lying about.

From a small bookcase which stood in a corner he took a thin volume, the work on the mistletoe he had spoken of before, and read:—"That a few magneto-vitalic herbs are alone capable of curing the most inveterate forms of disease to which the human frame is liable, is well known to many people; for how often have we seen the pale, sickworn, trembling patient, who had undergone months of agonising torments in some of our hospitals, and upon whose form death had, as it were indelibly imprinted his image, restored to the bloom of health by the application or use of a few simple herbal remedies furnished by some poor peasant, who chose to take Nature for a guide instead of the ludicrous opinions of sycophants. Such cases must be familiar to many, for even in some country villages the health of the inhabitants depends in a great measure upon similar methods. Was it not the remedial use of herbs that Paracelsus, Blagrave, Culpepper, and many other ancient and *real* physicians were enabled to accomplish cures which, even at the present day, would put to shame many of an academical body—torturers by their courses of mercurial and other poisons? Yes, reader, rest assured there's not a leaf that adorns the majestic monarchs of the forest in their gigantic grandeur, or the tiny plant that is crushed by the foot of the wayfarer, or bends beneath the weight of the pearly dewdrop, but what proclaims in living language the beneficence and power of Him who bestowed upon them their various properties.

"The vital principles of each plant, being separate and independent of itself, explains the reason why two of them—the one a

virulent poison, the other a table vegetable—will grow side by side, and draw their nourishment from the same source. Books have been written on the language of flowers and herbs, the poet from the earliest ages has held the sweetest and most loving converse with them, kings are even glad to obtain their essences at second-hand to perfume themselves; but to the true physician—Nature's high-priest—they speak in a far higher and more exalted strain. There is not a plant or mineral which has disclosed the last of its properties to the scientists. How can they feel confident that for every one of the discovered properties there may not be many powers concealed in the *inner* nature of the plants? Well have flowers been called the 'stars of earth,' and why should they not be beautiful? Have they not, from the time of their birth, smiled in the splendour of the sun by day, and slumbered under the brightness of the stars by night? Have they not come from another and more spiritual world to our earth, seeing that God 'made every plant of the field *before* it was in the earth, and every herb of the field *before it grew*' (Gen. ii. 5). What wonder then that the glorious tints of dawn are reflected in the rose, the whiteness of the fleecy summer clouds in the lily, and the deep cerulean blue of heaven in the anemone and violet."

He read much more of this fascinating book; sometimes he would interpolate his own observations thereon. When he had finished reading, we told him he had afforded us a pleasant treat, highly intellectual and curious, and that we would make it a point to become better acquaint with the writings of this truly learned Scotsman.

Casting my eyes again over the room, I asked if he was a worker at the transmutation of metals, and if he had any belief in the reality of getting what the philosophy of the Rosicrucians taught—the Elixir of Life.

A sad smile lighted up his face. He said, "I will answer you in the words of Paracelsus: If we extract the fire of life from the heart and draw quintessence out of inanimate things and use it for our purpose, we might live for ever in the enjoyment of health and without experiencing any disease. But this is not possible in our present condition; we cannot reverse the laws of nature, and whatever dies a natural death cannot be resuscitated by man. But man may mend that which he himself has broken, and he may break that which he himself has made. All things have a certain

time during which they may exist upon the earth. The saints have a certain time during which they may exist, and likewise the wicked. If a man's time to stay is over, he will have to leave; but many die before their time is over, not by a visitation of providence, but because they are ignorant of the laws controlling their nature. Metals may be preserved from rust, and wood may be protected against the rot, blood may be preserved a long time if the air is excluded. Egyptian mummies have kept their forms for centuries without undergoing putrefaction; animals awaken from their winter sleep, and flies, having become torpid from cold, become nimble again when they are warm; a tree may bear no fruit for twenty years, and then again begin to bloom and have fruit as it did when it was young; and if inanimate objects can be kept from destruction, why should there not be that possibility of preserving the life essence of animate forms?

"But then," continued the *Seer*, "is it worth while to prolong our life? To illustrate this point, I will read you a manuscript that fell into my hands many years ago." We returned to the book room, and seated round a fine peat fire, listened with breathless attention to the following curious story;—

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE;

NARRATED BY PROFESSOR GOLDENSTEIN, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE A.D. 1745.

"In the ages of the dim and distant past, there lived in the heart of the Black Forest a sage, philosopher, and hermit, named Martin Hindlewald. Though many years a hermit, Martin had not always been so. In his earlier years he had attended the universities of Gottingen and Leipzig, for although his father could not be called wealthy, yet his circumstances enabled him to bestow on his son a liberal education. While in Leipzig, Martin had the fortune to become acquainted with a man very learned in what the world calls abstruse subjects. The acquaintance soon ripened into a strong attachment, which ultimately culminated in young Hindlewald abandoning his studies in the university and throwing himself at the feet of the profound professor of alchemy.

"Martin proved a very apt pupil, and in a short period was as deeply read in the mysteries of nature, in some particulars even deeper, than his learned preceptor. The bent of their inclinations

was, however, different. Although conversant with a great many subjects and theories, the old Professor's favourite study was how to transmute the baser metals into gold. Let it not be supposed that the worthy man's intentions were by so doing to enrich himself, although that must inevitably have followed any such discovery. No; with the magnanimity of all great men he sunk self, and sought to alleviate the sufferings and supply the wants of the great bulk of humanity. While he thus sought to lessen the privation which want of the yellow dross entailed upon his fellow beings, Martin's pet scheme was how he might add to their felicity by the discovery of an elixir that would effectually cure all bodily pain and suffering, and prolong human life to an indefinite period. Strange though it may appear, this matter found no great favour with the old Professor, and out of deference and respect to his teacher, Martin never sought to obtrude the subject upon him. As age crept upon the alchemist, and he found his physical faculties failing, he redoubled his efforts to discover what the vulgar have been pleased to call the philosopher's stone. For nights and days he would sit in his laboratory, alike oblivious of the want of sleep and sustenance, mixing and distilling fluids, and performing rare scientific experiments. Poor man! one of these experiments cost him dear, and brought upon him the very fate which he dreaded would befall him ere his life-labour was crowned with success. On entering the laboratory one morning, Martin Hindlewald found his preceptor and friend stretched cold and lifeless on the floor, having succumbed to the fumes of a decoction which he had been engaged in distilling.

"Martin's grief for the death of the old man was sincere and poignant, but his love for solving the mysteries of nature soon banished every other feeling. His whole time and talent were now engaged in seeking to discover the elixir of life. Why the human frame should so soon dissolve was to him a mystery. 'Take an ordinary healthy human being,' he said in one of his treatises, 'he works during the day, and rests at night. Nature—unless he has violated her laws—refreshes him with sleep, and fulfils her part in preparing him for the labour of to-morrow. She also supplies him with foods of innumerable and varied kinds, of which he is at liberty to select for himself. The tear and wear of life—the waste of every member of the human body—is supplied and renewed by the food he eats. Yet, notwithstanding

this, man in a very few years after reaching maturity begins to decline; his frame wastes, his brain weakens, he sinks into a state of mental and physical wreck, and dies at a comparatively early age. Now one thing is certain: his food cannot be *perfect*. It must lack some substance necessary to replace the complete waste of the human frame. What that substance is must be my endeavour to find out.'

"With unremitting toil Martin devoted himself to his studies. Theory after theory he set up and practically solved, but success smiled not on his endeavours. Latterly, after spending a long time in deep study, he abandoned all his former experiments, and adopted entirely new methods. The first fruits of his new ideas brightened his hopes, and as he renewed and improved on his experiments, he had reason to believe that success was almost within his grasp. His experiments ultimately led him to believe that his elixir only wanted one ingredient to become perfect. To obtain that ingredient he would have to violate the laws of his country. For a moment he hesitated, but only for a moment. What was the violation of his country's laws, or even the sacrifice of life itself, compared with the everlasting benefit to be derived from his discovery. One morning Leipzig was paralyzed with the details of a 'fearful outrage,' as they were ignorantly pleased to term it. The authorities took up the matter; the rabble demanded blood, and could they have laid hands upon the perpetrator of the 'outrage,' they would have torn him limb from limb. Unfortunately for Martin Hindlewald and the cause of science, a clue was obtained, and he had to fly to save his life. Bearing a large vial of his incomplete elixir along with him—for he had not had time to reap the benefit of the deed for which he had dared so much—he fled to the Black Forest, and there, disgusted with the treatment he had received at the hands of his fellow-men, lived the life of a recluse and hermit.

"In his flight he had to leave all the valuable apparatus of his laboratory, and afraid to again venture near the busy haunts of men, his elixir remained in an imperfect state. Nevertheless, by taking a few drops annually, he so fortified his frame against the inroads of disease and age that he became the wonder of the few charcoal burners and others that knew of his existence. It was whispered among them that the recluse had a fluid of which he drank which would prolong his life for a thousand years, and that

for it he had bartered his soul to a demon. An English adventurer —a fugitive from justice—happening to find his way into that remote district, soon became aware of the hermit's existence, and the ridiculous story connected with him. This ruffian, fired with a desire to obtain the wonderful fluid, sought the hermit's hut, and the life of Martin Hindlewald, which had for so long defied the attacks of disease, succumbed before the keen edge of an English dagger. The body of the hermit was afterwards found stabbed to the heart; the foreigner was never more seen, he having, it was believed, absconded with the vial containing the elixir of life.

"These events happened long years before I was born, but during my studies and conversations with the leading alchemists of the age I became aware of the story of Martin Hindlewald. I must confess it made a deep impression upon me. An elixir that would for ages keep a person in the prime of manhood was certainly a most beneficial discovery. But the secret was lost. No; surely not lost. If Martin Hindlewald had discovered it, why could not the alchemist of the present day? Full of this idea, I broached the subject to my professional brethren. Some said that the concoction of such a fluid was entirely beyond their abilities; others admitted having tried to make such an elixir and failed; but none cast a doubt upon the story of the venerable Martin.

"Thoughts of attempting to make such an elixir myself then crossed my mind. I had studied with the greatest living sages, and was declared by them to be a proficient in every art of alchemy. But study as I might I could not think of any substance, or combination of substances, at all likely to arrest the decay of the human body. Still I could not bring myself to abandon the matter as hopeless. For a protracted period I pondered on the subject, and ultimately formed a plan, wild indeed, but the only one that offered the least likelihood of success.

"Martin Hindlewald was reported to have had a quantity of the elixir in his posseesion at the time of his death, which it was generally believed the murderer had carried off with him. Now, wherever that elixir was, the family who possessed it would most unquestionably be noted for their extreme longevity. That it would be confined to one family I felt certain, for there being at most a small quantity of it, its possessor would be very chary of giving of it to strangers, though natural affection would lead him

to give to his family, provided he had any. A very small quantity of the elixir served, so it was reported, hence it might not yet be all exhausted. I fervently hoped it might not, and I determined to find out. If I could only obtain a few drops, they might be the means of preserving the manufacture of what was otherwise inevitably lost. If it was, however, exhausted, I could at least gratify my curiosity by learning what effects it had produced; and should I altogether fail in tracing it, which I confessed was not at all improbable, no one would suffer from my endeavours but myself.

"I communicated my intentions to several friends, but though they agreed with me regarding the value of my discovery if successful, yet they thought such a result very far from probable indeed. Undeterred by the misgivings of my friends, I at once set about making the attempt. But where was I to commence? I had thought out this also. The murderer of Martin Hindlewald was reported to have been an Englishman, hence it was natural that after the committal of the crime he would return to his native country. So at least I reasoned, and resolved to act upon the theory I had thus set up.

"Full of hopes and fears I bade adieu to my friends, and departed for England. On arriving there I at once commenced my search, which I kept up with unflagging energy. I travelled the country in every direction, but tidings of a family remarkable for extraordinary longevity I could nowhere find. My expectations were several times raised by information of certain individuals whose ages almost amounted to, and in some cases even exceeded, a century. Upon investigation, these, however, turned out to be only solitary exceptions, all other members of the family having died at earlier ages.

"Disappointed with England, I now turned my attention to the northern part of the island. Recommencing my investigations at the river Tweed, I pushed steadily northwards. For long my endeavours were unsuccessful, and I had begun to think that the theory I had built up was entirely devoid of material foundation, when the first bright ray of hope crossed my path. While prosecuting my search in the Highlands of Scotland, I was one night forced to take shelter in a little wayside inn, in that part of the country known as Aberdeenshire. Shortly after my arrival, a venerable pilgrim entered, also seeking rest and shelter for the

night. I entered into a conversation with the wayfarer, and found him to be a man of much and varied learning, deeply religious withal, and personally acquainted with almost all the countries in the civilized world. Struck with the profound depth of his information, I communicated to him the nature of my quest, eloquently expatiated on the benefits which would accrue to humanity by the discovery of the elixir of life, and humbly implored him to assist in finding it out.

"'Ah, my son,' replied the venerable pilgrim, 'little do ye know the nature of the object which ye seek. Thinkest thou to wrest from Heaven that which Heaven has decreed shall not be. Take warning from the fate that has befallen all those who have sought, with any degree of success, to rob nature of her secrets. Ye already know the untimely end of the two men ye spake of, yet their fate was kindly compared with that of the old man's murderer, as I have now no doubt he is. Know, my son, that an elixir whereby the life of man may be unduly prolonged in manly vigour can NEVER be produced, and to persist further in your present foolhardy endeavour is only to court your doom. What pleasure can there be in years and years of decrepit old age, worse —infinitely worse—than childhood; and yet who ever heard of an old man ruthlessly breaking into the chamber of his own life? I will, however, tell you of the elixir of which ye speak; ye can afterwards prove the truth of my statements if ye will, and should ye then continue in your present frame of mind, ye go to your doom with your eyes open.

"'In a remote glen in this same shire of Aberdeen, live a family of men noted for the extreme old age to which they have attained. By the few who know them they are regarded as foul wizards and sorcerers. A remarkable peculiarity of their existence is that for generations the eldest son of each family has never tasted death, while all the others have passed away as other mortals. This circumstance was a profound mystery to me until I heard your narrative about the elixir, but now I am convinced that that fluid has only been given to the oldest male member of each generation. The elixir does not, however, retain manhood's prime for them, as you evidently suppose. On the contrary, they age just as quickly as other men. For a protracted period they remain in a state of what may be termed vigorous old age, then their frame gradually begins to waste, their stature decreases, and they grow

proportionately less, until at last little more than a feeble, flickering, vital spark is left. I have never seen the parties of whom I speak, but I am assured upon reliable authority that their present existence is such as I have described. Ye can, however, prove the truth or falsity of my information for yourself, as I can direct you where to find them. I would urge upon you to lose no time, for common report says that the period for which the oldest member of the family sold himself to the foul fiend has almost expired, by which I take it that the quantity of the accursed elixir, for which he steeped his hands in blook, is almost exhausted, and they may have to pay their long overdue debt at any moment.'

"That night I slept but little. The conversation I had with the pilgrim banished sleep. He had declared that a perfect elixir of life could never be produced, and that Martin Hindlewald's elixir was rather to be depreciated than extolled. This was a severe blow to my favourite schemes and theories, yet I would not abandon my idea until I saw its effects for myself. If these effects were not, in my opinion, beneficial to humanity, I felt that I would have to abandon my pursuit; for I saw no reason why I should incur the wrath of heaven by prying into its forbidden mysteries without some really great end to be gained.

"I was early on my journey next morning, and aided by the pilgrim's directions, I in course of time reached the locality where the aged family resided. It was an isolated glen, lonely and sterile, completely surrounded by high and rocky mountains which shut it out from easy access or communication with the rest of the world. I had seen wild awe-inspiring places in my native Fatherland, but this was the loneliest, dreariest spot that man could ever cast eyes on. No road, no pathway, stretched to the secluded glen, and the stream which drained it disappeared among a vast accumulation of *debris*, at the foot of one of the mountains. Nestling at the base of a high precipice, about equi-distant from both ends of the little valley, stood a small heather-thatched cottage. Upon a nearer approach, I saw an old man busily engaged mending the thatch.

"'Well, my man,' I said, upon reaching him, 'I should have thought no person would have taken up his abode in such a lonely situation.'

"'Ay, it's gey lanely,' he replied, in the vernacular common to that part of the country, 'but we're weel used to it.'

"'But how do you manage to exist?' I queried.

"'Our wants are few, and easily supplied,' he answered; 'wi' fish oot o' the burn, wild fowl and animals frae the hills, an' the produce o' the bit land we labour, we manage to live nae that ill.'

"'You must be a pretty old man?' I again ventured.

"'Ay,' he replied, with a smile, 'but I'm no sae auld's my faither.'

"'What! Is your father still alive?'

"'Ay is he.'

"'Where is he?'

"'Doon bye there, biggin' a dyke,' and he pointed down the gentle slope that led to the stream.

"Without uttering another word, I walked away in the direction indicated, and soon came upon a man building a wall. The person I had just left might have been about eighty years of age, this one seemed even older, his hair as white as snow, and his face very wrinkled.

"'You are busy,' I said, upon my approach.

"'Juist that,' he replied.

"'I should have thought that such labour was rather unsuited for one of your years. You must be a very old man.'

"'Ay,' he answered, 'but I'm no sae auld's my faither.'

"'Is your father still alive? Where is he?' I eagerly asked.

"'Oh, he's wast bye there, herdin' the kye.'

"I immediately hurried off in the way in which he pointed, and found another and older looking man, standing between a few cows and a patch of waving corn. Round his shoulders hung a grey cloak, and he supported himself on a staff. He was bent with age, his locks thin and scant, and his face furrowed to a degree which I had never previously witnessed. I was now so interested that I had no time to waste on preliminaries.

"'You must be a very old man,' I exclaimed, when I reached him.

"'Ay,' he solemnly replied, 'but I'm no sae auld's my faither.'

"'Where is he?' I excitedly asked.

"'Upbye i' the hoose there. He's ——,' but I had no time to wait; I set off for the house at what I could run.

"Reaching the house, I burst in at the open door without knock or ceremony. The first object that met my gaze was what I took for a boy rocking a cradle. A second look, however, convinced

me that he was in reality an old man. He was scarcely four feet high, his frame thin and spare, his hands reduced to skin and bone, and on his face a wierd, unearthly look.

"'You must be a very, *very* old man,' I breathlessly exclaimed.

"'Ay,' he replied, in a weak, cracked voice, 'but I'm no sae auld's my faither.'

"'Where is he?'

"'This is him i' the cradle,' he replied.

"My attention was now directed towards the occupant of the cradle. He might have been a child for bulk, as far as I could judge from the appearance his body had beneath the blanket with which it was covered. His face was attenuated and thin, and in his eyes was a dull, lack-lustre look.

"'Can he understand what is said?' I asked, turning towards his antiquated son.

"'Oo, ay, speak to him,' was the answer.

"'You must be old, old beyond all conception,' I said, again turning towards the occupant of the cradle.

"'Ay,' he answered, in shrill, squeaky, childish tones, 'but I'm no sae auld's my faither.'

"'He certainly cannot be alive.'

"'Ay is he. He's in a horn among a puckle 'oo', inbye at the fireside there.'

"Horror-stricken, I turned my face towards the fire-place. There, sure enough, out of a huge horn, surrounded with wool, I beheld a face no larger than that of a wax-doll, surveying me with wondering gaze.

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'that any human being should live to come to this,' and rushed from the house like one demented.

"My favourite dreams had received a rude awakening indeed. Never more did I let my thoughts dwell on an elixir of life, and to all who afterwards broached the subject to me, I replied that the works of the Omnipotent were a long way ahead of man's supposed improvements."

CESSNOCK CASTLE, AYRSHIRE.

By John Mackintosh.

HOWEVER largely the various districts of Scotland may be endowed with the historical riches and legendary associations of a dimly remembered past, there is no county presents a wider and more varied field of interest to the antiquary and historian than the far-famed county of Ayr. From the time of the wars of independence down to the Reformation, the hardy sons of Ayrshire have made themselves famous by countless stirring and courageous deeds of valour, which stand out against the dark background of the past in as bold relievo as ever was sculptured by the chisel of time. To deeds of valour, succeeded in more peaceful times, gifts of land and baronial power, and those by whom they were acquired built strongholds for protection against the grasping greed of neighbouring tribes. Hence we find that almost every nook and dell of the shire can now boast of its old baronial keep

to which is attached some more or less interesting tale of prowess and romance. Of these, one of the most interesting is Cessnock Castle, the Ayrshire seat of His Grace the Duke of Portland. What is now known as the Castle consisted in olden times of a single quadrilateral tower, called the Tower of Galliestoun, dating as far back at least as the 14th century, and around this tower or fortress arose a village of the same name, which still exists, and can be readily recognized under the modern name of Galston.

The old tower was doubtless built for purposes of defence, its walls being of great strength and of sufficient thickness to contain in several places small rooms or dormitories. On the ground floor is a dark foreboding apartment, said to have been used as a dungeon, and appearing admirably adapted for such a degrading purpose. High above is the crowstepped gable, terminating in a belfry, which is reached by a narrow winding staircase in the inner angle of the tower. On the pediment over the door leading to this staircase the initials of Sir Hew Campbell are carved with the date 1668. On the lintel of the window immediately above the main entrance door is the date 1669, and above this again is the Campbell coat of arms, bearing the motto "Craignez Honte." The situation of the building is admirably chosen for purposes of defence, being protected on three sides by a rugged and picturesque ravine, through which meanders a crystalline stream famed all over the realm for its beautiful jasper stone, known as Galston pebble. On every side but one the ground slopes upward from the castle, and is clad in a luxuriance of oak and ash and beechen tree, with here and there a clump of firs, which effectually screen the castle from distant observation. To yonder hill eastward of the fortress the trusty vassals of old were wont to betake themselves for the purpose of reconnoitring in times of special danger, so as to summon their retainers to arms against the intrusion of their feudal foes. Here also perhaps the gallows was erected, on which many a noble fellow met with the most ignoble of fates, under doom of the fierce though loyal baron who held the right of pit and gallows, and made right good use of his imperial privilege.

Of the ancient proprietors of the Tower of Galliestoun, history has left us but scanty record. One of the earliest proprietors was Sir John Keith, Great Mareschal of Scotland, who held the barony in the latter part of the thirteenth century. The Keith family were noted for their attachment to King Robert the Bruce,

and when Sir James Douglas carried the heart of that patriotic king for burial at the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, Sir William Keith was one of those who accompanied him in that ill-fated expedition.

In later times, the outstanding name connected with this ancient building is that of Sir Hew Campbell, the baron who built the more modern portion of the castle, and who probably changed its name from Galliestoun to that of Cessnock.

Sir Hew lived in the troublous and uncertain times of prelatic persecution, and being a noted reformer, called down the curses of an unrighteous government upon his head. In 1665, he suffered imprisonment in Edinburgh, and subsequently he was unjustly accused of being accessory to the Rye House Plot, had his estate confiscated and annexed to the crown, and was at length imprisoned on the Bass Rock, a harsh treatment which he did not long survive.

Cessnock Castle is now the property of His Grace the Duke of Portland, who has recently effected an extensive restoration of the ancient building, opening up an old subterranean passage, forming a lake, and otherwise laying out the grounds in a manner suggestive of a miniature Wellbeck. During the renovation of the old building, some curious and interesting decorations and inscriptions were brought to light. When tearing down the plaster ceiling of the hall, the workmen discovered some painted figures on the underside of the flooring boards of the rooms overhead, and on carefully removing the remainder of the plaster-work, it was seen that those boards had at one time formed the ceiling of the hall. The entire ceiling was then found to be decorated with a series of grotesque designs, executed in a high-class style, and representing human faces, animals, flowers, and fruit in endless variety. This valuable piece of antique work is supposed to belong to the Elizabethan period. It has been carefully repaired, the new pieces being so skilfully painted in and so well harmonized with the rest that it is difficult now to tell which parts have been renewed. At the south end of the hall, and just below the ceiling, was found a painted panel bearing the following inscription:—

> "Mony thair be quha quieklie will espy,
> The faultis of frendis althocht so small I."

The subjoined sketch of the panel and inscription is from a

drawing by Mr. John J. Railton, architect, Kilmarnock, taken at the time the hall was being repaired. The inscription is doubtless fragmentary, and may be the opening lines of a metrical composition which extended down the wall. From the sentiment contained in these lines, it is not unnatural to conjecture that the verses may have borne reference to the sufferings of Sir Hew Campbell.

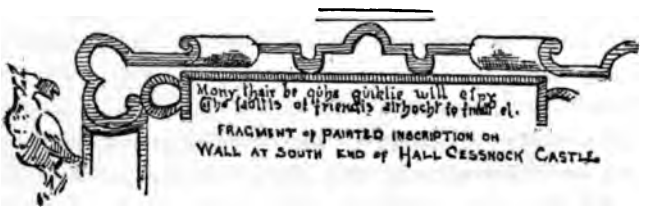
Looked at in this light they are of great interest, and it is tantalizing to think that the remainder of the lines are for ever lost. A second panel was found on the opposite wall of the hall, but the painted letters of the inscription were so faded that only a few words were legible.

This hall, with its curiously painted ceiling, now forms an outstanding feature of the Castle. The furnishings are appropriate and very suggestive; the old muskets, swords, and other warlike implements with which the richly wainscoted walls are adorned bearing out, in an admirable manner, the idea of an ancient baronial home, fully equipped for the emergencies of feudal warfare. This somewhat stern adornment is judiciously chastened by many beautiful trophies of the hunt displayed above the doorways and windows. The fireplace is ornamented with encaustic tiles, and on the mantelshelf are two equestrian statuettes, one representing King James the Third, and the other King Richard the First. Between these is a beautiful bronze cast representing a racehorse, after the work of Emile Loiseau, a famous sculptor of the French school.

That such an ornament as the latter should form part of the furnishings seems very natural when one remembers the fondness displayed by His Grace for this particular race of animals, and this reminds us of an anecdote which, at the expense of appearing digressive, is worth telling. The Duke, who has been accustomed to give his Ayrshire tenentry free trips to his estate at Wellbeck, was on one of these occasions showing his guests over the stables there; and having pointed out two foals of the thoroughbred type, he enquired of one of the Ayrshire farmers which of the two animals had the greatest number of good points. "Deed," said the canny Scot, singling out one of the foals, "sae far as I can judge, this is the best ane o' the twa." His Grace, who evidently acquiesced in the farmer's opinion, smilingly replied, "Very good, sir, we must name that one 'Ayrshire,' in honour of your visit to

Wellbeck." As everyone knows, the subsequent career of this fine animal bears ample testimony to the sound judgment of the Ayrshire farmer.

Reverting to the Castle, it remains only to add that, sparing no expense in its restoration, the apartments throughout have been fitted up and furnished in a style altogether appropriate for a temporary ducal residence, and the work reflects much credit on Mr. J. Harling Turner, His Grace's representative, under whose directions the restoration was effected. Since the restoration of the Castle, His Grace and the Duchess have been accustomed to pay occasional visits at Cessnock, and without wishing to parade the virtues of the noble pair, it is only courteous to add that by fostering a love of agriculture among the tenantry; supporting a sick nurse for the district; giving Christmas treats to the children; and in many other ways dispensing their generosity, the Duke and Duchess have happily endeared themselves to the good folks of Ayrshire.



FRAGMENT of PAINTED INSCRIPTION ON WALL AT SOUTH END of HALL CESSNOCK CASTLE.

JOHN MORRISON

POET, MUSICIAN, AND TRAVELLING SHOWMAN

BY

DONALD J. JOLLY.

CHAPTER V.

SIMON PROUDFOOT'S PHILOSOPHY—HIS THEORY OF THE FIVE INWARD FOES—THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS, AS SUNG BY BURNS—MEETS A GIPSY GIRL—FALLS IN LOVE—HER PROPHETIC SONG—GRANTS HIM ASSIGNATION.

THE intercourse I had, and the conversations I enjoyed while on the road with old Simon Proudfoot was perhaps the happiest period of my existence, and the lessons in philosophy, morals, and sociology that fell from his lips in these conversations taught me more than ever I had learned before or after.

Simon was a specimen of humanity rarely met with in this world. He had an organisation and a development which might have been envied by one of the great ones of this earth; but fortune, which has been aptly designated the blind goddess, had mapped out the way through life of this finely constituted man to be that of a humble showman. Perhaps it was better so.

I think it was Cincinnatus in his old age that exclaimed, "I have governed men and cultivated cabbages, and I found the latter occupation the more pleasing of the two." So about old Simon Proudfoot it might have been said, althought he might have shone, had he had the opportunity, at the bar, in the camp, or in the senate, that he was happier and extracted more good from life in his peregrinations over hill and dale and by lake and stream with his show.

The long solitary journeys that he took gave him time for reflection, and formed an agreeable contrast to the hubbub and noise, and strife, and disturbance of the cities which he visited.

I have said that his conversation on men and things improved me much; I may, in fact, say that he was the father of my mind,

for he was the first man who set me thinking about the grave problems of life, death, and immortality.

I never realised how glorious a condition of mind it was possible for man to attain, until I met old Simon. He had managed to banish from his constitution the five inward foes that originally reign in every bosom, and which this old philosopher entitled the enemies within necessary to be conquered before you could become a complete man. These were—lust, anger, greed, envy, and vanity. He said that the secret of happiness was embalmed in that stanza written by the inspired ploughman—

"The honest heart that's frae fra a'
Intended fraud or guile,
Wherever fortune kicks the ba'
Will aye hae cause to smile."

Up to this period of my life I had never been assailed by the tender passion, but in this first journey it was fated I should fall over head and ears in love with a gipsy girl. We were passing through the wild and picturesque ravines of the Dramlocks, on our way to Keith from Fochabers, and were resting in a sequestered nook, near a bridge that spans a deep valley in that mountainous district.

The day had turned out to be fine for the season; a fountain of clear water gushed from the rock beside us. We had unyoked the horse from the caravan and given him his mid-day corn, also attended to the comfort of our four-footed friends, and had just finished our own repast when there suddenly appeared upon the scene a gipsy girl of surpassing beauty.

Her large dark eyes shone like diamonds; her hair was the colour of the raven's wing; and she had upon her dark expressive face a smile of ineffable sweetness. I saw that she gazed on me with a look of undisguised admiration, and I returned the compliment with interest.

Something moved my innermost emotions to an extent I never before experienced, and although I was generally pert enough of tongue, I felt so confused that I could not articulate a word, but kept my eyes steadily fixed on the vision of the beautiful girl, whose years might number some seventeen summers, who had so suddenly appeared before me.

She accosted me in a voice which to my ears sounded like the tinkling of sweet silver bells, and taking my left hand in hers she

proceeded to read my fortune by the science of palmistry, sweetly "sowthing" in a low tone the following words:—

"Your fate I can presage,
From the lore of hoary age,
Culled from many a holy sage
In the long forgotten past.
Yes, pass silver o'er my palm—
Will your life be one great calm?
Will love be to you a balm?
Will your present fortune last?

"I see in your Line of Life
Trouble, sorrow, woe, and strife!
You will only have one wife
Who will bear you children three.
Your Line of Fortune's crossed,
Which will make you tempest-tossed,
Sometimes right, but often lost—
'Mid the storms of Fortune's sea!

"From the twisted Line of Love,
And the rugged Mount of Jove,
Through your story will be wove;
Pride, jealousy, and rage!
The triple bracelets on your arm
Show that your blood is warm;
But you therein have a charm
To bring you to old age.

"Venus, Saturn, and the Sun
Tell of folly you should shun,
For your fate seems to be spun
With many a coloured thread!
But fierce pride and strength of will
Doth your soul with logic fill,
Which will guard you from all ill
In the city of the dead."

I suddenly recovered my self-possession, and said with a bantering laugh, "I suppose that for a silver shilling passed over your palm you sing the identical same song to every gallant whose hand you may read."

A troubled expression passed over the beautiful features of the gipsy girl, and there was a sad cadence in her voice when she replied:

"Nay, sir. Scoff not at the stars and their influence, for such things are sacred and should not be idly spoken of. I inherited the intuition which gives me the power to foretell the destiny of mankind from my mother, who inherited it from a long line of gipsy prophetesses."

I apologised in a very humble manner to the girl for my scoffing at her power of prophecy, and asked her what good fortune had brought her so suddenly in contact with us to read our fortunes.

She replied, "My name is Nancy Faa, and my father, who is at present head of the Zingari tribe in Scotland, is encamped in the wood with his followers about a mile hence. I suppose they will be thinking I have strayed for I left the tent about an hour ago and the beauty of the day, the sweet smell of the heather bells, and the enticing scenery made me ramble on till I came in sight of your caravan, and curiosity and business prompted me to pay you a visit."

All this time Simon had been a silent beholder of the encounter between me and the gipsy girl, and although there was an amused expression on his countenance, I could see very well that he was not altogether pleased, as he could not fail to observe the deep impression the girl's beauty had made upon my heart.

The girl talked away in a nice airy manner, asking questions about the showman life, and every moment I was with her I felt my passion increase.

Suddenly there was heard a loud shrill whistle from the ravine below which made Nancy suddenly start and change colour. She said it was a signal from the camp asking her presence to the mid-day meal. She made a movement, and ran off with the grace of a young fawn, and I could not resist the desire which actuated me to follow her, which I did as far as the bridge, where I again engaged her in conversation, and pressed her strongly to give me an assignation for the following evening, when I said, after we had finished our performance in Keith, I would walk out to meet her.

She was very coy and at first refused, but ultimately, deep blushes mantling her countenance, consented. I watched her graceful figure from the bridge as long as it was in sight, and when she disappeared in the wood I wended my way back to the caravan.

CHAPTER VI.

SIMON'S FRIENDLY ADVICE—WE SET UP IN THE "SQUAR" AT KEITH —HAVE A SUCCESSFUL EVENING—SIMON PHILOSOPHISING—MONEY AN ILLUSION—I DREAM—HAVE NIGHTMARE—VISIT THE FALLS OF TERNASH—SIMON'S ADMONITION—START TO KEEP MY ASSIGNATION.

While driving along the road to Keith on that autumn afternoon, old Simon tried to convince me of the glaring impropriety, in fact, downright stupidity, of fixing my affections on a member of that tribe of outcasts called gipsies. He reasoned that they were the vagabond race of the world; the worshippers of black art; the users of incantations; and the servants of the devil.

He acknowledged that the girl who had caught my fancy was as beautiful as an angel, but said I was not to forget that there were angels of darkness as well as angels of light.

"And again," he said, "John, although we were to put the argument on no higher a plane than common sense, the girl's people would not allow you to be honourably united to her, and I have a higher opinion of your moral rectitude than to suppose you would intend to enter into an illicit intercourse with a gipsy girl."

Although my reason gave assent to the potency and truth of old Simon's admonition, my passion for Nancy Faa was of so absorbing a nature that he might, with as great a probability of success, have reasoned with the winds, or asked the billows of the ocean to cease their roaring.

Love, and particularly calf-love, is of so devouring a nature that it despises caution, denounces reason, makes the wise foolish, the timid bold, and the bold cowardly.

I was in a perfect fever with love's intoxication. I realized the truth of Hogg's verse:—

"Were Nancy, love, to hire the job,
An' save my heart frae breakin', O,
I'd put a girdle round the globe,
Or dive in Corrivreckin, O;
I'd houk a grave at midnight dark
In yonder vault sae eerie, O,
Or gang an' seek for Mungo Park
Through Afric's wilds sae dreary, O.
Love, love, love, lassie,
Love is like a dizziness,
It winna lat a puir bodie
Gang aboot his busyness."

I did not argue the matter with old Simon, but busied myself when we arrived in the "Squar" at Keith in making everything ready in the caravan, erecting the platform, hoisting the highly coloured paintings which portrayed our animals in the act of performing, lighted the paraffin lamps (half a dozen of them) to cause a glare to attract the populace, mounted the pan's-pipes on my breast, and with two drumsticks to play myself an accompaniment, rattled off the lively air of the "Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

Old Simon, who stood on the platform beside the entrance door, acted in the double capacity of "fugleman" and money-taker.

At intervals, between the tunes supplied by the orchestra, of which I was the sole and individual member, he harangued the natives, inviting them to come and see the most marvellous, most wonderful, and human-like performances of his learned animals—all for the charge of twopence; children under ten, one penny; infants in arms cordially invited and admitted "free gratis and for nothing."

We started about eight o'clock in the evening, and had four bumper houses by eleven, when we closed highly satisfied with our night's work.

By the time we had suppered and groomed our animals, and put everything to rights it was past midnight, and while we sat over our own supper of cold meat and bread and cheese, Simon again cautioned me to have nothing more to do with the gipsy girl.

I made no promise, although I said little about it, being fully determined to keep the tryst I had made with Nancy Faa in the Dramlocks.

While we sat smoking our pipes and wetting our throats occasionally with a "waucht" of nappy tenpenny from the flagon, old Simon, as was his wont, when the cares and duties of the day had closed, launched into one of his philosophical dissertations, and the subject of his discourse on this particular evening I recollect well was on what he called the king of illusions—money.

"Money," he said, "is the king of the world. If we desire more money than we can rightfully claim, we wish for something that does not belong to us but to another, and we thus repulse the divine principle of truth. If we obtain labour without paying for it its proper equivalent we deprive others of justice, and therefore deprive ourselves of the principle of truth, which is a more serious

loss to ourselves than the loss of money to the defrauded. The poor clamour for money; the rich crave for more; and the general desire is to obtain the greatest amount of reward by giving the least possible equivalent. Priests save souls and doctors cure bodies for money; law is sold to him who is able and willing to pay; fame and reputation and the semblance of love can be obtained for money; and the worth of man is expressed in the sum of pounds, shillings, and pence, which he may call his own."

Then turning to me, he said, "All this, John, is a gross worldly illusion. Try and never forget that—

"'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that;
And though you put the self same mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that
That makes the king a gentleman,
And no his crown and a' that.
And whether he be rich or puir,
The best he is for a' that,
That stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.'"

The old man then diverged (looking at me as if he read the thoughts of my very soul) into the philosophy of love. He talked long and learnedly on the subject, citing cases and illustrations from history—such as the love of Heloise to Abailard; Gœthe to Bettine; Marianna to Captain Chamilly; of how Napoleon greeted Josephine from Marmirolo, and sent a kiss to his wife's lap-dog; of Nelson battering down Copenhagen, and then composing verses to his Emma—Lady Hamilton; of how Marianna, with the strength and vehemence of the ancient Medea, wrote from the solitude of a religious house those love letters which are said to be the greatest literary achievement of Portugal; and "I will sum up," he said, "in the weighty words of a man of wisdom, who says: 'Love, to be strong, must be pure and unalloyed with selfish considerations. If we love a thing on account of the use we can make of it, we do not in reality love that thing, but ourselves. Pure love has only the well-being of its object in view; it does not calculate profits, and is not afraid of disadvantages that may grow out of its love. The intellect calculates, but love follows the

law of attraction. Impure love is weak and does not enter into its object; it may cause a ruffle on the soul of another, but does not penetrate to the centre. Pure love penetrates and cannot be resisted, unless it is opposed by another love of equal strength, but streaming in another direction. The most potent love potion a person can give another is to love that person without any selfish object in view. Pure love will infuse itself into the soul of the beloved, and call forth corresponding vibrations of love, because one mode of activity gives rise to similar modes according to the universal law of induction. If you wish to progress on the road to perfection take lessons in love. Learn to love the highest and you will be attracted by it. Seek in every man those qualities which appear to be high, and cover his mistakes by charity and love. If you speak ill of another you speak ill of yourself, because he who prominently notices the faults of another must have the elements of those faults in himself. A vain person is repulsed by the vanity of another; a liar expects from others the truth; a thief does not wish his own property taken away; virtues attract each other, producing harmony; but vices repulse each other, and discord is the result.' "

Simon discoursed away in this manner to my infinite delight for an hour, after which we went to bed.

There was, however, little sleep for me that evening, my thoughts wandered back to the gipsy girl and speculated on the reception I was likely to receive from her when I met her on the bridge according to appointment.

I determined to ask her to become my wife, as in my then state of mind I thought the world would be a poor world to me without her presence and company to gladden it. Having arrived at this point in my reflections I sank into slumber, but not to rest, for my sleep was disturbed by dreams—one exquisitely delightful followed by another terrifically horrible.

I imagined I was wandering with the queen of my heart adown the sylvan banks of a rippling stream, my arm encircling her waist, while she clung to me and looked up into my face with affectionate devotion. All nature seemed happy around us. The lark carolled in the blue empyrean; the thrush sang sweetly on a willow at our side; the very flowers seemed to rejoice as they nodded and glittered in the sun's rays, proudly disclosing their resplendent colours; the very stream seemed to laugh as it mean-

dered over its pebbly bed. But a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. I fancied I was on a lonely road in the centre of a wood. Nothing living was visible, and no habitation in sight; the wind moaned and howled through the trees, and a fitful light occasionally lit up the path which I trod when the moon happened for a moment to show her face, which she did occasionally, through a rift of the fast driving, stormy clouds.

I felt uneasy and terrified, and had the feeling that a lurking foe would suddenly pounce upon me and overpower me. Nor was I mistaken, for at a sudden turn of the road I encountered a tall dark form in a slouched hat, carrying a bludgeon in his hand, who without a word of warning felled me to the ground, and kneeling upon my breast, compressed my throat firmly with his left hand while his right hand held aloft a glittering knife, which he seemed ready the next moment to plunge into my bosom, when ——.

I found myself, the blanket and coverlets lying beside me, on the floor of the caravan, the sweat standing in beads on my forehead, and old Simon beside me saying,

"I rather doubt, John, you took more of that sour milk cheese last night than was good for you, and so brought on an attack of nightmare."

My mind soon recovered its equilibrium, and a good wash and a cup of coffee entirely obliterated from my memory the incidents of the dream, which I did not give much heed to, although I was inclined afterwards to believe it was in a certain degree prophetic.

The day passed slowly. How slow and leaden-footed is time when we are waiting the arrival of the trysting hour; but on this I need not expatiate, as all young lovers have experienced the feeling.

To kill time I wandered the village of Keith, and, directed by one of the inhabitants, I visited the romantic waterfall of Ternash in the neighbourhood, and after feasting my eyes on the beautiful cascade in the centre of the wood, I idly cut my initials on the limestone rock, alongside of hundreds that had been cut there in a similar manner, and which I suppose may be seen to this day by any one visiting this spot.

I met here a very intelligent old fellow who appeared to be brimful of all the legendary lore of the neighbourhood, and who among many other things told me that our national bard's great-great-grandfather was meal miller of Ternash, and about fory yard

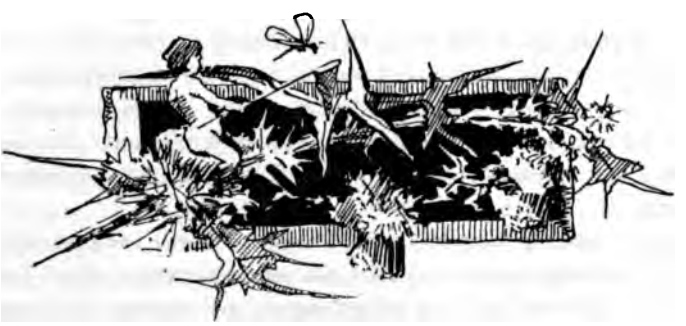
from the foot of the waterfall he pointed out the old race-course and some of the foundations of the mill—once wrought by honest John Burness.

Thus the day wore away. We again had a successful evening at the show, and when we finished business about eleven o'clock, I told old Simon that the moon was shining as clear as day, and that as I did not feel inclined for sleep, I would take a sharp walk for a mile or two in order to insure a sound night's repose.

"Well, well, John," said old Simon, and I could observe that there was a knowing smile on his face when he thus addressed me, "you can do so; but remember, my lad, to take good care of thyself, as poor old Simon would now, after having tasted of thy companionship, feel doubly lonely without you.

I replied cheerfully to the old man that there was nothing to fear, and directed my steps at a rapid pace to the bridge at the Dramlocks, where I had appointed to meet the gipsy girl.

(To be continued).



NATURE IN WHITE.

"Not slept the winds
Within their stormy caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Are torn up sheer."

—*Milton.*

HE earth is shut out, and the fields and woods are silent. Snow divots, like molten glue, cling tenaciously to the hob-nailed walking boots and turn hard—baked by the weight—drop off, and make walking an unpleasant pastime. The woodman's cart runs crisp and sings a winter song, the iron pressing the ice.

A chill breeze descended from the distant hill range months ago, and vagrant snow showers floated in the valley before the evening stars appeared. The winds carried off the last leafy remnants of the beech. Sharp frosts had withered them, and made them brittle, and a sudden blow sent them in the burn, where they only floated a little while. Down where the burn turns abruptly, those leaves settle and form into fine mould and become the hunting grounds of water-rats and birds. On such banks often the rarest of migrants settle for days. One season I have found the woodcock, another the pin-tailed duck, and in the latter season a native shot a golden-eyed duck and caught a heron while it was fighting with a mate. It is here also that one sees the first swallow dipping in the pool. Last year, early in April, I discovered a grey wagtail, which is by no means a common bird in northern counties. There is a sluice below the beds of mud and leaves, and including the water-ways, when the water is run off for repairing the sluice or approaches, the number of yellow trout captured by the village boys seems incredible. The burn is by no means large, nor the pool above the sluice, yet within the limits referred to I have seen over four hundred trout, averaging half a pound each, taken out within a couple of hours. Some of the bigger fish were lanky and ugly, but a boy brought a beauty ashore on one of his trips through

the mud. I measured it. From mouth to tail, it took up twenty-three inches. The girth of the body was ten and a half inches, and immediately above the tail it measured four inches. Its total in the scale was recorded as two pounds and thirteen ounces. In the country boys seldom angle with rod and flies. They pull off their boots and hose, tuck up their trousers, and bundle boots and hose in their jackets, tying all over their shoulders. Under the stones, and along the bank edge they search, and some are very adept at seizing the slippery bodies. A quick jerk lands the fish on the bank, where it tumbles for a time, then its head lies over a dock stem and the eyes lose their lustre. A convulsive twist of the gills—a sudden leap as if life throbbed afresh—the gills move again and the yellow body quivers spasmodically, a twitch and the head is still—the life passed away.

It is about the pond and the burns animal life congregates in winter. The boys who catch the trout in summer time know also the season when the birds are tame. The farm steadings between the pond and the hills look dark and cold when the boys cross over the fields with their primitive girns. Frost lies upon the feal-dyke, sparkling its icy diamonds in the winter's sun. Whole tracks of the lowlands are planted with fir trees, and it is only on the heather moors that trees are scarce. Almost every farmhouse is sheltered by a row of fir or other quick-growing timber, and it is these trees that attract the wandering birds. Trees are the stepping-stones to finches, thrushes, and others, during their migrations. The boys know that, although they cannot account for birds always clustering in the boughs. The gean trees and rowan bushes about an orchard are tempting to birds moving in the autumn. The local blackbirds value the gean specially.

Of our native fir trees, the larch, although the most valuable from a commercial point of view, is not so plentiful as spruce. Spruce grows quicker, and forms a shelter from the storms sooner than either a larch or a red barked Scotch fir. All fir trees, however, prove of vast service to beast and bird. The hag left in the woods becomes a secure hiding-place for the hare, and rabbits often seek its shelter. Pheasants are provided annually with huts formed of the tree tops, bracken, fern, and fallen branches. Firs are perennial in their colouring, although they are more or less tarnished by the time the autumn leaves begin to fall, and the crack of the rifle echoes across the glen. The snow falls gently on

the hills, but the firs stand in greenness, in colour as when the forester dug his spade in the peaty soil and pushed the tender rootlets under ground. He merely pressed the soil with his heavy boot and passed on, selecting another green wand before he cut the surface again. Straight, seeking the light of the heavens, growing steadily upwards, ever green. Green—while all around is white—green while the woodman rests his axe upon its cumbent stem.

Yet with it all, our native firs lack that touch of sympathy that human nature is ever prone to ask. There is no tender touch, no friendly averment in the history of a fir. It is devoid of seasonable compassion by its very greenness—its continuity of freshness—through summer shower and winter snow. The beech, sycamore, elm, and ash, possess that deciduous characteristic of give and take, of assimilating more freely with one's thoughts and sentiments of life and death, with the verdure of youth and the snows of age. Beech and ash take on their summer beauty, and the meadows are clothed in purple and gold, that fades and blooms again. Firs are green until axe or storm breaks their living tendrils. Theirs is one long line of growth. The same landscape of firs, without change, without human interest, facing the green uplands when the breath of summer floods the land; and with a harsh artless front bearing the crash of Arctic storm, with only a ghostly moan, as their needles rattle in the gusty winds. The soil that surrounds their spreading roots heaves with the rocking stems—great earthy billows. One advantage that must be placed on the side of the fir tree is that it will grow and thrive in desolate places. This doubtless accounts for the space the various varieties occupy in the highlands and islands of Scotland. And generally speaking, they take but a slight hold of the mould. This feature has proved a very weak point in their actual value of late. The gales of October, 1838, and November, 1893, proved conclusively that firs cannot stand northern blasts, as one would reasonably expect from their position and hardy natures. It must be granted that numbers of the trees were broken midway, but these were for the most part "gone" at the heart. There also seems to be no great care bestowed upon our forests as a rule. On many estates a reliable forester is not employed, and on others the duties are simply undertaken by the gardener or orra-man about the mansion-house. No judicious felling or planting is practised, and

as a consequence, the brown touchwood of the broken trees indicates the forest monarch has warred with decay for many years. When a gale arises, the heavy head of the fir catches the wind, and bending suddenly before a sharp gust, cracks off at the weakest part. On many of the higher slopes, as well as on the low grounds, whole woods of fir broke their anchorage, partly by the force of that November gale, and to some extent by the one tree falling against its neighbour. Some of the breaches made by the wind remind one of the work of a mower in the hayfield. One might imagine a huge scythe entering at the wood-edge and laying the trees, as the sharp blade would the clover heads and grasses. The great fir roots, loaded with tons of earth and moss and bracken, stand out above the snow wreaths like gigantic rocks. Only a few years and lichen, grasses, and ferns will gather round the wrecks, and sun and rain and frost gradually level down the inequalities that mark the landscape now.

As morning dawns, rumours of the rural postman having lost his way, of sheep buried in the drift, and outlying dwellings cut off from all communication, reach the village. The boys find siskins, bullfinches, chaffinches, redpolls, hedge sparrows, tits, blackbirds, and thrushes, in the village gardens. The storm uphill has sent them nearer the city and the sea. A tree creeper digs the moss from the beech tree trunk and hunts the plantation within a yard of the observer. Where the snowdrops first break the ground the snipe runs, peering under the banks and turning up the soft miry edges of the burn. He is a solitary wanderer, but lives where other birds would starve. If the frost holds, he goes further south, and often ekes out his days on the border of the sea. The moor hens—or as we more correctly term them, water hens—are semi-tame even in summer, but in winter they feed with the farm ducks and pick up crumbs with the sparrows at the kitchen door. Wild geese settle in the mill pond, and explore the lead when the snow gets deeper. They love the mud and dead leaves which gather by the margin of the waters, but in the sunlight they sit out on the ice-floe to guard against surprise. Geese are very wary birds, and when they change their feeding grounds they rise high above the level of the land. I have often seen them trooping their aerial way towards the sea in a starry night, and have surprised them as they rounded the hill front before they took the valley. They breed on the marshy lands

over the neighbouring hills, and it is only when the bare arms of the beech trees are swaying that they lodge about the lowland lochs. The wind creeps with a low whistling moan through the pine woods, and as the gathering storm bursts, sending its sleety showers down the ravine, the geese wisely draw towards civilization. Branches crackle and reedy wands shake in gusts, touching the ice-bound burn in its flow. Hungry pheasants go out into the roadway, associating with the finches and rooks. And as the sleet is driven from the north hill, and the dense misty flakes hang between the sky and earth, the peewits weirdly scream over the fields unseen.

The landscape is merely an impression—all uncertainty—almost mythical. On the tree crests the sun will fall and brighten the marshy pools below, and again dip behind the shroud of dancing snowflakes. The geese are restless, questioning the quietude. They indicate their wariness by their moving nearer the fir wood beyond. But there is a bird that boys speak of as the water-craw, alias dipper. Water-craw and dipper are both appropriate names. It is of the water, and almost black in colour, with a white breast. It is a dipper because it dips and dips almost incessantly in the stream, and even on the brook stones it bobs and sways its little plump body. That bird of all birds loves the running burns. It sits by the brook edge and ploughs the water awhile, then runs into the stream, rippling the water in tiny sprays. It is a keen fisher in the shallows and the little currents that pass over the pebbly beds. It seems not to care although icy breezes blow, or whether the meadows be hard bound and Lapland snows cover the face of the earth. It sings in winter, and seldom leaves its native burn. Most of our birds move more or less with the storms, but the dipper is not of them. Other birds go, and foreign ornithology occupy their places for a time. Many of the latter are written in the collector's note-book *rara avis*, although very often the neighbouring county possessed their nests. The little auks, that have not known such an unkind winter as this since 1881, I do not catalogue as indigenous to our isles. It is a true *rara avis*. Of late, vast numbers have been strewn along our coasts, and their frozen bodies gathered many miles inland. One was found at the base of the Grampian range. It is a true maritime specimen of ornithology, feeding, sleeping its life away mid the white curling waves of the ocean.

To traverse the woods in winter, knee-deep in snow, and pilot oneself round the upstanding roots and over the cumbent stems is no easy task. The hoarse croak of a hooded crow comes from a standing fir, and a blue tit perches on a tall reed that rises from a drift on the corry side. As I near the turnpike I hear the whistle of the carrier. He whistles to forget the cold and make the miles seem shorter. His van moves easy now, for the snow plough has gone down the strath. On my way home I passed it, where it had got blocked in a drift and had been left until the dawn. The night comes down quickly in winter and settles on hill and plain, forest and river. A mysterious filmy atmosphere that has no name, no title in the world of science or art, is present, and hangs between the distant horizon and the northern hills. Horizon and hill tops fade slowly, and the hill and sky become one great whole. The huge vapoury curtain of moving gloom creeps down the valley, blotting out the farmyards and fields. Slowly up the meadows it climbs, and the thrush moves in its retreat—restless. This seeming motionless shadow nears the road edge, passes beyond, and I am in the darkness, treading with crisping noise the newly fallen snowflakes. I can only guess at the presence of my deerhound by his cold nose touching my bare hand at times, as he keeps pace with my stride. In the country there are no gas jets to light the way. My path is cut out by the snow plough, and the white walls heaped on either side keep me in true line. The south mail with its gaslight and its white smoke crosses the shire, and carries the stream of light from city—past village and farm—to city, while darkness clings around the long drawn line of metal rails.

The mat pushed against the door, the lamp lit, I read of the ebb and flow of the world's tide.

A. Nicol Simpson.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oorsels as others see us."—*Burns.*

CHARACTER BUREAU.

CONDUCTED

BY

JAMES COATES, Ph.D., F.A.S., Rothesay, N.B.

(Author of "How to Read Faces," "Scientific Physiognomy," &c.

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men may read strange things."
Shakespeare.

Subscribers for one half-year of "Caledonia" are entitled to one delineation of character from photograph, or handwriting, *Free.*

THE NOMINAL FEE OF ONE SHILLING. A delineation of character, and a copy of magazine containing it, will be forwarded to any address in the United Kingdom.

For Physiognomical Readings, send photographs; for Graphological, any specimen of handwriting, with usual signature preferred.

All letters for this department to be addressed, "Character Bureau," 23 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

CHARACTER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

SPERO (Forfar).—This young lady is of the mental-motive temperament, which renders her lithe in form, active and bouyant in disposition. The organisation is fine, which contributes to power and integrity. Her features are sufficiently marked and favourably defined to indicate a good hold upon life, excellent health, and probable longevity. Her forehead indicates a favourable degree of intelligence, mental alertness, and capacity to gather in facts. Excellent memory. Closeness of eye-

brows to eyes, shrewdness and penetration; full clear eyes, monogamy or conjugality; expression of eyes and fulness underneath, language; also fulness of lips, warmth, friendship, and excitability; moderately rounded facial muscles, geniality, The original has an active and happy rather than a profound and fore-seeing type of mind. Somewhat impulsive and positive, but in general much esteemed by those who know her.

DOROTHY L. (Glasgow).—A head and face like this deserves a much better photograph. The expansive brow, arched eyebrows, and the clear full eyes, exhibit vivacity, clearmindedness, a genial disposition, kindly humour, clear, crisp and bright, such as only a Scot can thoroughly appreciate. The height of head shows moral worth, and a superior tone of mind. Superior width of head at top, refinement, ideality and taste. The lower face harmonizes with the upper, a fortune feature; it shows affection, balanced by intellect, trustfulness and devotedness. There is capacity of sacrifice, and such womanliness that she would make a capital doctor's wife, but the doctor must also be capital, a man as well as a doctor.

STANLEY (Perth).—Has the physique of a man, for he is a strapping and well built young fellow; he also possesses such delicacy and refinement and delicacy of features, which point out that in general character he approximates to his mother, just as his features do, in physical strength, to his father, as his general build indicates. These characteristics point out, that his parents are, or were, not only healthy, but very sensitive and affectionate. Of such inherited endowments he should be justly proud. To succeed in life, however, he must have *more ambition*. There seems to be a want of incentive, to break down his constitutional *love of ease*. This is his weak point.

JACK (Paisley). I should not be surprised if this young fellow does not make his mark in life. The quality of his organisation shows refinement of structure and superiority and ideality in mind. There is sufficient strength bone and muscle to keep the balance true. He has a powerful and practical brain for his years and should be a very successful student; lines of study should lie in the direction of either manufacturing chemistry; electricity or civil engineering. His natural constructive abilities equal his ability to study. Possessed of a strong sense of character, he has no false pride and will stoop to perform any menial duty, necessary to his future success.

FROM HAND-WRITING.

BERT (Edinburgh).—This style of handwriting always gives pain, whatever qualities of intellect and business he possesses; he also wants

much which is described in character. He lacks manliness, he is vain, selfish, and effiminate. He is too sensitive to all matters personal, and I should think too much of a fop. There is an amount of amiable weakness in the rounded forms of the capitals, a good pretension and affectation in all the silly flourishes. There is enough vanity, conceit and imagination in his *handicraft* to make the writer a good liar. He is ambitious, the son of some doting mother, who gives or has given him too much latitude. He possesses some talent, lacks concentration, and suffers on the whole from lack of wholesome discipline.

MARTHA (Edinburgh).—This lady's handwriting is that of a person who thoroughly understands her own mind. She thinks and tries to decide things in advance. While she can express herself fully, she has also great power of reserve. She is courteous, diplomatic, self-conscious, by no means indifferent to effect, withal generous, beneficent, and sympathetic. Is orderly and careful of details. Perhaps loses a good deal of time over little things. Is affectionate, has a sympathetic nature, and *yet* is in danger of being old maidish, critical and hard to please in her *beau ideal*. Is *reliable*, sympathetic, tasteful, a lover of nattiness in her surroundings. Her friends will be select, intellectual and honourable.

EDITH (Arbroath).—Has a generous, amiable and kindly nature. Not exactly philanthropic but kindly. She has not the largeness of intellect or purpose to make the philanthropist, but she is kindly and womanly. Possesses sufficient temper and decision of character to check imposition when she detects it. The peaceable, peace-loving elements in character, are in general in the ascendancy. She has a good endowment of womanly *nous*, capacity to read and understand children, friends, servants. Her happiness in life, and the joy and peace of her household, will be due in larger measure to these excellent qualities.

SCOTT (Forfar).—This young man has a fine-grained temperament and possesses an energetic and buoyant disposition. He is keenly susceptible to the influence of the opposite sex, and possessing a good deal of conscientious stamina it is probable he will seek that influence, where the society of the best women in his circle can be found. Energy, forethought and manliness he possesses in a marked degree. He is ambitious and anxious to excel. His present sphere is too limited. Forfar like Peebles may be "a grand place for pleasure," but I have serious doubts as a place for business, especially as affording scope to his powers.

ASTROLOGICAL BUREAU.

FREE HOROSCOPES.

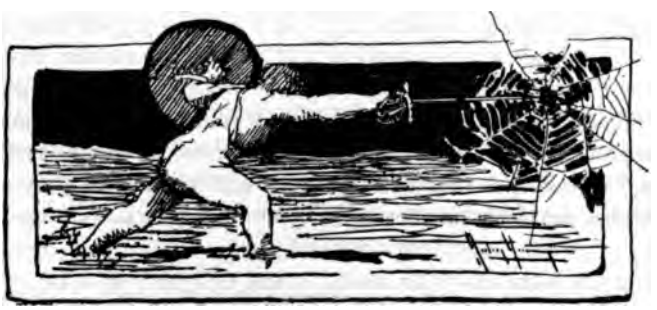
A Free Horoscope—giving a full astrological delineation of character, with prognostications as to health, wealth, weal or woe, *Fate* has in store, will be sent to each subscriber for twelve numbers of "Caledonia." The following rules to be observed :—

1. State sex, place, day, and hour of birth.
2. Send a stamped and directed foolscap envelope.
3. All letters in this department to be addressed to "Astrological Bureau," 23 Bridge St., Aberdeen.

ASTROLOGICAL QUERIES.

Each subscriber, as above, in lieu of a Horoscope, may ask three questions respecting his or her life.

Mr. Wilde, the celebrated Astrologer of Halifax, conducts this department.



"THERE is a time when Art burrows in the dark, when its activities are underground, planting the roots of a new beauty."

Few, I believe, would agree with me if I said that our Scottish Art, since it sprang into being, had at any time burrowed in the dark; but all must acknowledge that our Art, for the past month or so, has flowered and borne fruit, giving abundant evidence of a long but steady growth and healthy development.

Four recent events bring Scottish art into unusual prominence, namely, the opening of the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition in Edinburgh; the Institute of Fine Arts in Glasgow; "Scotland—her old masters," at the Grafton Gallery, London; and a smaller exhibition in the same city by four of our younger artists.

We are also favoured by a lengthy article in Harper's Magazine for February on the Glasgow School. Our book-binding is likewise noticed in the Magazine of Art.

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Extremely varied are the opinions afloat as to the merits and demerits, artistic or otherwise, of our two Annual Exhibitions. On the one hand, they are simply "popular," "not up to the *general status quo*"; on the other hand, "Better than the Royal Academy, London," "eclipsing all previous efforts," etc., etc., all of course reflecting the personal impressions of the different writers.

With pictures such as the "Kelpie," by T. Mellis Dow; "Vanity Fair," by J. E. Christie; the portraits of J. Lavery, J. Guthrie, E. A. Walton, and Sir G. Reid, the *genre* work of Martin Hardie, R.

S. Macgregor, and Alexander Roche; the landscapes of Sir G. Reid and R. Noble, and many other works of outstanding merit, a triumphant list of brilliant and successful individual effort, may be adduced to uphold a high position for our present Scottish School. But to what extent is this modern school characteristic of the land of its birth, and how far can it be called truly and distinctly national?

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Jameson was styled our Scottish Vandyke, and his work distinctly shows this foreign influence, so far as manner goes. Raeburn was at times undoubtedly influenced by Reynolds, but he has left us many treasures revealing great powers of technique with a sympathetic rendering of the native strength of character belonging to the people of his own life and times.

Wilkie was intensely Scotch, Chalmers and Pettie endowed their canvasses with national feeling akin to that which is the life and spirit of our Scottish Songs.

But to-day we are much the same as other nations in this respect, we acknowledge Art as a universal language to be used as a means for the expression of the beautiful alone. With our ablest men it is a thing sufficient in itself, and Art is pursued for Art's sake.

The home-life of to-day or of times gone by is to a great extent neglected, or left to the painter whose artistic enthusiasm is mixed with patriotism and politics, and his work seems to suffer from the mixture.

Our Art has never reached the same national position, or touched the same patriotic spirit as Scottish Song; and now I fear the opportunity has passed, and we will look in vain for a Burns in painting. At present the whole field seems to be occupied by the litterateur.

The modern Scottish School has certainly gained a creditable position in the artistic world, but it is not by means of any peculiarly national characteristic as obtains, for instance, with our younger school of story-writers. The general public delight to distinguish things Scottish from that which bears the stamp of any other nationality.

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Mr Martin Hardie and Mr G. W. Johnstone have been elected to the rank of Academicians of the R. S. Academy. Mr Hardie is

a native of East Linton, and is a painter who has done much for ourNational Art by his two important pictures of Burns. Mr Johnstone hails from the historic little village of Glamis; he is a landscape painter, whose work is well known beyond the borders as well as at home.

* * * * * *

An excellent medallion portrait of Thomas Carlyle, modelled in wax by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, has been placed in the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh. It is the original from which bronze and silver medals were struck for subscribers on Carlyle's eightieth birthday. This excellent piece of workmanship is very characteristic of the Sage of Chelsea.

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Under the bequest of Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, the Scottish National Gallery and the Portrait Gallery have been enriched by a valuable addition each—the former by a family group of the donors, painted in Raeburn's best style; the latter by a portrait of Margaret, mother of James V., which is attributed to Mabuse.

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A statue of Burns's Highland Mary is to be erected on the rocks skirting the beach at Dunoon. W. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., has produced an excellent design for the work, which is intended to be unveiled on the centenary of the Poet's death, 21st July, 1896.

J. YOUNG.

Echoes from the Sanctum.

PROVERBS have been well defined as "The concentrated wisdom of ages." They have also been called "The thoughts of many and the wit of one." We have some reason to congratulate ourselves if all this be true, because according to proverbial weather saws, snow storms in February presage good luck in the future, an early spring free from frosts that nip the tender plants and blossoms, a genial summer with warm sunshine to ripen the crops, and a pleasant autumn to make the various fruits of the earth fit for being stored in the granary.

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Let us see what the concentrated wisdom of ages has got to say about February weather:—

> "February fill the dyke either wi' black or white:
> But if white the better to like."

Of course this means that our ditches are to be filled with rain or snow, but if snow so much the better. We really deserve some

compensation for all we have been made to suffer by blissard, snow, frost and rime, during the past month; by all means let us try to believe that we will.

* * * * * *

In order to clinch the certainty of the good in store for us, there is yet another proverb which says:—

"A' the months o' the year curse a fair February."

There will be no need for the other eleven months of the year to curse the bygone February. If there is to be any cursing—it will come from those to whom the bitter blast has brought bronchitis and rheumatism, and catarrh and chilblains, and from the poor to whom it has brought hunger, cold and death.

* * * * * *

It would seem from the above that good weather in February is looked on as an unfavourable sympton of what is to follow—for in England we find they have yet another proverb on the subject:—

"The Welshman would rather see his dam on her bier:
Than see a fair Februeer."

* * * * * *

Burns tells us in his Common-place Book that there was scarcely anything earthly gave him more pleasure than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood on a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plains. "It is my best season," he says, "for devotion; my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who in the language of the Hebrew bard 'walks on the wings of the wind.'" In one of these moods he composed Winter, a Dirge—the first stanza of which it would be hard to match as a picture of a wild winter snow storm:—

"The wintry west extends his blast
And hail and rain does blaw:
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae:
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day."

* * * * * *

It would not require an expert in Physiognomy to tell, even looking at the portrait only, that the poor fellow Reginald Saunderson, who killed the girl Augusta Dawes at Kensington, was in such a mental condition that he was not in any respect responsible for his action. The law with regard to the mentally weak is not so clear as it should be, it wants applicability to individual cases; and then the law on this question gives too much power to a judge, for the power rests entirely with him of admitting or excluding expert medical evidence.

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In connection with this case of Saunderson, it would be well to keep in mind the speech delivered by that great authority on mental disease, Dr. Weatherly, to the Bristol conference the other day. When speaking of his experience in asylums, he said:—

"We can show you cases of general weakening and deficiency of the intellectual powers, of the will and of the control of emotion, and yet the capability of knowing right from wrong still exists. We can ask you to examine a patient whose mind is full of delusions, hullucinations, and illusions of one or all the senses, and yet defy you to prove the absence of this specific knowledge. We can point out to you patients who are at times the subjects of transitory fury, and of whom, if we were put on our oath, we could not affirm that they did not know that they were acting contrary to the law of the land. We can take you to one man who reasons insanely on sane premises; to another whose sane reasoning is built on insane foundations; and yet to another who bases his insane reasoning on

insane grounds, and yet all will have that knowledge which makes them in the eyes of the law responsible beings. Any one of these people may commit a crime by reason of their mental disease, and may well know at the time that such act is wrong and against the law of the land. Should we hold them responsible for their insane condition? Certainly not. Why, then, should the law consider them responsible for a crime which can be proved to be directly the outcome of their brain affection?"

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"Eccentricity of Youth Leading up to Crime" is the title of a book written by Dr. Forbes Winslow. The Doctor draws attention to the fact that many of the young men whom their friends call peculiar are in reality insane, and ought to be under care, as they are liable at any moment to commit a sudden criminal act, and thus these eccentric youths become dangerous pests to Society.

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In *Blackwood*, the other day, John Skelton records some delightful reminiscenes of James Anthony Froude. He gives among the rest an extract from a letter of Froude's, dated the 21st June, 1871, which is worthy of reproduction, because, as Skelton tells as, it is almost the only time his friend alluded to the charges of inaccuracy that were unjustly brought against him by Freeman and others. When speaking of an article in the *Quarterly*, Froude writes:—"I never resented anything more than that article. I felt as if I was tied to a post, and a mere ass was brought up to kick me. Some day I think I shall take the Reviewers all round, and give them a piece of my mind. I acknowledge to five real mistakes in the whole book—twelve volumes—about twenty trifling slips, equivalent to i's not dotted and t's not crossed. Every one of the rascals has made a dozen blunders of his own, too, while detecting one of mine."

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So much for what we might call the real critics, so what are we to say about the small fry? Those busybodies who are every morning discovering some great genius who is to revolutionise the world of letters: they have been well described by a philosopher as "men of the most restricted reading, totally ignorant of the literature of any department of thought. Yet they do not hesitate to style a man original, if he has enlightened or surprised, or

agitated *their* minds, thus making their own ignorance a standard of judgment."

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In thinking about the noble work carried on by William Quarrier in Glasgow, and at the Orphan Homes at the Bridge-of-Weir, I could not help being struck by his methods, which may be shortly put down in three heads: *First*—His entire dependence on Providence for the supply of funds. *Second*—Destitution being the *only* title of admission, and *Third*—The preserving of the individuality of the orphans—or trying to do so—by bringing them up in separate Homes under the charge of a step-father and step-mother. Every one who is in any degree of a devotional or religious tendeney, *must* acknowledge that God's hand is in the work, and that Mr. Quarrier is a fit and worthy disciple of the MASTER.

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We hope, with the help of our subscribers, before the end of this year to get a fund established wherewith to erect, at the Bridge-of-Weir, a "Caledonia Home." "Fear not little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

* * * * * *

There is a bright little magazine, written, printed and published by my friend Mr. Peter Davidson of Loudsville, White Co. Ga., U.S. America, which he has well named "The Morning Star." It is now in the 10th Number of the third volume. It only costs five cents a number, and can be got from the Agent for Scotland, Bernard Goodwin, 24 Crawford Street, Partick. This *Magazine* is always choke full of original articles of great erudition, strength and beauty, and the reader can see that the author is a man very deeply read "In Nature's infinite book of mystery."

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There is an article in the January number entitled "Strange Freaks in Nature—What is Electricity," in which we are told that savants have at last captured the passage of this strange fluid—Electricity—and fixed its image by means of photography. A learned Russian gentleman, M. de Narkiewicz-Iodko, member of the Imperial Institute of Medicine at St. Petersburg, lately left his home to bring to his learned confreres at Paris a series of photographs doubly interesting through the profound connection which they show between Electricity and the human organism.

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"The French savants who have lately assembled with him are specially occupied in these studies; they have with interest examined the very curious photographs that M. de Naskiewicz has made of magnetic sparks obtained by him from the surface of the human body. These proofs take the form of a luminous ball, presenting more or less brilliancy, taking on delicate forms of Arborescence, such as trees, plants, etc., according as to whether the subject may be Anœmic, Nervous, Sanguine, or exceptionally vigorous. In the latter case the image upon the plate appears as a veritable explosion of electric molecules. A new science is born, the realms of real magic are opening up, and at least one of the transformations of the *Akasa*, the *Astral Virgin*, or *Anima Mundi* are herein encroached upon."

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"It is only a few years back since the late Professor Tyndal ushered us into a new world, peopled with the most gorgeous airy shapes, phenomena of the most ravishing beauty. The vapours of certain volatile Liquids, Nitrates, Iodides and Acids are subjected to the action of concentrated sun-light, or to the concentrated beam of the electric light, in an experimental tube lying horizontally, in such a manner that the axis of the tube and that of the paralled beams of light are coincident. The vapours form clouds of gorgeous tints, arranging themselves into the shapes of cones, shells, tulips, roses, sunflowers. 'In one case,' he tells us, 'the cloud-bud grew rapidly into a serpent's head, a mouth was formed, and from the cloud a cord of cloud resembling a tongue was discharged.' Finally to crown all the marvels 'once it positively assumed the form of a fish, with eyes, gills, and feelers.' The twoness of the animal form was displayed throughout, and no disk, coil, or speck, existed on the one side that did not exist on the other."

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Mr. Davidson, in concluding his interesting article, asks the question, "Why is it that those sparks took on arborescent forms, why do the soundwaves describe such beautiful figures, how account for the fish, the serpent's head, the flowers of diffierent varieties, the shells? How is it that in the above experiment such weird and significant images appear. Occultism alone solves the difficulty. Those who have given little or no attention to the subject will be surprised to find how much was known in former days of that

all-pervading subtle principle, which has recently been baptised *The Universal Ether*. The ancient Sages or Magi of all schools and countries produced their wonders, because they were perfectly familiar with the imponderable—in their effects—but otherwise perfectly tangible waves of the *Astral Light*."

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Can any of my antiquarian friends favour me with a short Sketch of the life of a once celebrated Jacobite Ballad Singer, a native of Aberdeenshire, named Charles Leslie. He died, I am told, in the year 1782, in the 105th year of his age. I have a curious print, said to be a Portrait of this worthy, and if I could get a sketch of his history, I would give both a place in the pages of "Caledonia."

* * * * * *

I cannot but feel gratified and not a little proud at the brilliant reception that has been accorded—I may say by nearly all the Scottish newspaper press—to our humble efforts to produce a really National Scottish Magazine. I have to assure these kind friends—one and all—that as we proceed with our work a still greater degree of interest will be imported into our columns.

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Arrangements are pending with some talented writers for papers on the following literary, historical, and biographical subjects, viz.: (1) "Scotland's Sweet Singers," from James the I. of Scotland to William Thom of Inverurie (with portraits); (2) "The Honours of Scotland," being a history of our Regalia, which is a very strange and curious one, with illustrations; and (3) "Biographical Sketches of Remarkable Scotsmen," with portraits. This series will include such historical characters as:—The Admirable Crichton; John o' Groat; Lord Lovat; Patie Birnie, the Fiddler of Kinghorn; John Law, the Author of the Mississippi Scheme; William Brodie, City Councillor and Housebreaker; William Douglas; Duke of Queensferry, and many others.

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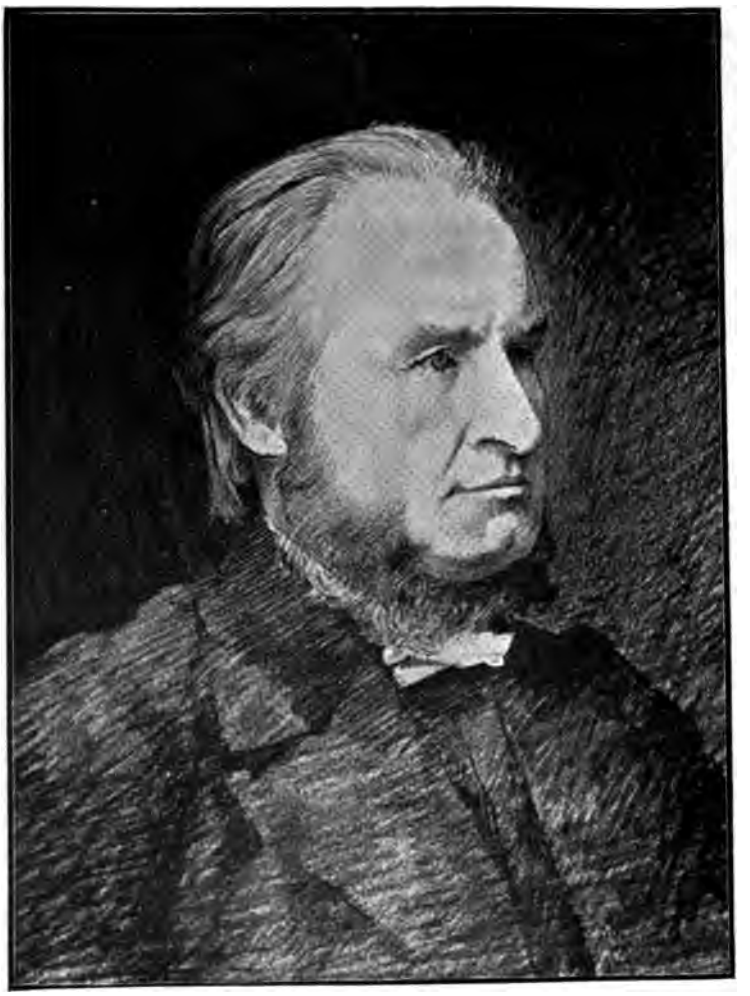
The byeways of Scottish History have hitherto somehow been, to a great extent, unexplored, and it shall be the mission of "Caledonia" to try and remedy this, by putting on record many matters pertaining to the "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood," which might otherwise have slipped into the limbo of oblivion.

ALEXANDER LOWSON.



REV. DR. WHYTE

" Who hath not glowed above the page where fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;
The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command!

* * * * * *

That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath,
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine,
The blood which flowed with Wallace flows as free,
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee."

Sair'd Him Richt.

He

"O, come awa', Mary, ne'er be sae camstarie,
An' roam 'mong the knowes whaur naebody may see;
Losh, what can be ailin'—has daddie been railin'—
An' fley'd the blythe looks ye ance cuist upon me."

She

"Ye blaw o' your lasses as straucht as the rashes,
To tryst sic a warbie they're needfu', I ween,
A wee bechlin youchal, puir bowleggit drochle,
Wi sic a vain ablich I wadna be seen.

"There's young hirtchin Leezie ootbye at Auchlishie,
Gin ye saw hoo she lauchs when even'd to you;
An' shauchlin Kate Morgan, ye think sic a bargain,
Says gin ye spak' till her she's sure she wad spue.

"Try dumpie Bess Rankin, her een set for winkin',
An' shauchlin Meg Low, wi ae shouther agee;
Or lang rachlie Nannie, thro' age growin' cannie,
Gae wa'—for ye'll ne'er mak' a bauchle o' me."

THRUMS. W. LINDSAY.

By The Editor.

No. IV.

Rev. Dr. WHYTE,

PREACHER.

"I say the Pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand—
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause."

—*Cowper.*

HE love of sermons has been for many generations a characteristic of the people of Scotland, and the respect and veneration we entertain for our great divines has been in the past, and even is in the present, little short of worship. The thunder of a Knox, the wonderful oratory of a Chalmers, the melting, pathetic simplicity of a Guthrie, are as it were, woven into the fabric of our national history.

Whatever we may think of the wisdom of the stand that the old Cameronians took for conscience sake, we cannot withhold from them our respect and admiration.

The history of religion in any nation is to a very great extent

the history of that nation, because the best minds of all ages have been trained to the service of the Church, and the gifted men who have come to the front as preachers have always to a wonderful extent moulded the customs, manners and education of the common people.

The little town of Kirriemuir, in which the subject of our sketch was born, has been remarkable for many things, not the least of them being the excellence of its ministers; who have at all times dispensed to its people the Bread of Life. Of course this could only live along with a deep religious feeling in the community. The little red-town of a few thousand inhabitants, so pleasantly situated on the brow of the Braes of Angus, is also famous for the abundant crop of preachers, poets, novelists, artists, and editors it has from time to time given to the world. Out of a long list I may name three, who stand prominently forward in different fields of thought, viz: Sir Charles Lyell, Geologist; Mr. Lawson, Editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*, now of London; and Dr. Alexander Whyte, the famous preacher of Free St. George's, Edinburgh.

From having come into personal contact with many of the working men in Kirriemuir, men in very humble positions in life, I can say that they are, as a rule, above the average in knowledge and intelligence. Some of these men are deeply read in literature and philosophy, so there is little wonder, when the average is so high, that out of their ranks there should have come, from time to time, men whose name and fame have become world-wide,—men who are ornaments to, and benefactors of their species.

The working people in the small towns of Scotland, fifty years ago—before the introduction of steam power—were a different race to what they are to-day. Notwithstanding the twenty years we have had of the system of National Education, the increased facilities for acquiring knowledge afforded by free libraries, free lectures and penny newspapers, yet it would seem that, intellectually, they have taken *two steps* backwards. Men of the people have become mere machines—the factory system has so driven the life and spirit out of the most of them, that they have lost all power of thinking for themselves. They have become so much slaves of the ring—if they have a mind of their own they cannot, or perhaps dare not show it. Our material prosperity has been much increased—but what a price has been paid for this prosperity—it has been bought at the price of strength, health,

and intelligence. There is a true, sound ring in the sentiments of the minor poet who sang:—

"Lang syne, among the weavers there were sober thoughtfu' men,
Wha's only wealth was rowth o' books in their wee but an' ben;
The mists o' ancient history they could wi' ease dispel,
An' licht and triflin' seemed the task when to their hands it fell.

"An' when the poets they took up, o' this there was nae en',
It seemed nae minstrel e'er had liv'd o' whilk they didna ken;
Theocritus they could discuss, an' Homer's lofty lays,
An' ither bards that learned men delight to laud an' praise.

"O' this translation an' o' that they could the beauties trace,
An' to each honour'd name assign its station an' its place;
While Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Gray, and famous Dr. Young,
They could recite wi' keen delight, and quote wi' ready tongue.

"Oor Scottish poets, too, they could dissect wi' meikle skill,
An' mony a kindly word they spoke o' Hogg an' Tannahill,
While Ramsay, Ferguson, and Scott, they took them a' by turns,
But nane o' them got half the praise they gied to Robby Burns."

And then when our poet comes to speak about the question of religion he sings:—

"The grave seceding elder, crown'd wi' locks o' silver gray,
Had mony a quaint remark to mak' and pointed thing to say,
For he had searched its every nook, the kirk an' state domain,
An' could the darkest riddles read, an' duty's path make plain."

It was among men of the above stamp that Dr. Whyte had the good fortune to pass the days of his boyhood. We are told that the sum total of his scholastic acquirements when a boy, was that he had only learned to read. His love for books, even from his earliest days, was quite a passion. All the public libraries of the town of Kirriemuir he had devoured.

There is a story told that when he was one day seated on a tombstone in the Kirkyard of the Parish Church, a man named James Mills, the father of my good friend W. B. Mills of the *Observer*, asked young Whyte what book it was he was so anxiously poring over. When told that it was Milton's Paradise Lost, he said, "Ah, my good boy, you are I doubt wading beyond your depth," but on entering into conversation with the young reader he found to his surprise

that he fully comprehended the classic poetry he was so diligently perusing.

James Mills, although only a working plasterer, was a man of much solid learning, with a fine literary taste and well up in mathematics.

After this little episode in the Kirkyard, Mr. Mills took a deep interest in the intellectual culture of the clever boy—so that Alexander Whyte, at this period of his life, profited much from his intercourse with a man whom dame Nature had endowed with a fine brain and a warm heart.

For the mutual improvement of a small circle of literary working men, Mr. Mills kept in his house some of the leading periodicals of the day, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Hogg's Instructor*, and *The Young Mens' Magazine*, a first-rate Glasgow publication. These literary working men also had besides many other valuable books which they kept for reference, such as a copy of the Popular Encyclopedia or Conversation Lexicon—and a copy of the famous Penny Encyclopedia. By this time Alexander Whyte was working as an apprentice with one James Ogilvie, a shoemaker—but after he became acquainted with Mr. Mills, and was welcomed to the use of his books and periodicals—he was there after work hours, reading, always reading, every night, and on Saturday nights he would sit and read far into the Sunday morning.

Strange to tell, Alexander Whyte was fifteen years of age before he was initiated into the mysteries of arithmetic. Three young men—John Dickson, Jemmy Hall and John Wilkie—all hand-loom weavers, agreed to meet along with Whyte in Hall's house three times a week to study this branch of learning. John Dickson, as the one best up in the science, was teacher—I use John's words when speaking to me of the future great preacher at this period of his life:—

"You see," he said, "Dr. Whyte when a laddie had sic a thirst for reading, that it was wi' great difficulty I could get him to fix his mind on any figures." "But," John also added, "he was always a man with a mind for considering first principles: he only needed to have the rule explained to him thoroughly, when he at once mastered the whole thing."

This little school where Dr. Whyte first got the elements of his mathematical training, began in the month of May in one of the early fifties, and only was continued until the fall of the year, when

it was broken up by Dickson and Hall and Wilkie requiring to go to work on the harvest field.

Ill equipped as our young man was in learning himself, still he managed somehow to get appointed as schoolmaster to a small hedge-side school in the little village of Padanarm, a few houses that stand on the roadside about half-way between the towns of Forfar and Kirriemuir. For his work here he was promised the modest salary of seven shillings a week, which small sum was only paid sometimes.

I remember the school of Padanarm well: it was held in a small room on the west end of the house of an old friend of mine, named David Milne, and I think I am right in stating that David's contribution to the cause of education in his parish, was that he gave this room rent free. David was a character, and he and his brother Willie lived in a room in the east end of the house, and their loom-shop was in the middle between the school-room and their dwelling-room; there was no woman body about the premises, so that the Milnes had the distinction—if that is the proper name for it—of having the dirtiest dwelling in the county. Yet among the litter with which every corner of the house was strewed, I have often seen lying among that litter many valuable books, such as *Chambers's Information for the People, Butler's Analogy* and *Scots Worthies*. A more honest, innocent, God-fearing man than old David Milne never breathed God's air, but he was choke full of the most extraordinary eccentricities.

It was in this small school that the future Edinburgh minister first embarked on his professional career, at a salary that would not enable him to feed on better fare than oatmeal and milk, and without the means to put a decent coat on his back. However, his hardy spirit, strong mind, and fixed purpose to achieve distinction bore him up. In tracing the events of Dr. Whyte's early days, it has seemed to me that some unseen power always arose in the time of need to help him along. As we go on with the strange story of his education this will become quite apparent.

The scholars at this little hedge-side school at Padanarm were all the children of the poor, as the better class of farmers sent their sons and daughters to the academies of Forfar or Kirriemuir. After teaching here for a year he, by the kind influence of the Rev. Mr. Livingstone, the Free Church Minister of Kirriemuir, was

appointed to be teacher of the Free Church School in the parish of Airlie, at a fixed salary of £10 a year and the fees.

Mr. Whyte now had money for the first time in his life to enable him to buy books and to live in something like comfort. The Rev. David Whyte—a very able and good man: then Free Church minister in the parish of Airlie; took a deep interest in the school presided over by his namesake—who, by the bye, was no relation,—the rev. gentleman visited the school every day.

The young Mr. Whyte had been teaching at Airlie for about a year before he told the minister that his education had been so meagre, that he had no Latin and no Greek. Old Mr. Whyte reproached him very much when he told him this, for not doing so at first, because as, he put it, he had lost a year of valuable time.

The good minister at once began to teach the teacher. At the end of another year young Mr. Whyte wanted to go off to the college of Aberdeen; but this the minister would not hear of, because he said it would be the height of folly, as he would find he would only from his limited knowledge of the languages be a drag in the classes; and at last got him to remain under his tuition for another year.

At the end of his third year as a teacher at Airlie, some members of the Free Church there got up a Subscription to enable him to pay the expense of attending the Grammar School of Aberdeen for six weeks before the college session commenced. They managed to collect the sum of £12. With this sum young Mr. Whyte went to Aberdeen to study, in the month of August, 1858.

The following letter he wrote to a friend in Kirriemuir gives a graphic picture of the work in the Grammar School of that City at that time:—

ORCHARD COTTAGE,
OLD ABERDEEN,
13th Aug., 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must fulfil my promise and pen you a few lines, few they will be at present for two reasons: first, nothing of great importance to communicate; and secondly, *very little time.*

I landed safely here on Saturday forenoon, secured comfortable lodgings, spent the day in arranging matters, and being very tired slept very soundly at night. On Sabbath I went to three of our churches here. Heard Dr. Davidson in the afternoon. He is said to be the best

preacher north of the Tay, perhaps you would more readily have agreed with this had it been said north of the "Dighty." He preached a very thoughtful and spiritual sermon from John vi., 63, "It is the spirit that quickeneth." But I must here remark on the deeply earnest tone of all the discourses I heard; they were very refreshing, and they will be needed here, for the study obtrudes on every corner of the mind and every moment of time. By the way I intend to take a sitting in Dr. D.'s (the Free West) if I can secure one.

Then on Monday came the tug of war; by 9 a.m. I found myself in the Grammar School. Imagine to yourself a small square house as plain and unclassical as possible, with benches like a church and a little desk in a corner, the place altogether capable of holding 40 or 50 students. It was about two-thirds full on Monday, it is altogether full now. Seated in the desk is a young man, apparently about 24 or 26 years of age, thin, whiskerless, and spectacled; ranged before him are the students, young men, youths, and boys, from 12 up to double that age. I will in a few words give an epitome of a day's work: We enter, he is reading a chapter, the young men are, some of them, following him, others learning their lessons, some copying from their neighbour's written exercise, having spent the previous night idly, some testing the toughness of their neighbour's skin with a pin, some eating berries, some handing about written papers containing sham invitations to tea, or notices such as this:—"Students desiring of joining the Ciceronian Grinding Club meet at such and such a place with 7/3 in their pocket." Others sticking up bills on their neighbours back, such as "Sale of Spanish Asses, this is a specimen," and this going on till the prayer be said. Then, perhaps, Virgil is read, we are in the VI. Æneid at present, reading perhaps 30 lines a-day. After it is read and parsed comes the Greek Grammar and Xenophon. Then it being about 12 o'clock we get out an hour, and go home and take lunch; back by two and begin to Cicero, we are reading his oration against Cataline, about half-a-page a day. Then on Monday, Wednesday and Friday we write versions (in school, not at home), Friday's being a trial version, that is no Monday. Dr. Barrack tells the number of errors in each, and assigns places in the class accordingly. Of course I do not know yet how I may do. To-day we wrote the trial version, began at half-past 1 o'clock and finished by 3. You get home as soon as you are finished; the school was more than half empty before I got through. But there were young men behind me who were at college last session, others who have been writing versions here for a year or two. But we will not know how we stand till Monday. Last Monday 3 students had *sine errore* versions, that is without an error, the rest varied from 1 to 30 errors.

It is very hard work here, John. Virgil and Cicero are new acquaintances to me, and yet I get on fine with them, indeed I will translate as well as two-thirds of the Class, but they are far ahead of me in Greek and Versions. I must close for I have a great deal of work to-night, yet to-morrow is a play-day, but not to me I assure you.

Read this to my mother, please. Kind regards to all friends, you know all whom I mean. Tell my mother that if any letters come to send them immediately to me. Write soon.

Yours very truly,

A. WHYTE.

He had not been at this school for many days when he saw an advertisement in the newspapers for a teacher—to teach a number of combmakers in the evenings. Whyte applied and got the appointment, which was worth £25. This with the £12 from Airlie enabled him to pay his way during his first session at college.

(To be concluded).

A LOVE STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY JAMES STURROCK,

Author of "Sketch of Dr. Norman Macleod," "Sermons on Scottish Song," "The Prince's Charm," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I in these flowery meads would be,
Their crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice."—*Izaak Walton.*

NEXT morning, Monday, 15th July, David Graham had perhaps a deeper and livelier sense of freedom than he had yet experienced since he came to Glen Rhymen; for at least fifty Monday mornings out of the year, he, like the majority of mortals who toil for their living, awoke with a certain depression of spirits,—but this morning, however, the unparalleled vision of a three weeks' holiday caused him to feel thoroughly off the chain.

He had decided to try the fishing this forenoon—not that he was very fond of that pastime now-a-days, but his friends would think it strange to be located on the banks of a river noted for its fine trout without trying his luck.

So he equipped himself with his grandfather's rod and basket, and set off straight down the fields the nearest way to the Rhymen.

Sally shouted after him—"Come back in gude time, Master David, wi' yer troot, an' I'll fry them tae yer denner."

Had he been going to the loch at the west end of his native town; or, better still, to a private loch three miles to the east o

it, there might have been some chance of filling the frying-pan; but his limited experience of river fishing was such that he could not promise Sally a fish dinner. Indeed he looked upon this angling expedition as a good deal of a sham. Fancy his astonishment, therefore, after three or four casts, when he actually hooked and landed a most beautiful trout.

This was a good beginning. At the same rate he would soon fill his basket. He had evidently got the proper fly, which was very cheering and satisfactory, The Rhymen would sustain its repute as a capital fishing stream. He had now some faith in the river and in his own skill.

So he persevered for a good while, but, alas, without receiving even another offer.

His faith was again down at zero. He must take a rest—it was a waste of time this sort of thing.

He sat down on the bank and peeped into his basket. "Ay a bonnie fish—a very bonnie fish—but what is it among three?"

At this moment another angler was drawing near, and Graham cried, "Are you getting anything?"

"Not a fin: the stupid critturs winna rise to their vittles th' day ava! What hae ye got yersel?" coming in by to see the contents of the basket.

"Man, that's a beauty—a verra braw spotty! I'll wager my whittle ye've catched a leddie Helen!"

"A leddie Helen!" echoed Graham in amazement: "kindly explain what you mean."

"Oh, I jist mean that ye've catched a leddie Helen—ane o' th' troot that Lord Rathie's dochter put into the watter sometime syne."

On farther enquiry, Graham learned that Lady Rathie had taken a notion to bring a supply of live trout from England to remind her of home as well as to enrich the Rhymen; and when introducing the new specimens—two kinds—they were christened, "Lady Rathie" and "Lady Helen," respectively.

It was some consolation to be told by an experienced angler that th' 'trout were na takin' th' day.' Graham would not bother any more with the fishing, and forthwith rolled in his line and flung down his rod.

"What will Sally say about my Lady Helen? that it would be but arles to what I would catch yet; and that as I had been lucky

enough to hook her namesake, I would now be sure to capture Lady Helen herself. Dear, deluding Sally!"

Reclining on the bank he soon forgot all about fishing, so absorbed was he in reading once more the *Vicar of Wakefield*. What a delicious book by the river-side was the evergreen Vicar. "Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness." How delightful—especially taken in connection with another sentence further on: "The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty."

Graham impulsively rose up and looked around to see if there were a hayfield near, with Olivia and Sophia working in it; that he might, like Mr. Burchell, go and help them to turn the swath to the wind, and try, if possible, to enter into a close conversation with Sophia. He saw a hayfield, but no reapers in it.

He sat down again, and for the first time observed what appeared to be a bower on the high bank opposite. "Hallo! what bower is that?

"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses,
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes."

No; it is not the bower of these ill-fated beauties. Nor can it be Fair Rosamund's Bower, which the good Mr. Burchell had in his eye when singing ballads to the Vicar's children. But it may be the seat overshaded by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle, where, when the weather was fine and their labour finished, they usually sat together—that loving family—to enjoy an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening, and, moreover, drink their tea, read and talk, and sometimes, to give a variety to their amusements, the girls sang to the guitar."

"Ah me!" sighed Graham daintily: "if we cannot have this Arcadian life it is sweet to read about it."

While thus musing he heard a footstep; on looking up he saw a sturdy farmer-like man approaching. Onward he came with slow and heavy strides, seemingly prepared for either defence or aggression. Wishing to conciliate his favour in case he might be trespassing, Graham saluted him cheerily.

"Fine day, Sir."

"It's nae sae bad. Hae ye gien up the fishin' and taen tae yer book?"

"Oh yes. They're not taking to-day it seems; so I'm taking a spell at an old friend of mine—the *Vicar of Wakefield*."

"I'm glad you like the Vicar; I'm very fond o't mysel'. What a noble fellow Dr. Primrose is; a minister of the right kind—a man that practeeses what he preaches."

"I agree with you heartily; a first-rate all round Christian. But some folks would consider him rather broad church; you know the Doctor was rather partial to gooseberry wine and a twopenny hit at backgammon, and could see no harm in his children dancing. Few ministers at this end of the island are bold enough to confess a weakness for wine, gaming, and dancing."

"That may be; I winna arguefy the matter i' th' noo. But I must say I never could find ony faut wi' Doctor Primrose. Man, he was a grand character! I never kent the like o' him. I never saw ony o' yer gentry ministers yet, wha had a fortune o' their ain wha gied a their steepin' awa' in charity like the Vicar o' Wakefield; na, they were aye cryin' oot for mair—for an augmentation as they ca't. An' if the Doctor did like the gooseberry wine, for which his gudewife was famous, I dinna suppose it did him muckle hairm—an' at onyrate he was aye a very temperate man."

Here the farmer looking round saw a stile down, and went forward a few steps and put it up.

Are you bothered much with trespassers here? I thought at first you were coming to challenge me."

"Loons are aye fear'd," he said with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"You smile at me. Well, the fact is, I see so many boards up through the country that I never feel quite safe anywhere; and expect some gamekeeper at any moment to pounce upon me, and ask me sternly, 'Did ye no see the brod?' However, I understand Lord Rathie prevents no one from fishing here; a great boon certainly and his Lordship deserves praise for it."

The farmer's eyes dilated and flashed fire.

"Praise for't! I dinna agree wi' ye there, sir. Nae doot its a privilege—or a boon as ye ca't; but I deny that his Lordship is entitled to ony praise for't, he's juist doin' his bounden duty to his fellow-creatures. The public, I maintain, have a perfect right to the rivers. Wouldna it be a great hardship, sir, when our fore-

fathers foucht an' bled for their country, that we—their sons, poor men though we be—couldna enjoy a bit dander alang the water side."

"I'm glad to hear you speak that way. But I've just been thinking that you farmers will suffer sometimes from rascals who abuse the privilege."

"Weel, sir, I canna say, speaking for mysel', that the fisher folks meddle wi' my things, or do ony hairm to me. I'm aye very ceevil to them, for I really like to see thae pale-faced weaver chields frae Redmuir enjoying a day's fishin'."

"That's a capital spirit!" exclaimed Graham with emphasis, nothing is lost by civility, and it is certainly the wisest policy, as you know from experience."

"Of coorse there's aye some idle rogues prowling aboot to see what they can lay their hands on, an' ane or twa o' th' farmers complain about getting their berries stealt, or that some sma bit things gae amissin'; mebbe I could mysel' say something similar. But for a that I wouldna like to see decent chaps prevented frae fishin'."

"Very good—capital! I admire your sentiments. Why, you remind me very much of the Vicar."

"Here's a character," thought Graham, "yes, a noble peasant every inch of him. What a treat to have one's blood stirred in this way."

Turning up the book in his hand he read aloud—"My orchard was often robbed by school boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cat or the children," and so on. "But," he continued, "we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us."

"Weel spoken, Doctor," cried the farmer. "As to the wife's custards bein' plundered, I'm sure she ill deserved it. Nae doot she was sometimes foolish, scheemin' to get her dochters merriet; and vain eneuch too, poor wumman, in tryin' to be genteel an' haudin' up their heid amon' th' neibors after the loss o' their fortin, but for a that she was a gude, kind-hearted wumman; an' I do like the body weel for entertainin' a' her puir freends; and because they were a' the same flesh and blude, insisted on them sittin' doon wi' the family at the same table. Man, thae's grand features in her character. But I'm thinkin' I maun be aff," looking his watch, "my folks'll be waitin' me for denner—ten minnits after

twal—am I richt? you'll hae the correct time, comin' frae the toun."

Graham took out his watch, a gold hunting one (at sight of which the farmer's eyes gleamed with admiration), and examined it carefully to make sure of the time: possibly he may have had some vanity in prolonging the inspection.

"It's a quarter past twelve with me, but I think you're likely to be right, for I've noticed my watch vary a little when knocking about during my holidays."

"Thank you. We're gey near the time atween us. Will ye no come alang to the house an' get a drink o' milk, or tak a bite o' denner wi' us? If ye'll tak pot luck, yer hearty welcome, sir."

"Thank you very much. I should be very glad indeed to enjoy your hospitality, but my friends are expecting me home at one o'clock."

"Weel, when yer back this way ye'll gies a cry in, I hope."

"Certainly. I shall be delighted."

While the farmer strode away Graham could not help turning his face and gazing after him—"A most remarkable man that, such a leonine countenance! and his eye—honest and kindly, and yet how shrewd, keen, and penetrating. Won't it be a pleasure to spend a night with him?"

Graham conjectured all sorts of things about this notable farmer; wondering very much, you may be sure, whether he had any such commodities as Olivia and Sophia, and hoping grandfather would be able to satisfy his curiosity.

Feeling somewhat hungry now, he gathered up his rod and basket and gravitated towards Woodbank, his newly kindled curiosity adding not a little pleasure to the homeward journey.

Sally was at the garden gate: "Hallo! Sally. Such a tack I've brought for you! a rare tack, Sally. But don't judge it by the quantity, mind you: it's the quality, Sally, the quality, mind you!"

"Weel, weel, Master David, lat's see yer quality."

"There you are!" holding up the trout with affected glee. "Isn't she a beauty, my Lady Helen?"

"Yer Leddie Helen! yer surely haverin' noo."

"Not at all, Sally; an auld fisher said this was a Lady Helen: ane of the trout, ye ken, that Lady Rathie flung into the river and christened it 'Lady Helen?'"

"Ou ay! An' fat are ye to dae wi' Leddie Helen?"

"I couldn't think of eating her, Sally, let's have her embalmed."

"Very weel. I'll imbaum 'er wi' saut an' pepper, and hing her up by the tail to dry. I houp ye'll hook her leddyship hersel' the neist time; she'd be worth preservin—sic a braw stoot hizzie she is!"

"Come awa', Davy lad," said his grandmother, on entering the house, "come awa' to yer denner; we've just been waiting for you. What has been been keepin' you a' this time?"

"I was talking to a farmer down at the water-side, quite a character; who is he? What is his name?"

"What like was he?" asked grandmother.

"What did he say?" asked grandfather, both in the same breath.

Davy described his person, and indicated the nature of his remarks.

"Oh! that's John Webster," said grandfather, decisively: "a very worthy man, John."

"It maun juist be John," chimed in grandmother; "for there's only ae farm at the water-side where ye was. Had he on a brown straw hat?"

"He had. And I couldn't help wishing I had one too; it seemed such a nice cool thing for this weather."

"Ye'd better no ask John Webster for a len' o' his hat, Davy, for I wager it would gang ower yer lugs, an' ye hinna a very sma head either. Him an' Napier o' Shawfield, an' Mr. Reid the minister, hae th' three biggest heads i' th' parish, but John cows them a'."

"And yet he's only a small farmer, and not so important a man perhaps as yourself, grandfather."

"That's no' his blame. Had John Webster got eddication, I dinna ken what he would hae come to;—he's a real natural born genius, John; naething comes amiss to him—sae handy he is—he can mak' onything frae a tattie-creel to a thrawcrook. He can sing too, an' play on the flute; an' as for telling a story there's no' his marrow in a' th' glen."

"I am certainly much interested in what you say about John Webster; I thought there was something remarkable about him."

"Were ye no' into th' hoose?" enquired grandmother. "Miss Helen is home to her holidays i' th' noo."

"Miss Helen! Is she a daughter?"

"Ay, she's a dochter. An' what a work her father has wi' her; an' nae wonder, for she's a fine, affable lass."

"What does she do?"

"She's a teacher awa' aboot Aberdeen—Loudonpark, I think, she ca's the place."

David emitted a low whistle of delighted surprise. "Miss Helen," he said to himself; "can that be her father's motive for asking me to the house? well, it's quite natural to wish to show his daughter off; but more likely it is a habit of his to invite a decent-looking stranger—country people are often very hospitable. A teacher! perhaps a blue stocking,—the daughter, too, of such a father. Eh? rather a good prospect in this quiet glen."

"Tak yer denner, Davy; ye maun be hungry by this time; tak a hearty meal, and think afterwards," said grandmother coaxingly.

Recalling his mind from its pleasant wool-gathering, he betook himself with a will to the duty which lay nearest him, and forthwith sundry slices of the sweetest highland mutton disappeared from his plate.

"Have they any family at home besides Helen?"

"There's young Andrew," replied grandfather, "and a clever lad he is. The mither is as daft about Andrew, as the father aboot Mary; mony a time I think they mak' perfect idols o' them. They've made a capital teacher of Mary; an' naething will satisfee the mither noo but the prospect o' seein' Andrew waggin' his heid owre the poopit."

"Ay, ay; quite so. But, by the by, is the daughter's name Helen or Mary? You called her Helen, didn't you? grandmother."

"Well, you see, the lassie was named after Leddie Helen as a mark of respect for the Countess. Ye mebbe dinna ken that Mrs. Webster (then only Mary Lockhart) came to Rathie Castle frae England wi' th' Countess when she got mairriet to the Earl. She was leddiesmaid to her when she was mairriet to John Webster. An' so as she had a great liking for her leddyship she named her first bairn after Leddie Helen, who was only some months auld at the time."

"Ay, but Mary's the first pairt o' her name," said grandfather, "John Webster's no' the man to honour the gentry, or to flatter them by ca'in his bairns after theirs. He likes Mary because it was her mither's name as well as a favourite name in the Bible. So John aye calls her Mary; but the mither, ye see, who is prood o' th' Countess's patronage, never fails to ca' the lassie Helen, bein' her second name."

"Sally! what have you been thinking about?" cried Graham playfully; why, let me see—this is my third day in the glen and you have never so much as named this braw lass to me. Why didn't you tell me about Miss Webster?"

"Indeed, Master David, I had nae mind o' her; and besides, though I had, I wadna mebbe thocht her a gude eneuch match for you—for you! comin' frae Glesca far there's sae mony rich leddies."

"Toots, toots, Sally; I'm sure I told you to let me know of any nice lass in the glen, even though she hadn't three thousand. But now that I have heard of this fair Helen of the Glen—what do you call the farm where she lives? grandfather. Strange that I should not have asked it before."

"Had ye been near eneuch to the hoose, Davy, or lookit doon upon it frae the tap o' th' braes, I'm certain ye wad hae been geyan curious to ken the name o' th' farm. Man, I dinna believe though ye was to wander owre the hale o' braid Scotland ye would see a bonnier spot than Linnburn Farm!"

"Linnburn Farm! I've surely heard that sweet name before."

"Whereabout did you meet John?" continued grandfather.

"Down at the water side—just opposite the bower—you know the bower, I suppose?"

"Fine that. I've kent it for fifty year an' mair. Oh, but ye've nae view o' Linnburn from where ye was. Neist time gang ye alang the high road to Rhymen kirk till ye come to th' end o' th' wood; then haud doon the cairt road till ance ye come to th' stile at the tap o' the Linnburn braes; man, ye'll then see a picter to remember!"

"I'll be delighted to follow your directions," said David, warmly, for he was feeling deeply interested in Linnburn.

"Ah! but you'll no' see a' th' beauty o' th' place till ance yer in by at the hoose," said Mrs. Brownlea.

"Ay, an' no' till ye've been inside, Master David, will ye ken hoo bonnie it is; for, my certie, the room I was in is just like a palace!"

"You surprise me, Sally. And yet you don't think Miss Webster a match for a poor fellow like me."

"Weel, ye ken, for a' the grandeur o' their hoose an' gairden they canna hae muckle siller after bringin' up their family the wey they're doin'. An' they say that Leddie Rathie helped to furnish th' hoose to them; because, ye see, her leddyship has a fancy to

tak' some o' her English freens doon to Linnburn to get their tea there—it's sic a bonnie place."

"Ay, ay sirs! This is most extraordinary. Has Miss Webster got a lad do you think, Sally?"

"Weel, they say, young Salmon o' Braehead is often in aboot Linnburn i' th' noo, an' they're jaloosin' that he's coortin' her; for, ye see, his faither deed a twalmonth come Martimas, an' he's got a' the farm in his ain hand noo."

"I'm thinkin', Sally, that Philip Salmon is ower keen on th' money to fash his heid wi' Mary Webster. Na, na; th' tocher's th' jewel for him. What say you, gudewife?"

"'Deed I'm no' sure whether Helen would look at Philip Salmon after a' th' eddication she's had. I raither think when Helen marries it'll be to a minister; for I ken that baith her father and mither hae a great conceit o' th' cloth."

"Ye're mebbe no' far wrang, gudewife. John Webster is an elder o' th' kirk, an' a real pious man into th' bargain; an' that's no what can be said o' Philip Salmon. But, of coorse, for a' that Philip's a sensible, braw, weel faur'd chield, an' the lassie may hae a notion o' him for a' that I ken. They've been neibors a' their days, an' should ken ane anither weel by this time. But sall, Davy, atween oursels, noo when I think on't, Mary is a by-ordinar fine lass, an' I opine ye micht dae waur than gang an' speir her price yersel',"

"I'm afraid it's too late. What chance could I have with such a braw, well-educated lass? patronised, too, by a live Countess."

So very interesting and suggestive was the information Graham had just been receiving that he took an early opportunity to saunter into the wood to digest it.

"A fine affable lass! a by-ordinar' fine lass! named after an Earl's daughter, too, (with permission, of course) well trained, highly educated and self-supporting; reared in one of the loveliest glens in this beautiful country; the daughter of a sire so remarkable as John Webster, and of a mother so refined and intelligent that a Countess delights to cultivate her society; surely all these eloquent facts are sufficient to satisfy the heart of the most romantic in search of a wife. Hurrah! I have caught one Lady Helen already and though I would not for a moment dream of hooking the proud namesake of my puny captive—what about Lady Helen number three? Ay, there's the rub—what dreams may come!"

"Ah, what a fine bit of news I shall have to send Leadbetter: he wished me to spy out the beauties of the glen and report to him. Won't I astonish Joshua? I wonder what like a fellow Philip Salmon is. He certainly has had the tremendous advantage of being on the spot a generation before me. But why should I be jealous? Why worry myself about a girl I have never seen? I wonder if she cares to hook this Salmon? That reminds me of my Lady Helen—what the deuce will Sally have done with my beauty?"

When supper time arrived he soon found what Sally had done with his beauty. All her culinary skill had been exerted to make the beautiful trout a dish for a king; and as she placed it before Master David there was a glad smile of triumph in her eyes, as if she were thoroughly satisfied with her cooking achievement, and fully expected that the dish would meet with her favourite's delighted approval.

"Oh, Sally! Sally! What is this you have done with Lady Helen. My conscience! do you think that I'm a cannibal? Have you got no sentiment left at all, Sally?"

"Indeed, Master David, ye bade me imbawm 'er, an' I've dune my best."

"But I wished you to embalm her to last three thousand years."

"Mercy me! I couldna do that though ye gied me three thoosand pounds, but if ye get a lass wi' as muckle siller's that—an' nae doot ye'll get ane if ye like—ye'll no fash yer heid aboot imbawmin."

Looking at his plate David exclaimed with mock admiration:

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.

Never mind, Sally, I forgive you this time. When I bring home my next Lady Helen (not from the Rhymen, though) you will treat her in quite a different fashion. As for this spotted beauty, I am glad to see that she is

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food!

Still I feel it is selfish of me to have the whole of her ladyship."

"Eat her up man, Davy, an' no haiver," said grandfather with a good humoured smile; "ye've the best richt to the troot, snack her up, man, an' she'll become bone o' your bone an' flesh o' your flesh, as the quaker lover said. What mair could ye wish o' yer Leddie Helen?" lifting his glass, "here's better luck to ye neist time, Davy, an' I houp that the next Helen that ye catch'll be worth th' keepin'."

David was greatly delighted with his grandfather's toast and sincerely wished that his hope might be realized.

When he went to bed he lay a long time awake wondering what like a lady Miss Mary Helen Webster might be; nor did he cease thinking about her until he finally dropped into the soothing arms of Morpheus.

CHAPTER XV.

"Cats like milk,
And dogs like broe,
Lads like lasses,
And lasses lads too.
And we're a' noddin',
Nid, nid noddin',
And we're a' noddin'
In our ain house at hame."—*Old Song.*

On the Monday forenoon, when David Graham was talking with John Webster by the river side, he had no idea that any one was looking at them. If he had thought for a moment that there might be a spectator and possibly a listener, he would have glanced towards the bower on the other side of the water; but so absorbed was he with the conversation that he could not tell whether any one was observing them or not. One lady, however, was watching them for a short time from a distance, and Graham would have had a very powerful vision indeed to have seen that lady in her observatory—which was not the bower referred to.

The observer was no less than Miss Mary Helen Webster. Her eyesight was perhaps not keener than Graham's, but standing at one of the windows of Linnburn with a field glass in her hand she had no difficulty in recognizing her father; and that the stranger with whom he was speaking was a tall, well-dressed young gentleman, although she could not clearly distinguish his features.

Miss Webster was not using the field glass out of mere idle curiosity—she had a laudable motive. Being a few minutes past noon, she was desirous to discover her father and signal him to dinner. Not seeing him about the steading she returned to the house, and looking out of the window to the south, she saw two figures at the farthest end of the meadow. And there being a field glass always lying on a corner bracket between the windows of the east room, frequently used to see if the sheep and cattle were all

right when afar off upon the braes, it was quite natural that she should lift the glass to make doubly sure that one of the figures was her father.

She was particularly anxious that he should come in and get his dinner in good time this day; she had been priding herself upon its preparation with her own fair hands, and she wished him to enjoy it while in season. She knew right well, as the chief dish was a favourite of his, that, like young Jenny's sweetheart in the Cottar's Saturday Night, he would relish the delicacy "an' aft wad ca' it gude." Moreover, when she saw what appeared to be a tall young gentleman with him her heart began to beat abnormally, for she would not be the least surprised to see them both coming along to the house—it being a very common thing for her father to invite a decent stranger to come in and take pot luck; and as the pot luck to-day was very presentable, she would be only too glad if some nice young fellow would drop in and share their dinner.

But no: it was not to be. She saw her father returning alone, and her countenance fell. Recovering her spirits in a trice she heaved a serio-comic sigh and exclaimed—

"He cometh not, she said,
The day is dreary,
And I am weary."

When John Webster entered the room his face reflected the joyous welcome expressed on his daughter's countenance.

"My dearest daddie! Here you are at last. Have you brought any one to-day?"

"Weel, I've brocht mysel', as young Moses said when he came back frae the market."

"Very good—exceedingly good indeed; for there's nae luck aboot the hoose when our gudeman's awa. And, mind you, I say our *gudeman* with emphasis."

"O lassie! lassie! beware o' flattery," said with a kindly smile, a tender admiration beaming in his eye and mantling over his features as he surveyed his comely, warm-hearted daughter, whom he dearly loved.

"But where is the stranger?" looking at her father with an expression in which a roguish smile and a mock gravity were contending for victory; and with her right hand uplifted in true apostolic fashion: "Use hospitality one towards another without grudging," she added with most persuasive tongue.

"Judge not that ye be not judged, Mary," he responded with a solemnity that sobered the young lady somewhat. "I did inveet him to th' hoose."

"Oh! I knew you would. And what did he say? did he decline?"

"Weel, he pu'd oot a gold huntin' watch, lookit th' time—thanked me heartily, but said he cudna come th' day as he had to be hame at ane o'clock."

"He couldn't come to-day. Are we to expect him some other day then?" she asked with unconcealed eagerness.

"He said he was to be hereaboot twa or three days, an' I've nae doot he'll look in. But my certie, Mary lass, hoo mony lads wad ye hae? There's Philip Salmon dancin' attendance upon ye every day i the noo; an' there's thae minister billies comin' on Thursday —I'm thinkin' ye'll hae lads aneuch for ae week—lat alane this braw stranger."

"The more the merrier, you know, father. And you must really give me some credit for inviting the young ministers; I wished them to come for your sake as well as my own. I know you like a good, stout, theological argument, and I can promise you that in Paul Stephen you will find a foeman worthy of your steel. He may be rather too modern in his way of thinking for you; but without some difference of creed, you know, there would be nothing to contend about."

"Ay, ay. I suppose Paul Stephen's ane o' th' broad kirk chields that wad ride to th' deevil on a cushion!"

"I think you'll like him," said Miss Webster to her father, after the dinner was fairly begun, and she had briefly indicated Mr. Stephen's career; "he is far too able a reasoner to shelter himself behind a great array of empty logical terms. At anyrate you'll give him a fair trial—and I should have said a cordial welcome to begin with. I am sure you will be interested. It is very seldom you get a visit from a minister, other than Mr. Reid, and, of course, it will be a great event for Andrew to come into contact for a little with a couple of young clergymen."

"Certainly, Helen, we shall be delighted to see them," said her mother warmly; "and we are much obliged to you for inviting them. Andrew, I'm sure, is old enough to profit by their visit; they will be able to give him some hints about his studies, besides telling him all about the College and the Professors."

When the dinner was well advanced, and her father in a most

genial mood, Miss Webster was eager to renew her enquiries about the stranger.

"I hope that young gentleman won't call on Thursday when I'm out, as I should like very much to see him. I have just been thinking, from what you said, that he must be the same gentleman I saw in the Smithy last night along with Mr. Brownlea. He had not the same suit on, to be sure, but something about his appearance caused me to fancy he might be the same gentleman. Had he a full, well-grown beard of a rich brown colour?"

"Ay, his face was geyan weel theekit, if I mind richt."

"And had he a large, soft dark eye?"

"Deed, lassie, ye needna speir sae mony parteeklers. I canna tell ye what was the colour o' his een; but this I will say, I thocht him a braw, frank, weel-fa'ard chield."

"Thank you. That's a capital picture of him."

"An' noo, when ye mak' me think aboot the stranger, I'm no sure but he's geyan like Adam Brownlea i' the face some wey: likely he's a nephew—ane o' the Grahams o' Lochdale, mebbe."

"Yes, yes, John," exclaimed Mrs. Webster, impulsively, "you mind when Sally was here, she spoke about the grandson of her master coming; indeed the poor old body seemed to be as much delighted at the coming of Master David (it was always Master David with her) as if he had been her own son."

"Oh, then, I suppose we may hold it as quite conclusive that Mr. David Graham is the gentleman in question." While Miss Webster spoke her face beamed with joyous satisfaction; further remarking, "Graham is a fine Scotch name. I like it."

After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Webster went out to attend to their several duties, while Mary retired to the drawing-room to rest, and to read a little; or, sweeter still, to meditate upon the young gentleman believed to be no less than David Graham—the hero of a Hogmanay for ever memorable to her.

The drawing-room at Linnburn was a place after Mary's own heart, and dearly she loved a lounge in it.

This was the room which Sally said was like a palace! Poor dear Sally, what could she know about palaces? Yet Sally's opinion might be taken as representing that of a large class accustomed to live in houses much more expensively furnished than Linnburn, but being unacquainted with a few simple rules of decorative art, no sooner enter an apartment like the Webster's drawing-

room than they open their eyes and lift their hands with astonishment. They cannot analyze the cause of the room being so bright and showy, so fresh and pleasing to the senses, and at once conclude that such a splendid effect could only be produced by a lavish expenditure.

This accounts for the idle rumour that Lady Rathie furnished the Linnburn drawing-room. She did nothing of the kind. True she persuaded the Earl to make some improvements—such as the substitution of a bay window for the common one facing the south, and a handsome mantelpiece of white marble for the old black one, as well as an ornamental tiled grate and hearth to match.

When furnishing and decorating, the Websters had kept well in view the fact that their house being in the bottom of a glen they enjoyed the direct rays of the sun for a shorter time than their favoured neighbours on the braes, and it was therefore most desirable to have light coloured woods, paper and hangings, so as to reflect all the sunlight that was going.

With a large bay window to the south, and a window to the east, the inlets for sunlight were ample. How to make a good use of it was the next thing. This was how it was done. The wall paper was a silver grey or pearly tint; the doors and shutters of light yellow wainscot, with bright cane chairs and covers in harmony. The carpet had a very pale blue ground with a small pattern in red and yellow flowers; and the window curtains were of white muslin and cream coloured repp. Thus the drawing-room was bright and cheering at all times, summer and winter.

Miss Webster sat down in a couch between the windows and took up a thin orange coloured magazine to read. But before beginning she rose again and went to the side table, opened a musical box, wound it up, and, reseating herself, she turned over the pages of her book to the sweet sound of music.

Little did David Graham know that Miss Webster, about whom he was thinking at that moment, was studying the same lesson as he had been doing on Sabbath forenoon in the woods. Like him she thought the subject an exceptionally interesting one; and as in all likelihood Paul Stephen and his cousin James Scrymgeour, when they came, would be starting a conversation on sheep farming, and would be sure to refer to the pastoral life of the Jews, it was desirable to be well posted up and have something fresh to say upon so attractive a theme.

It did not take long to read over the notes in the Teacher's Magazine on Eliezer's mission (the same magazine Graham was consulting); indeed the last tune of the musical box—"The girl I left behind me"—had scarcely died away when she laid down the book.

What was to be done next? She must have a ramble in the garden, and round the 'toun'—rehearsing as it were the pleasant task which would fall to her when the visitors arrived.

She paused in the porch at the front door, looking admiringly at the flower pots on the shelves, and then at the luxuriant fuchsias at the entrance of the central garden walk. Next she glanced at the rockery gracing each side of the porch, the most conspicuous flower being a tall purple fox-glove in the back ground of both rockeries standing proudly up like a couple of sentries guarding the door. The bower was at the southeast corner of the garden; thither she sauntered over the smooth reddish gravel, gazing fondly at the flowers and ripening berries as she moved along. 'There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa,' she said to herself, as she sat down in the bower. After sitting a few minutes she walked straight down the path to the hawthorn hedge bounding the river, and opening a wicket gate went down three steps, and turning to the right found a comfortable seat—most enjoyable, however, in the morning, for then it is in the shade. And what a luxury to be seated by the margin of a beautiful river!

The lady is on a tour of inspection, and does not rest long anywhere. She next calls a halt before the beehives—a spot redolent of mignonette and marjoram, thyme and rosemary, as well as many other sweet smelling flowers, among which the bees are revelling. They are buzzing about in all directions, but she knows they won't sting her, and is not the least afraid of them. She may have something new to tell her gentlemen visitors about the busy bee, not to be found in Dr. Watt's hymn.

Plucking a damask rose near the apiary and placing it in her breast she moved slowly along the path in front of the house, observing with renewed pleasure the neat privet hedge running parallel to it, contrasting so well with the large, bright-tongued laurel enclosing two sides of the garden.

She paused at the entrance gate to the house—the honeysuckle gate—to contemplate the spacious farm yard. How sweet and peaceful the scene! what dignity and repose the two noble plane

trees gave to it; and what delightful shelter from the sun to any one who might be in the hammock, presently swung between these umbrageous monarchs. What ample scope the poultry had there. No wonder they were all in such capital feather—those maltas and dorkings, and those silver speckled and gold speckled birds. It was indeed a beautiful courtyard; for owing to the farm being chiefly pastoral the traffic about the steading was comparatively light, so that the yard had all the appearance of a charming village green.

While thus gazing, the pet lamb came trotting in by to solicit the attention of its young mistress. What a lovely picture! A tall and graceful lady clad in grey homespun, with a damask rose in her breast, leaning over a green gate arched with honeysuckle, addressing playful words to a lamb at her feet. Anon Mysie, the collie, turned up and came running to her for a share of what was going. Whereupon the lady went outside and walked to the hammock, in which she sat down, while her two pets squatted on the grass beside her, as if to keep watch and ward over their loving friend.

While resting in the hammock she took her knitting out of her pocket, for Miss Webster could never be idle. Now her mind and fingers are busy. "What would these young gentlemen think of Linnburn after smoky Glasgow? Doubtless they would share in the universal admiration and be greatly charmed. What an unspeakable joy and privilege to have been reared in a home at once so comfortable and strikingly beautiful."

After musing a while in that vein she continued her tour. Quitting the hammock she stept to the avenue which led to the foot of the braes; there again the sight gladdened her; hawthorn and birch intermingled with wild roses in full bloom made a very gay approach to the house. Turning next towards the farm buildings, separated from the dwelling by a broad green, she came to a pile of branches and trunks of trees with a block of wood and a gleaming axe across it. Though strong she did not try the axe; instead she stood to admire the young kittens scampering wildly about, as if playing hide and seek among the firewood. Such bright-eyed glossy cats, and such a merry gipsy life those semi-barbarians appeared to lead. Passing on to the byre and stable—what pleasing memories the sight of these places—and even their odours—awakened; happy memories of early days that returned with

renewed freshness during the holidays. Thence she sauntered to the mossy well near the stepping stones at the ford. Some wild violets still bloomed there, though the middle of July; and the grass beside the water—Oh, so bright! the very hue of the grass in Paradise!

Sitting down by the well and looking around her, the glowing feelings of her heart found vent in an adaptation of Moore's passionate lines—

> Oh, there is not in the whole wide world a valley so sweet
> As the vale where the Rhymen and Linnburn meet.

The Linnburn was the gurgling rivulet at the bottom of the deep picturesque ravine running at right angles to the river, and terminating at the level meadow ground, underneath which the stream continued its course, and after feeding the mossy well flowed on and joined the Rhymen.

The soft green sward on which she sat down sloped to the river, and was embroidered with daisies and buttercups now basking in the mellow rays of the afternoon sun, which slanted across the shoulder of Ben Katelow and cast the shadows of the alders and hazels at her feet. Coyly these shadows were creeping nearer and nearer as if they would fain kiss the hem of her garment. Oh, what a luxury to sit by the dear old mossy well! How sweet its cooling draught. And how delicious and exhilarating the air, ever fresh and new with the current of the river.

Though near the ford, no one passed to disturb her maiden meditation. Few and far between, like angels' visits, were the pilgrims that crossed the ford: some days it would seem as if no one crossed at all, excepting Charlie Sampson, her father's shepherd and ploughman, whose pretty cottage was on the other side a little way down. Still, as the ford was a short cut to the south country, some one might turn up; perhaps Mr. Graham might approach Linnburn from the south and find her, like Rebekah, at the well. She would like that immensely.

The similitude brought her Sunday school lesson to mind. Abraham's servant, Eliezer, going to Mesopotamia for a wife to Isaac. Familiar with the narrative from childhood, this summer afternoon amid these sweet pastoral scenes, she allowed her thoughts to dwell fondly upon the story, and while she admired its beauty and simplicity more than ever, she was astonished afresh at the extraordinary manners and customs it exhibited. How strange

and unnatural some of these were to a Scotch girl. With her deep reverence for the Bible, she felt as if it were sacrilege to question for a moment the propriety of anything recorded in the sacred pages. She would hardly dare to express to her father what was passing through her mind at present. It might be very wrong of her to entertain such heretical thoughts, but they would persist in stealing in upon her consciousness, bringing with them a certain fearful pleasure.

"Why did Eliezer stand by and allow the beautiful Rebekah to water the whole of the ten camels—creatures, too, that drink such a quantity at a time—while he, the lazy, ungallant fellow! simply looked on and wondered? Perhaps she was somewhat to blame in addressing the servant as 'my lord,' causing him to maintain his new dignity."

Miss Webster greatly commended the girl's courtesy and energy, but was strongly of opinion that in a matter of such momentous importance as the choice of a husband, Rebekah ought certainly to have been consulted. "Her brother Laban, having always an eye after the main chance, no sooner beheld his sister bedecked with the massive gold bracelets and ear-ring—or nose jewel, as the case may be—and heard the servant's account of the great wealth of his master, in flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and men servants and maid servants, than he points to Rebekah—'there she is—take her. This matter proceeded from the Lord, we cannot say thee good or bad.' So said Master Laban, and the mother tacitly consented. 'Ask mamma' or 'papa' was not a formula of Jewish maidens in those days, at any rate Rebekah had not the privilege of blushing and repeating it. With his fine speeches and costly gifts Eliezer achieved a complete success. But most astonishing of all was the alacrity shown by Rebekah to accompany this zealous ambassador. Why be in such a hurry to leave home? Was she eager to be rid of the drudgery of going to the well? Her folks wished her to stay a few days—a full year, or ten months as the commentators make it. But no, she would go at once—the very next day after the engagement! Her conduct was very strange indeed. Had she been a poor, plain, penniless girl, one could have understoood it; but the 'damsel was very fair to look upon' and well off; and the very first glimpse of her in his mother's tent caused Isaac to love her; a real genuine case of love at first sight. And if she was worth the winning, surely she was

worth the wooing. Alas for her there was no such luxury as courtship. But why not delay the journey even for a few days so as to enjoy the pleasure and importance of being an engaged young lady? especially when the match was such a splendid one; why not linger to receive the congratulations of all her friends and go a round of visits to bid them all good-bye? Why not wish to go to the well a few more times adorned with her sumptuous jewellery, and see how her old companions admired and envied her good luck? What a lesson for modern young ladies indulging in day dreams about their wedding trousseau, and the time it would take to prepare it. Here was a lady who had everything prepared, and was ready to march on the morrow. And, moreover, a lesson for gentlemen, too, eager for their beloved to name the wedding day that they may buy the ring. Buy the ring, forsooth. The gallant oriental supplied nearly everything, including a complete outfit of domestic utensils!"

Miss Webster's meditations were brought to a close by the sudden appearance, behind the trees on the other side of the ford, of Mrs. Gray (wife of Hector Gray, Lord Rathie's factor) along with one of her daughters. Accustomed to the stepping-stones, these ladies soon tripped across, and after shaking hands with Miss Webster and talking for a minute or two, they all went into the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

"When to myself I sit and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side or wood sae green,
Unheard, unsought for or unseen,
A thousand pleasures doe me blesse,
And crowns my soul with happiness.
All my joys to this are follie,
None sae sweet as melancholy.

Anon.

In addition to knowing what has been narrated in the previous chapter, the reader has the advantage of David Graham in having a very good guess that Miss Mary Helen Webster was the young lady who charmed him in the Smithy. Having failed to learn anything about her from his grandfather, he resolved to make an errand to the Smithy with the special view of gratifying his curiosity. Yesterday being Monday—only one day after seeing

the lady, he did not think it prudent to go and make enquiry so soon—it would look too anxious. But to-day he was quite bent on finding out who she was; more especially after his interview with grandfather, whom he found in the garden shortly after eight o'clock, when he came down stairs to breakfast.

After responding to David's cheery good-morning, grandfather remarked chaffingly: "I wonder when you city chaps 'll learn to rise i' th' mornin'—man, div ye no' ken there's gowd i' th' mou' o' th' mornin'!"

"And so you've been up since six o'clock digging for it. Ah, I understand now why you were able to retire and live on your money."

"An' mair than that, Davy lad, I've got a nugget to spare this mornin'; at onyrate I'm thinkin' you'll consider what I've gotten for you in that licht."

"Come now! grandfather, don't tease me with this little joke of yours about finding gold—out with it at once, please—don't keep me in suspense."

"Weel! if you'd been wi' me at the Smiddy an hour syne ye would hae met John Webster."

"And thereby hangs a tale, I suppose. What had John got to say for himself?"

"John has aye plenty to say; but mebbe ye think I'm haverin', speakin' aboot findin' gowd in a Smiddy whaur there's naething but airn to be seen?"

"Not at all"—laughing. "Oh dear no! I believe you have found the philosopher's stone, and can transmute the basest metal into gold. Come away now, and let us see what you have been playing the alchemist with."

"Weel, Davy, to mak a lang story short: John says he's no' verra busy i' th' noo, and would be glad o' yer company doon by this efternoon; ye're to gang doon t'yer tea; an' he said th' mistress an' th' dochter'll mak ye richt welcome. Noo there's gowd for a young chield, isn't it? gowd frae the Smiddy, lad."

"Indeed, grandfather, a bit of the finest gold! It is very kind of you to think of me so early in the morning. I am certainly much obliged to you."

"Ye'r no' obleeged to me ava, min; ye hiv' yersel' to thank: for had John Webster no' formed a gude opeenion o' ye yesterday forenoon, ye mebbe wadna been bidden doon by,"

While at breakfast, David learned a few more particulars about the Webster family, which enhanced the value of the invitation and greatly deepened his interest in the young schoolmistress.

Mrs. Webster's father, when a young man—a native of Scotland—went to Kew Gardens to perfect himself as a gardener, and eventually became head gardener at Adon Hall, Surrey, the seat of Lord Winfred, the father of Lady Rathie. Mrs. Webster was born and brought up in England, and only left it on the marriage of Lady Rathie, whose maid she had been for sometime previously.

These facts accounted for the fine taste displayed in the house and garden at Linnburn; for although John Webster inherited the Scotch prejudice that it was not a good sign to see a farmer paying much attention to his garden, he held his peace when he saw with what untiring industry and skill his wife toiled in it—joyously, too—and yet the household affairs were none the less ably administered.

Graham enjoyed lingering at the breakfast table in the sunshine, listening to the gossip of his grandparents and Sally about the Linnburn folks, and the more he heard of them the more he wished to hear. He wondered whether the lady, the belle of the Smithy, was likely to belong to people in everyway so worthy and amiable as the Websters. He hoped to learn before the day was very much older.

This pleasant breakfast party lasted till near ten o'clock; at which hour it was Mr. Brownlea's custom of a morning to go to the Post Office for his newspaper and letters. The postman was rarely later than ten o'clock, and his arrival was now the most important event of the day to grandfather. David reminded him of the time, and immediately the old gentleman set off for the post, leaving him to do as he pleased, exactly what he wished.

He would not try the fishing to-day, even although there had been a heavy shower during the night, and the water was thus in better trim. He would just go down the fields and have another look at the Rhymen. He loved the river, and he would be nearer Linnburn!

Flinging himself down on the shelving banks of the Rhymen he took a spell at the "Gentle Shepherd." Like Roger and Patie he lay among the gowans beneath the southside of a craigy bield and the flowery holm to the north, why it would do for

Habbie's How,
Where all the sweets of spring and summer grow.

But where were Peggy and Jenny bleaching their linen to make it 'like a lily wet wi dew'? Nowhere to be seen. Nor had a single angler come in sight yet. The critic who extolled Goldsmith's poetry because it "freed the landscape from the burden of human emotion," would be pleased with Rhymen glen, unless, like Cowper, he longed for a friend to whom he might whisper solitude is sweet. At any rate our hero was of the same mind as the Bard of Olney, and would have much preferred that the friend should be of the feminine gender.

After reading and musing awhile he started for the Smithy.

At Rathie clachan all was quiet. Even the thatched covered Inn showed no signs of anything doing; although there was an unyoked dogcart before the door as if to tempt some idle fellow, like himself, to take a drive. A little farther on, a pleasant murmur of voices came from the school; but nothing worth while seemed likely to break the monotony until he had reached his destination—the Smithy.

He had not been long there when he saw the sturdy smiths hammering at a hoop for a cart-wheel. By and by the boys from the school, let out for "their minnits," came trooping to the Smithy when they saw what was in progress. With keen interest they, along with Graham, watched the smiths lifting the red hot rim with pincers, running from the fire with it to the wheel outside, and speedily adjusting it; then followed the quick, energetic hammering by one man, while another was moving quickly round with a pan, pouring cold water on the burning rim, causing such a fizzing and steaming!

The cart-wheel being duly tired, the boys scampered off; and work being resumed inside the Smithy, Graham went in as a preliminary step, previous to interviewing the Smith's wife. It was a treat to watch the cunning artificer in iron. While doing so, Graham was also considering what would be the best excuse for calling at the Smith's dwelling-house next door. Before entering the Smithy, as he did not smoke and could not ask for a light, he thought a drink of water would be a plausible thing to ask for on a warm day; but when he saw a jug of water in the Smithy he had to think of something else. True, a gentleman, with every respect for the swarthy sons of Vulcan, could hardly be expected

to drink from the same vessel which they were lifting to their smutty faces: still, he did not wish to put them to the test, and sought for another pretext. Eureka! Call and see if grandfather is there (he goes in often) and enquire if he is done with the newspaper; or something of that sort.

Luckily, Graham was spared the necessity of knocking at the door, as the Smith's wife was standing at the porch.

"Good morning. Mrs. Ferrier, I presume?"

"Yes, Sir;" regarding him for a moment enquiringly, "Maister Brownlea's grandson, I think; at onyrate I saw ye wi' him on Sabbath nicht, stannin' ower there alang wi' anither man, and he was tellin' me this mornin' he was hae'n a veesit frae ye."

"You have guessed quite right, Mrs. Ferrier; my name is Graham. Am I anything like my grandfather?"

"Come in by—come into the hoose, Maister Graham, an' let's see you."

Seated by the Smith's bright kitchen fire, Graham felt very glad that his mission was offering to be successful.

"I wad hae kent ye in a meenit to be a freend of Adam Brownlea's; ye've got yer grandfather's very een—if onybody ever had."

"You are not the only person of that opinion. I feel rather pleased to be likened in anyway to my grandfather, and was quite proud to sit beside him in the Smiddy on Sabbath night."

"I'm sorry I wasna hearing Mr. Reid: I couldna win very weel."

"The nearer the kirk the farther from grace," said Graham playfully; "but I am sure you were well employed otherwise."

Mrs. Ferrier smiled at the pat allusion, and responded to it by asking abruptly—"D'ye like buttermilk, Maister Graham? I've jist been ca'in th' kirn, and I can tell ye yer grandfather's very fond of a drink o't."

"Then I must inherit his taste, Mrs. Ferrier, for I am partial to a drink of kirney, especially new ca'd;" uttering the northern dialect with an unctuous heartiness which delighted the good woman.

She handed him a jug of the precious liquid—the poor man's claret he called it—with small lumps of butter swimming on the surface, and he drank it off with evident relish.

"This minds me of the rare stuff I used to get at the Haws. The buttermilk we get in Glasgow is nothing to this; and as for butter being among it—well, it isn't visible to the naked eye."

Mrs. Ferrier rejoiced at his hearty appreciation of her buttermilk, and listened with much interest to his remarks about the importation of milk into Glasgow; the water supply and the milk being equally abundant; not implying, however, so far as his experience went, that the two were blended otherwise than by nature.

"That's a pretty flower porch, Mrs. Ferrier, you've got at your door; its a fine set off to the house."

"Ou ay, it is that. We've Leddie Rathie to thank for it: my man's sae busy i' th' Smiddy he widna hae thocht aboot sic a thing, had no' her Leddyship gien him nae rest till he put it up. An' she's jist the same wi' a' th' ither tenants."

"So I've heard. Well, I admire your porch very much, I assure you. I couldn't keep from looking at it on Sunday night. And, by-the-bye, when I mind, you were standing in front of it speaking to a young lady."

"Oh, yes. Yon was Helen Webster—raither I should say Miss Webster, though I jist ca' her Helen, for I've kent her a' her days. Ye'll no hae been doon by at Linnburn yet, I suppose?"

"No, not yet. But I am now to take a dander to the top of the braes to have a look at the farm. They tell me its a very pretty place."

"Ay, a very bonnie place; an' the Websters are real gude, kind folks, an' richt weel liket. Ay, an' the lass ye saw on Sabbath nicht, there's no a finer kimmer in a' th' glen."

Graham inwardly believed it; nay, to such an extent did the welcome news impress him, his breath was quite taken away. Fortunately, a knock at the door and the entrance of a neighbour ended the conversation; and as he had learned all he came for he was eager to get away.

Having indicated he would take a step along the high road to get a view of Linnburn, Mrs. Ferrier kindly came to the door to direct him. He did not require her assistance, but listened attentively and gratefully to her instructions. And, you may be sure, the access of joy that thrilled him, after the delightful revelation about Miss Webster, gave pith and unction to his thanks to the Smith's wife; causing her to remark to the neighbour when she returned to the house, that he was a "braw, sensible, wise-like lad, Maister Brownlea's grandson."

Perhaps his wish was father to the thought, for he had a dim

presentiment that the lady of the Smithy might turn out to be Miss Webster; but he was none the less agreeably surprised, and almost intoxicated with joy, to find he was right in his conjecture.

No more vague reverie now as to what like Linnburn's daughter would be: he had seen her once, and he had heard a good deal about her; and both the pearl and the shell were exceedingly good —indeed too good—he thought with a sigh: for it seemed highly improbable that such a lady could be without a sweetheart.

Turning round the gable end of the Smithy, under the shelter of the tall ash trees, and walking northwards for a short bit, he then struck to the left and joined the high road to Rhymen Kirk. On his left hand was the wood-covered hill behind his grandfather's cottage; and on the right another wood; the former, however, coming to an end when he had reached the farm of Hillside, at which point he was to turn down the brae along the cart road.

Hillside commanded a splendid view to the north-west. Looking in that direction far as the eye could reach, a tall peak lifts its head, like a monarch among mountains: yon, he knew, was dark Lochnagar; beneath whose shadows, on a beautiful green haugh clad with birks, stands Balmoral Castle; past which the Dee rolls so grandly with its organ-like music. High up on the other side of the Rhymen is another road leading to Rhymen Kirk; the white pathway winding along the purple moorland being very interesting and suggestive: it recalled the days when the Covenanters gathered from many a but and ben, and wandered over the hills to hear the Gospel

> By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
> In gentle stream.

Half a mile or so from Hillside, deep down in the valley and still invisible, was the famous Linnburn. Part of the way consisted of a large sloping field of grass into which Graham went, carefully putting up the stile behind him. Though not on forbidden ground, yet knowing it was often hallowed by the footsteps of a certain fair lady, he felt a little nervous in case she might appear on the scene, preferring to meet her at the appointed time.

Near Linnburn gate (known hereafter as the Golden gate) the road took a graceful sweep between banks of broom and wild roses, truly a fitting approach to the beautiful glen, and yet the most of

its charm was purely natural, owing to the picturesque undulations of the ground. Graham instinctively paused at the Golden gate and looked around for a board prohibiting trespassers; but remembering that the public had a right of way through the farm, it being understood that care would be taken to shut all the gates, he lifted the latch and entered the bonnie, bonnie braes of Linnburn! No one was to be seen, and not wishing himself to be observed he stept a short distance from the pathway and sat down behind a juniper bush, over which he had a clear view of the Farm house and steading. And he was so charmed!

Ah, look! There is a lady coming from the river side, sauntering slowly with a collie and a pet lamb frisking beside her. She is bareheaded and dressed in grey. "That must be she—the incomparable she!" Graham said to himself, his heart wildly palpitating while crouching lower behind the bushy screen. Gracefully the lady moved along the courtyard and into the garden, leaving her pets outside. He breathed more freely when she turned and entered the garden gate—the Honeysuckle gate, as he himself afterwards named it. He was glad she did not look up the braes, for he had no wish to be seen reconnoitring.

So many strange and sweet pulsations had been thrilling in his heart all forenoon that the sense of hunger had been dulled and the hours had flown away on angel wings. He could parallel his case by that of another amorous swain, who—

> Pored upon the leaves and on the flowers,
> And then he heard a voice in all the winds,
> He thought of wood nymphs and immortal bowers,
> And how the goddesses came down to men.
> He missed the pathway, he forgot the hours,
> And when he looked upon his watch again,
> He found how much old Time had been a winner,
> He also found that he had lost his dinner.

It must be confessed, however, that our hero had lost his dinner intentionally, for he did not intend to dine that day. He knew from experience that with farmers tea meant a good square meal—not the mere lazy sipping of a pleasant beverage; and as he had been specially invited to a cup he resolved to please his entertainers, who were hospitable people, by eating heartily. To do this he must take only a moderate luncheon.

Being now half-past one, he rose and took the nearest way home

along a farm road at the head of the braes, skirting the western border of the wood; an interesting road as well as a near one, passing, as it did, the farm of Braehead, occupied by Philip Salmon, a known admirer and perhaps a lover of Miss Mary Helen Webster.

(To be continued).

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

OF

CHARLIE CHRISTIE FROM THE INN OF CHARLESTON.

" And long since then of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves."
—*Hood's* " *Eugene Aram.*"

THE small village of Charleston is little more than half-a-mile to the South-west of Glamis. It is situated in a hollow, and consists of some dozen or so of houses, mostly of one storey high. The longest row of the houses runs along the West side of the road leading between Glamis and Charleston, and at the South end of the row of houses stood a public-house. On the sign above the door of the public-house could be seen the name of the keeper, Margaret Davidson, painted in large letters. And a sheaf of wheat was painted above the name; this was doubtless intended to indicate that Margaret was a baker and a brewer as well as a public-house keeper.

The bake- and the brew-house stood near beside the public-house, at the time of which we write. Margaret was a managing and a prosperous woman.

The public-house was necessarily upon the public road, and she conducted a very respectable business. She sent a van round the country side with her bread and ale, and altogether she was a benefit to the district in which she lived. The country carts stopped at her door to allow the ploughmen to get refreshments, and the tired horse often got their corn there and a welcome rest. Margaret was a jolly, good kind-hearted woman, with a kind face and a welcome smile to all who came near her—kind to all in her employment, as well as to the beggar seeking alms at her door, and on good terms with all her neighbours,—just such a woman as a wise man would wish to live and die with.

Her house was well attended by the country people, and on Saturday nights it was often full, and one passing at that time

could hear the sounds of music and laughter, showing that there were merry hearts within. But the sad case of Charles Christie altered all this, although the owner of the house was perfectly innocent of the crime—if crime there was.

Before going to work with Andrew Rodger, shoemaker at Charleston, Charles Christie wrought long with a man named Alexander Findlay, a shoemaker in Kirriemuir. Charlie was a man rather short in stature, full and blythe-faced; his hair was dark, thick, and dry-looking; merry and kindly in his disposition, he gave offence to none if he could help it. He liked mirthful company, took a dram often, and enjoyed a song and a joke while he sat in the public-house; but he was trustworthy and perfectly honest, and had the good opinion of all.

He wrought, boarded and lodged with Alexander Findlay in Kirriemuir, until Findlay's trade declined so far that he could not keep a man. He then went to Charleston to work for Andrew Rodger. Andrew had a large trade for a place like Charleston, and Christie boarded and lodged with him. Rodger's trade chiefly came from the country, and when the country people came to him for shoes they often took him away to Margaret Davidson's, and Christie was often invited to go with them, which invitation he always gladly accepted.

Margaret Davidson had a baker with her at this time, named John Campbell. He was a powerful-looking man, though a little shaken with age and drink. He often sat and drank with Christie and the rest. There was also another man, named James Clarke, a native of Glamis—almost a Hercules, and of great courage; he was also a shoemaker, and often kept company with the others. These men often took a dram together, but, as far as could be seen, there was no sign of disagreement among them. They always seemed to meet and to part good company. The Writer of this Sketch knew all these men personally, and could say nothing against any of them. After Christie had worked at Charleston a long time, Rodger's trade began to decline, and he fell into difficulties. It was said that his temper became sour under his trials in life, and he seemed to drink more as he sank in the world.

On a Yule morning many years ago, Rodger, Christie, Campbell and Clarke went into Margaret Davidson's public-house together, and at that sitting they remained about an hour together and then went home. After Christie had taken his breakfast he called upon

some of his neighbours, and got some drink in their houses, as they were holding Yule. The day was cold and frosty, and much snow lay on the ground, and Christie was seen to wade through the snow to Andrew Rodger's house. He remained there until after dinner time. After they got dinner he and Rodgers went to Margaret Davidson's together, where they were shortly after joined by Campbell and Clarke.

The public-house at this time was full of country people, and some of them sat in the same room with Rodger's company until it was night. The night, like the day, was bitter cold and hard, and the people who were in the public-house were loth to leave its cosey warm fire and go out to face the cold snell blast, but Christie went out alone, without his coat and hat, and was *never seen again.*

As he did not come back to the public-house, neither it was found did he go home to his master's house; it was thought and said next day that perhaps he might have gone north to Kirriemuir, where he was well known and well liked, to hold his Yule among his old friends. When he did not turn up on the day following he was sought for in Kirriemuir, but no one had seen him there. All the woods around Glamis were searched, the big mill-dam below the village and several other places dragged, but all in vain.

Word was also sent to Dundee and all the other towns in the county, but no information about him was forthcoming. People now began to draw conclusions on the subject without facts to guide them, and Andrew Rodger, and those who were with him, were blamed for his death, and it was freely stated that they had murdered him and buried him beneath the pavement of the bakehouse.

Word was sent to the authorities at Forfar about the mysterious disappearance of poor Charlie Christie from the Inn of Charleston. The Fiscal came to Charleston and examined Roger, Campbell, and Clarke, but found no case against them. He also caused the pavement of the bakehouse to be lifted, but no dead body was found there. Baffled in their search, the authorities went back to Forfar, and the matter was allowed to rest for a time; but the people again grew clamorous, and once more the Fiscal with his men came from Forfar to see if any information could be elicited. The same men were again examined, with the same result. Many of the people of the village were likewise examined, but still no evidence was got that would justify them in arresting any one.

When the spring came and the snow melted on the hills, the

body of a poor miserable wretch was found who had perished there among the snow. The body was brought to the Parish Church at Kirriemuir, and laid out, and some said and thought that it would be the body of Charlie Christie; but this body was identified as that of a pedler who travelled amongst the glens selling tape, thimbles, needles, and pins, and such like. Some time after this, a dead body of a man was found lying upon a desolate moor in Aberdeenshire, and again this was thought to be Charlie Christie, but the body was also identified and claimed by the dead man's friends.

All chance of finding out what had become of poor Charlie Christie was now given up as hopeless, and the people said it was strange and altogether unaccountable how no one had seen him leaving the public-house on that cold Yule night, and stranger still that he had never been seen going to any place at all, and how marvellous it all was, how could he have left the earth without being seen by some one?

Here was a case of a man going amissing, equal in mystery to any case on record, and it was little wonder that the people asked each other if the veil would ever be lifted, and what was as yet dark brought to light. The agitation in the public mind gradually subsided, and the mystery was nearly forgotten, when one day a rat was seen coming from a hole in the floor of the stable attached to the public-house, and the report of this again set the public mind in a ferment. The floor of the stable was taken up, and some bones were found there. The bones were not so well examined as they should have been, and it would be unwise to maintain that they were human bones; but notwithstanding this, the people came to the conclusion at once that they were the bones of the missing Charlie Christie.

Margaret Davidson had left the public-house by this time, and Rodger, Campbell, and Clarke were all three dead. There were some who said that it was a pity that they did not live to fall into the clutches of the law, as after the discovery of the bones in the stable the murder might have been brought home to them. If these men knew anything about the murder—if murder there was—they took the secret to their graves, and the mysterious disappearance of Charlie Christie is now likely to remain a mystery to the end of time.

J. D.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

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In Memoriam

JOHN STUART BLACKIE,

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF GREEK,

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

BORN 28th JULY, 1809;

DIED 2nd MARCH, 1895.

Hushed now for aye is the eloquent tongue!
The voice, aye so cheerful! that spoke for the free:
Broken the sweet Harp! that ever was strung
For Justice, and Love, and true Liberty.

Silent the big heart that throbbed for mankind!
No more will his pen, like a sword, cut in two
Pretension and sham, with satire refined—
His love for the REAL was constant and true.

Caledonia of Blackie will ever be proud:
For grandly he honoured the land of his birth;
And gaily he charmed each icy-bound crowd
Till their hearts were all melted in gladness and mirth.

The place he has won in the Temple of Fame
Is to live in the hearts of the good and the wise;
And the Angel of Love will whisper his name
While the sun and the stars rejoice in the skies.

A. L.

"JOHN TAMSON'S MAN."

To The King,
That he war Johne Thomsounis man.

Schir, for your Grace bayth nicht and day,
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,
With all devotioun that I can
God gif ye war John Thomsounis man!

For war it so, than weill war me,
Bot benefice I wald nocht be;
My hard fortoun war endit than:
God gif ye war John Thomsounis man!

Then wald sum reuth within you rest,
For saik of hir fairest and best;
In Bartane, * syn † her time began;
God gif ye war John Thomsounis man!

For it micht hurt in no degre',
That one, so fair and gude as sche
Throw hir virtew sic wirschip wan,
As you to mak John Thomsounis man.

I wald gif all that ever I haif
To that conditioun, so God me saif,
That ye had vowit to the swan,
Ane yeir to be John Thomsounis man.

The mersy of that sweit meik Rois,
Suld soff't yow Thrissil, I suppois,
Quhois pykis throw me so reuthles ran:
God gif ye war John Thomsounis man!

My advocat, bayth fair and sweit,
The hale rejosing of my spreit,
Wald speid in to my errandis than;
And ye war ains John Thomsounis man.

Ever quhen I think yow harde or dour,
Or mercyles in my succour,
Than pray I God, and sweet Sanct An
Gif that ye war John Thomsounis man!

The burden of this humorous address of the Poet Dunbar to James IV. is a proverbial expression of a man ruled by his wife, in common phrase, a *henpecked Husband.* Thus, in the collection of Scottish Proverbs by David Fergussone, under the head "of effiminate persons" one is—"He is John Tamsone's man, coutching carle."

* Britain. † sen i. e. since.

"I have little doubt" says Pinkerton, "but the original proverb was *Joan* Thomson's man; man in Scotland signifies either *Husband* or *Servant*." In support of his contention, Pinkerton quotes the following lines from Sam. Colville's Scottish Hudibras, first printed in 1681:—

> "We read in greatest warriors' lives
> They oft were ruled by their wives.
>
> The world's great conqueror, Alexander,
> Obey'd a lady, his commander;
> And Antonie, that drunkard keen,
> Was rul'd by his lascivious Queen.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> So the imperious Roxalan
> Made the great Turk *John Thomson's man*.

It has been objected by some writers that this suggestion of Pinkerton's will not hold water, for they argue that *Joan* is a name wholly unknown in Scotland, that it does not occur in any family or other writing, and besides, it is not necessary to the origin of the saying, that *man* should be understood as *husband*. The *servant* of "John Thomsone" may have been so ruled by his better half as to render him a byeword.

We think there can be little doubt of the intent of Dunbar's prayer, his opinion clearly being that the King was ruled by the Queen. Margaret, Queen of James IV., had, in all likelihood, promised the Poet her assistance in procuring him a benefice; but to his sorrow he found that her influence with the King was not so strong as he would have wished it to be, and he wrote this poem to give vent to his feelings on the subject.

This Poem of Dunbar's has been preserved to us in the Sir R. Maitland MS. The third line of the fifth verse—"That ye had vowit to the Swan"—requires some explanation. Sibbald tells us that "in the days of chivalry, it was customary for the knights to make vows to God *over* a roasted swan, peacock, heron, or other bird; and these vows were held to be inviolable. The bird was afterwards carried to the table."

Again, in the metrical romance of Alexander, translated from the French in 1438, and printed in Edinburgh by Arbuthnot about 1680, one of the books or parts, "The Avowis of Alexander," refers entirely to this singular custom of the knights and ladies taking solemn vows upon themselves when "the poun" or peacock is set before them. Martin also, in his description of the Western

Islands, says: "When the natives kill a swan, it is common for the eaters of it to make a negative vow (*i.e.*, they swear never to do anything or something that is in itself impracticable) before they taste of the fowl."

There is another poem on this subject, but of a much more modern date, entitled "John Tamson's Wallet." It would seem to have been written about the time of the Reformation, but as the two poems are in their nature distinct from each other, I will notice "The Wallet" at a future time.

There is said to be a social club in London, whose members are Scotsmen, named "John Tamson's Bairns"—meaning that its members were friendly, as brothers of one family. "We're a' John Tamson's bairns" is an expression of mutual good fellowship very frequently heard in Scotland. From what we have said, it would seem that this John Tamson is destined in all time coming to stand forward as the prototype of henpecked husbands.

There is an old Scotch proverb which runs, "Better be *John Thamson's man*, than Ringand Dinn's or John Knox's." Ringand Dinn is a play on the name Ninian Dun—the Scotch pronunciation of which sounds Ringan Din. From the above proverb it would appear that the wife of John Thamson's man did not rule with a rod of iron, but led her husband rather with a silken cord, for in the proverb she is represented as one who did not *ring*, *i.e.*, reign by means of din, or give knocks or blows. There is another allusion in the "Expedition of the worthy Scots Regiment called McKayes," which bears out the same theory. The author, when illustrating the power of connubial affection, in the example of Meleager's exertion for the sake of his wife Cleopatra, evidently takes it for granted that the woman's rule was a mild one, for he says:—

"Here it may be some will alleage he was *John Thamson's man*. I answer, it was all one if shee was good; for all stories esteem them happie, that can live together man and wife without contention, strife or jarres."

The only authority I have come across where the "*John*" is given as "Joan" is in the works of Francis Rabelais, who was born about the year 1483. In his history of Gargantua, when enumerating the games at which his hero played, he gives the name of one as "Joane Tomson."

CAPTAIN CLARK-KENNEDY,

THE PATRIOTIC POET, SONG-WRITER AND NATURALIST.

INTO the kingdom of the great departed, into the silent land, lately passed from mortal ken one of whom every patriotic Scotchman should be proud—Captain Clark-Kennedy of Knockgray, who died on the 21st of December, 1894, at his London residence, Eccleston Square. He was ever a loyal, and in some respects a distinguished, son of Galloway, and his was the proud and pardonable boast that he came of a family whose fortunes are historically linked with that Province, although it was his misfortune, as he once humorously put it, to have been born on the wrong side of the Border.

According to the Galloway poet, Samuel Wilson, some of his ancestors must have been present at the battle of Spearford:—

"Swiftly Maculloch came,
Maitland and all his train,
Stout Craigengillan and haughty Knockgray,
Kennedy's bowmen true
Mustered on Lowran's brow—
Wood-shaded Dee ne'er beheld such array."

For some years past he resided principally in London, but he always spent the autumn with his family, in his ancestral home in the wilds of Galloway, where, amongst the heath-clad hills and crags around Knockgray, he delighted to follow the grouse and the old blackcocks, a sport he loved so well.

The mansion-house of Knockgray is built in the shooting-lodge style, comprising a gable with jutting window and attached frontage, and stands on an elevated plateau which shelves gradually downwards thro' a well-wooded park towards the Deuch, which at this point is spanned by a pretty suspension bridge, the only bridge of the kind, we believe, over this river from its rise on the confines of Ayrshire to the estuary of the Dee at Kirkcudbright.*

* The Deuch is a sort of *Hecatè triformis*. When it meets the Ken it loses its name, and the Ken again becomes the Dee after the latter flows into Loch Ken.

The older mansion house, or Tower of Knockgray, a regular type of the ghost-haunted mansion, with

> "Doors opening into darkness unawares,
> Mysterious passages and flights of stairs"—

still exists among its ancestral trees, a little farther up the hill, and is occupied as a farm house. Both dwellings command extensive views of the impressive mountain scenery of the district, the beauty of which is heightened now and again by the ever-changing, shadow-casting clouds and mists, which in this upland region frequently hover or float over the Kells Rhynns, Cairnsmore, and the huge mountain tops of Merrick, Carlin's Cairn, Shalloch, the Millyeas, &c., which tower over and shadow the head waters of Loch Doon. The village of Carsphairn, nestling at the foot of Cairnsmore, is close at hand; and, no doubt, many of its inhabitants will sadly miss the presence of the genial lord of the Manor.

Some passages in Captain Kennedy's own poem, "The Bruce," beautifully describes the landscape as seen from the vicinity of the Mansion House of Knockgray:—

> "Look we on scenes their father's saw,
> Those distant precipices hoar
> Are just as fearsome as of yore,
> And quite as steep and gray.
> And still the eagles proudly soar—
> . . . . . .
> There Cairnsmore still gigantic stands;
> Its cairn, tho' piled by human hands
> In ages long bygone,
> Looks weird—
> . . . . . .
> And yonder seaward flows the Deuch,
> That cleaves the purple valley through.
> Far past Marscalloch's mountain see
> Above the pine-trees round Glenlee,
> Crowned with a blue-cloud-wreath,
> A pointed summit fair to see,—
> The famous "Black Craig o' the Dee"
> That guards the stream beneath,
> Which dark and sullen swiftly creeps
> Where willows wave o'er wat'ry deeps,
> Past many a dark'ning lea,
> And then with quaint, fantastic sweeps,
> O'er mighty rocks unbridled leaps,
> It thunders toward the sea."

Alexander William Maxwell Clark-Kennedy, the subject of this sketch, comes of a martial race stretching back to the times of the

Bruce; but unlike most of the barons who had been faithful to Bruce's cause, the Kennedys were not of Norman descent, but of Celtic blood, descendants of the Pictish or Scottish Cinaedh. And every student of Scottish history knows that it was "bearding the lion in his den" to offend any of the Lords of Cassilis when they were in the plenitude of their power. The old rhyme runs:—

"'Twixt Wigton and the town o' Ayr,
Portpatrick and the Cruives* o' Cree,
Nae man need think for to byde there
Unless he ride wi' Kennedy."

The first of the direct ancestors of the poet, who owned Knockgray, was the Rev. Alexander Kennedy, minister of Straiton, who, at the beginning of his ministerial career, was chaplain to his relative the seventh Earl of Cassilis. In 1709 he obtained a mortgage over Knockgray, and soon after entered into full possession of the estate by purchase. His son and grandson succeeded him, and the latter left an only daughter who, in 1781, married John Clark of Nunland, near Dumfries. Their son Alexander succeeded to the estate in 1835, and adopted his mother's name of Kennedy. He was present at the battle of Waterloo, and greatly distinguished himself, while an officer in the 1st Dragoons, by capturing the eagle and colours of a French regiment. He eventually rose to the rank of General, and was made a Companion of the Bath and a Knight of Honour. His son, Colonel John Clark-Kennedy, C.B., the father of the poet, succeeded to Knockgray in 1865. He was Commandant of the Military Train in the Abyssinian war, and finally lost his life for his country in that campaign. In 1867 he was succeeded by his eldest son Alexander (Capt. Clark-Kennedy), who was born at Rochester in 1851.

The author of "The Bruce" was educated principally at Aldershot Camp, where, as a boy of eight years, he used often to be employed by the late Prince Consort as "galloper" on the field-days when Her Majesty visited the camp; and from 1857 to 1860 every officer at Aldershot knew young Kennedy and his game little pony "Rose." After spending four years at a private school, he was sent to Eton, where he developed literary tastes and became editor of the *Eton Review*, which lived for two years. At the age of sixteen he followed this up by writing a treatise on ornithology, "The Birds of Berks and Bucks," which met with great success. In this

* Windings.

literary production he was greatly encouraged by the constant sympathy of Prince Leopold, then also a schoolboy at Eton. The friendship then formed continued uninterrupted till the death of that Prince. Captain Kennedy intended to have dedicated his Poem "Robert the Bruce" to the Duke of Albany—but as he died before it was published—in lieu thereof he prefixed some fine verses *In Memoriam* of the Prince to the volume. After leaving Eton College he joined the Coldstream Guards, and soon became an excellent officer, and very popular with the men. Many still living will remember the pleasant social gatherings at Dublin, Chelsea and the Tower, where Capt. Clark-Kennedy was the life and soul of the evenings. He entered the Guards in March, 1870, as ensign, became lieutenant in 1873, and captain in 1876, retiring in the same year.

His favourite pursuit when not engaged in field-sports or on political platforms, where he was always welcome, was writing for the magazines and newspapers. He was a frequent contributor to the *Ibis, Zoologist, Land and Water, The Field,* and other natural history periodicals. He also contributed to the *Army and Navy Gazette,* and many of his best hunting songs appeared in *Baily's Magazine.* He excelled in rousing and spirited songs, describing his own much-loved pastimes of hunting, fishing, and shooting. Some think that his poetical genius is more apparent in these songs than in the longer and more pretentious poem of "The Bruce." "The Song of the Grouse Shooter" makes the blood dance in a sportsman's veins with eager expectancy:—

"Once more it is August, again I am free!
Once more to the North I am hieing!
Again the grey grouse in their beauty I'll see
As swift o'er the heather they're flying.
Again, with my favourite weapon in hand,
On the mountain I'm happily standing!
Again, at my luckiest pool, on the strand,
The salmon I'm raising and landing.

"What a size! what a monster! I have him again!
A beauty fresh run from the sea, sir!
How he gallantly fights!—but at last he is slain!
Who would not a fisherman be, sir?
Once more the best gem of my kennel appears,
And ranges that ocean of heather!
While eager as ever in earlier years
I feel in this glorious weather.

"Ah! look at old Luno, put under the 'knowe',
Like statue of marble how steady!
Come 'cannily' on—'tis a brood, for a 'thou';
For blood I am thirsty and ready!
With a cry of defiance a cock on the right
Is slain; and another is flying
Low over the heather; a beautiful sight!
Now dead on the moor he is lying!

"How cheery and keen shall I be for the fray,
When over the heather I'm roaming;
How heavy the bag when I'm wending my way
So merrily home in the gloaming!
In Scotland wherever we wander or go,
A halo romantic is o'er us;
For Wallace and Bruce, of the time long ago,
Are, in memory, ever before us!

"Those warriors sleep, for their duty is done,
And *we* stand on the heather *they* loved;
And bonny brown grouse are the prey of our gun
Where Highlanders plundered and roved.
When over the mountain the western sun
With golden is tinting the heather,
We'll count by the river the spoils of the gun;
What sport we've been having together!

'So luck to your gillie, your dogs and your gun!
(Ne'er think of your gout or your liver!)
And plenty of health, and of game, and of fun!
And lunches galore by the river!
Long, long may the grouse on the mountain be seen,
May heather reach up to your knee, sir;
And blackcock yet hide 'neath a canopy green;
And salmon run up from the sea, sir!

"Then cheer we the land of the mountain and glen,
Our grouse, and our salmon, and lasses!
No country on earth is more worthy, ye ken?
For none bonny Scotland surpasses!
So prosper, my country, so bracing and free!
From isles of Argyle to the Forth, sir!
And luck to your sportsmen of every degree,
From Berwick and Esk to the North, sir!"

He wrote many electioneering songs. One of them referred to the last election of Sir Mark J. Stewart for Kircudbrightshire, entitled "Good Luck to Mark." A stanza or two may be quoted to show how happily he could hit off a thing of this sort:—

"Our Mark we love in many a home,
By Deuch and Ken and Dee, sir!
Come show me better, truer friend,
'Twixt Maxwelltown and Cree, sir!

Gin I'd a hundred thousand votes
(Oh ! would I were so clever !)
I'd give them all to honest Mark—
I would indeed, whatever ! "

The Captain took part in many a political gathering, and it was expected at one time that his voice would have been heard at Westminister. He came forward as Conservative candidate for Kircudbrightshire in 1874, but did not go to the poll; and during the agitation against the Home Rule Bill he was a conspicuous figure on many platforms. No one has yet forgotten the great sensation created throughout the country by the singing of his song "Rouse Ye, Ulster" at Lord Salisbury's great Unionist meeting at Belfast in 1894. The enthusiasm evoked by this song was still further heightened by the gallant Captain appearing upon the platform waving the old Grenadier Guards' colours, which had seen service at Waterloo. A question was even asked in the House of Commons by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman concerning this characteristic meeting, "whether steps should be taken to suppress the song;" but the only effect this had was to greatly increase its circulation. An attempt was also made to deprive the author of his Commission of the Peace, but without effect.

Captain Clark-Kennedy was a fellow of many of the learned Societies—an F.R.G.S., a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, an F.Z.S., a Deputy Lieutenant and a J.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire, Dumfriesshire and Dorsetshire, and a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland.

Besides the ornithological work already mentioned and "Robert the Bruce"—a romantic poem after the manner of Scott's "Marmion," describing the wanderings, hardships, battles and "hair-breadth 'scapes" of Bruce in the Glenkens and wild Highlands of Galloway—he was the author of "To the Arctic Regions and Back in Six Weeks," "Sporting Adventures in the Pacific," and a "Tour in Africa and Palestine," also a pamphlet "The Great Irish Rebellion of 1888," related by a landlord in the style of the "Battle of Dorking."

In 1875, he married the Hon. Lettice Lucy Hewitt (daughter of James, 4th Viscount Lifford, of Meenglass, County Donegal). She, with her five sons and two daughters, is left to mourn his loss.

Only last Autumn, Capt. Clark-Kennedy selected a spot on Knockgray Craig as a burying ground. This slope commands an

extensive prospect of beautiful landscape stretching from the mountains beyond Loch Doon to the valley of the Cairn in Dumfries-shire, with the great saddle-back of Cairnsmore in the foreground, and the plain of "sweet Carsphairn" and several miles of the river Deuch lying in full view. And thus his choice of a sepulchre reminds one of Louis Stevenson lying in lonely grandeur on "Pala's height" in the far Pacific, and also brings to mind another Scottish author and poet, who sings :—

"Here I'd come when weariest !
Here the breast
Of the Windburg's tufted over
Deep with bracken ; here his crest
Takes the west,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

* * * * * *

"Friend or stranger kind, or lover,
Ah, fulfil a last behest,
Let me rest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover."

So not even in death are he and his beloved Galloway parted. Fit resting place for one who had so often traversed, both on horse and foot, through the scenery which can be seen from his tomb, and of which he was so deeply enamoured. How much he was in love with it is evident from his patriotic Galloway song, entitled, "The Exile from Galloway."—

"Then never say, my Galloway !
That ocean's love can sever :
Baith nicht and day, tho' far away,
I lo'e thee an' for ever !
My heart an' han', my bonny lan',
Are thine till death divide us ;
For memory dear is wi' us here
An' them we lo'e beside us !

* * * * * *

"Nae brichter leas beyond the seas
My heart frae thee shall sever ;
My latest lays shall sing thy praise,
Here's 'Galloway for ever !'"

Here in the presence of many friends he was laid to rest on the 27th of Dec. last; and as he lies sleeping, like the hunter of old among the lonely hills, we feel that no sketch of the worthy captain would be complete without some reference to his favourite pastimes of hunting, shooting and fishing. All throughout his

interesting notes to "The Bruce," he mentions again and again having followed the hounds thro' the scenes which he so lovingly and picturesquely describes. On the "glorious Twelfth" Capt. Clark-Kennedy often headed the list in the records of grouse-shooting, and his pack of otter hounds was known on all the rivers of Galloway and Dumfries-shire, while trophies of his fox-hunting prowess were often displayed to the visitors of his own mountain scenery.

Fain would we linger and expatiate on "The Bruce," and many of his spirited songs and poems that keep ringing in our memories, but these would require an article to themselves to do them justice; and therefore we feel we cannot do better than take leave of him in the beautiful farewell verses of the Galloway poet who writes under the well-known *nom de plume* "Venetia"—

"I mourn him not for title or for fame,
But for the noble gift he held in truce:
The gift that won the laurel-wreath of fame,
And linked his name for ever with the Bruce;
His muse inspired my heart when I was young,
I saw the fight on many a rocky scaur,
As o'er his martial lays I fondly hung,
And shouted 'Bruce for aye, and Lochinvar.'

"So let me lay a wreath upon his bier,
A simple garland from the flowers of rhyme,
And heave a sigh for him no longer here,
Culled in the vigour of his hardy prime.
Oh, may a spot be his among the hills,
In that far land for ever and for aye,
A flowery dell of heath and sparkling rills,
Where all is light and love. Farewell, Knockgray!"

J. G. CARTER, F.S.A. (Scot.)

REMINISCENCES
OF
AN OLD COMMERCIAL.

No I.

THE QUEEN AND THE DEESIDE PEASANTS.

"The heart has tendrils like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the parent tree
Of deeply-planted sympathy.' —*Browning.*

Anything authentic that can bring out the real traits, womanly wisdom, and tact that endear her to all with whom Her Majesty comes in contact around "Her ain Highland Hame" must be interesting to her subjects. It is not merely as a Queen that the common people love and respect Her Majesty. She enters their hearts through the doors of their humble sheils, and sympathizes with them in their trials and troubles, and assists them with her counsel and advice. Their lives, and their lives' history are all known, and most of the menials of the royal palaces are drafted from the lowly sheils on Deeside. How much better would it be to have a few lords-in-waiting made up from the same stock. Love, loyalty, and true devotion are nowhere more firmly rooted than in the highland heart. It is now thirty-three years since I had occasion to do business with Mr. James McKenzie, general merchant, Ballater. I remember driving him up to his father's house at Alt-na-Quithasach, Loch Muick, in the autumn of 1862. The road was only in the course of formation, and there was no stable to put up the horse. His father occupied one of the cottages, and the Queen resided occasionally in the other, which is fully described in her book—"Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands"—where a sketch by the Queen is also given of the sheil. I remember we had dried venison at lunch, firm and sweet, it cut like cheese. It was a gift from the Queen to McKenzie, who received a similar gift every year. When he was a lad of twelve years the Queen entered the cottage one morning while he was at his morning meal—

porridge and milk—and taking up a horn spoon, a kind of spoon generally used in that district, partook of several spoonfuls out of his dish, and laying her hand on his head, said, "James, now you can say you have supped porridge and milk with the Queen." It is in such touches of nature that has made the Queen's life on Deeside so happy, natural, pure and loveable. There is no fear, awe, or dread in her presence, and Her Majesty rejoices with those that do rejoice, and weeps—tears in reality—with those who weep.

The Queen is enthroned far higher in the hearts of her people around her at Deeside than when she is presiding at the receptions of the aristocracy in their pride, pomp, and grandeur.

THE QUEEN'S OWN SHOP (property built by her).

The late John Symon, general merchant, Balmoral, was a very quiet, respectable, plodding, pawky, canny individual. So canny and so careful was he in his purchases that he actually required a whole day to select, from samples, an ordinary parcel which most buyers could have selected with ease in a couple of hours. But if the worthy old merchant was slow in buying he was always sure and prompt in paying. When I first made his acquaintance in 1862 he had a very small house and shop, having narrow low windows with small panes of glass, similar to the other cottage windows in that district. The premises stood on the Balmoral estate, and consequently belonged to Her Majesty, by whom they were remodelled and renewed prior to 1870 (the date to which this refers.) Mr. Symon's house and shop were situated at the east entrance to Balmoral Castle, and commanded a fine view of a very long avenue leading to the royal residence. One autumn evening, in the above year, saw the writer at Mr. Symon's shop-door with a trap containing six cwts. of drapery samples, from needles to broadcloth, representing one of the largest dry goods establishments in Scotland. After the usual preliminary talk, business was commenced, and the old gentleman went through books of buttons, cases of cottons, flannels, linens, dresses, and tartans, making his selections warily, as usual, from 9 a. m. till about noon, assisted by his wife and one or two daughters, when one of his daughters said, "Oh! here's the Queen comin'." I had no idea there was so much "smeddum" or activity in Mr. Symon until I saw him bundling up and stowing away the samples he had been looking over. "Come awa', min, an' help me tae get them oot o' the road," he said to me.

I had been a little soured at him keeping them all exposed and mixed up, so I stepped outside and left him to clear them as best he could. My trap was standing unyoked about twenty yards from the shop, and taking my stand beside it I observed Her Majesty and the Princess Louise coming along the avenue followed by the stalwart John Brown, who was clad in Highland costume of dark brown, and a Glengarry cap. A few yards behind, a carriage, drawn by a pair of greys, followed. I observed when the Queen turned and addressed John Brown he doffed his cap while replying. The Queen and the Princess Louise entered the shop, John Brown remained outside, while the carriage was ordered to take a turn round by the distillery. In a little Mrs Symon made her appearance at the front door and beckoned John Brown, who entered, and after staying in long enough to swallow "high twal," came out smacking his lips and took his station beside me. While we were having some general conversation, the Queen made her appearance at the shop door with a poodle which she made stand on its hind legs, spin, walk, etc. She then re-entered the shop and remained there for about half-an-hour, when she emerged with the Princess, and was followed up by John Brown. They went off in the direction the carriage had taken.

On entering the shop I was accosted by Mrs. Symon with a long Scotch screed, somewhat as follows:

"I sis-sure you! you micht think muckle o' yersel' the day. I never heard the Queen or ony ither bodie speerin' sae muckle aboot onything or onybodie as fat she speered aboot you, an' your button books, patterns, patches, and swatches a' lyin' aboot there, fa' you were and fur you cam' frae. She was astonished at hearin' you cam' frae Glesca' a' the wye." "Why did you not call me in to assist you in selling a parcel to Her Majesty?" I said. "Gae wa', min," said she, tossing her dress cap and making the ribbons and flowers in it flutter, "you trav'llers are nae better than common hawkers." I admitted the fact, but reminded her that—

> "An honest man, though ere sae puir,
> Is king o' men for a' that."

I asked her, although dealing with Royalty, if the text did not apply to her case—"As the driving of a nail between two stones so is the evil in buying and selling." "She never saw that in the Bible," she replied. "Well it is in the book adjoining it, the Apocrypha," I said, and after a little more banter I spent a couple

of hours to good purpose. I found the old merchant was in grand fettle, after having sold the Queen a large quantity of different materials, which were to be gifted away by Her Majesty to the aged, infirm, and poor around her much loved Highland Home.

THE HARPER'S SONG.

"Mother, why does the wintry wind
Moan so sadly amongst the trees?"
"Child, there's a Harper old and blind,
Whose Harp is the air and whose Song the breeze,
And day and night when the wild winds blow
He is singing of seasons long ago—
Buried by Time long since from sight—
Their dirge he is playing with all his might.

"Sometimes he singeth, and with the strain
He mingles teardrops of snow or rain;
He weeps so often, the flowerets know
That the rain and the hail and the drifting snow
Are olden sorrows, and through his grief
They spring to bud and blossom and leaf,
Till his sadness is changed, in their Summer glee,
To pæans of joyous melody.

"From quivering harpstrings this Harper hoar
Scatters o'er earth his golden store
Of garnered sunlight from Summer's breath,
Ere his wintry dirge of pain and death
Fills the gray sky and the ocean wide—
Fills the white vale and the mountain side;
His gayest tune is of Autumn born,
With its chorus of birds and of rustling corn."

ELGIN. H. I. GRANT.

HIGHLAND DANCING
IN
THE OLDEN TIMES.

"There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man."
—*Burns.*

"Nae cotillon brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle i' their heels."
—*Burns' Tam o' Shanter.*

BOOK, giving in detail a history of the various forms of dancing among the nations of the world, both secular and religious, would be intensely interesting. So far as we know, such a book has never been written; although we have many books on the subject, but these only treat, as a rule, of the dancing customs of an individual nation or people. We have no end of descriptions of the national dances of the people of Europe, of the *taran'tella* of the Neapolitans; the *bole'ro* and *fandango* of the Spaniards; the *mazourek* and *Krakovieck* of Poland; the *cosack* of Russia; the *redo'wac* of Bohemia; the *quadrille, cotillon,* and *contre danse* of the French; the *waltz* and *gallopade* of Germany; and the *reel* of Scotland. What is wanted is a philosophic treatise on the dances of all nations. As soon as man, in a rude state, wishes to express elevated feelings, whatever be their cause—joy, devotion, patriotism—he makes use of rhythm, of measured language, and the dance, which is measured movement. This is without doubt the origin of the symbolical dance which, among all nations, in the first stages of civilization, is used as an expression of excited feeling.

Music and dancing, it is reasonable to suppose, must have existed in the rudest and most remote ages, or rather, most likely co-eval with society itself. In proof of this supposition, all our circumnavigators tell us, that music and dancing are common to the natives of America and the South-sea islands; many natives

among whom excel in dancing in a wonderful degree. If we read the history of the Assyrians, or the Persians, or the Egyptians, we also find that dancing was their favourite exercise.

We learn from the Sacred Book, that:—"When David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, that the women came out of the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music" (1 Samuel, chap. xviii., v. 6), and we find that after David had ascended the throne, when he went with all his people "from Baale to Judah, to bring from thence the ark of God," that "David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir-wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and cornets, and on cymbals; and David danced before the Lord with all his might." We also read in the sacred volume that, many ages after, when "the sceptre had departed from Judah," and the Romans were in possession of Palestine, dancing was one of the chief amusements of that eventful period." "And when the day was come," says St. Mark in his Gospel, "that Herod, on his birth-day, made a supper to his Lords, High Captains, and chief estates of Galilee." And when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herod, and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel, "ask of me whatever thou wilt, and I will give it thee." And he swore unto her, whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom. And she went forth and said unto her mother, "What shall I ask?" And she said, "the head of John the Baptist"; a most extraordinary demand, truly! and although the king was very loth to comply, and, as the sacred penman says, "was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her. And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought. And he went and beheaded him in prison, and brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel; and the damsel gave it to her mother" (St. Mark, chap. vi., v. 21 to 29).

We learn from ancient history that the games and festivals of the Greeks were uniformly graced with dances composed in honour of their object of adoration, or peculiar rites and ceremonies; nay, dancing was a favourite exercise of the deities; hence one of Apollo's titles is *Orchiestes*, the dancer, as Pinder, Homer, and and others, celebrate in their lyric compositions. The Thracians

had their war-dances, as the savages of America and other remote parts of the habitable globe have to this day. Rome, in the days of glory and decline, carried the passion for dramatic dancing to a pitch hardly exceeded by the present theatrical rage for the like entertainment, introduced in the Italian opera. It was towards the close of the fifteenth century that this species of drama was first introduced at modern Rome in the pontificate of Sixtus IV. From Rome it spread gradually throughout the neighbouring provinces, states and empires, till at length it reached England; and has now, for more than two centuries past, been the favourite amusement of those who can relish all that music, poetry, and painting,—grace, elegance, and grandeur of movement,—together with all that the fascinating expression of the human countenance can at once convey. Notwithstanding the prevalence of the opera in Europe, we still find that the national dances retain a place, in defiance of refinement, and all its bewitching beauty, among the pastimes and pleasures of the vulgar.

In Spain the *Fandango*, and *Les Follies de' Espagne*, are still performed with castinets. In France the *contre-dances;* in Flanders, a number of droll dances; in Naples they still preserve a number of peculiar dances of a grotesque character; in France they have similar dances of a rural cast; in Venice they have a favourite dance called *Furlanda*. The peasants of the Tyrol also preserve several old dances. The Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Tartars, Persians, Chinese, Indians, Arabians, Egyptians, and numerous nations of Africa and America, have at this day their national dances, which they preserve with as much care as they do their religious rites and ceremonies. On the authority of Dr. Livingstone, we are told that the question, "What do you dance?" means, what tribe do you belong to?—being a south African phrase, where each tribe has its own peculiar dance. To bring the matter home to our own islands, have we not the hornpipe of the English, the jig of the Irish, the Scottish measure of the lowlanders, and the Reel of the Highlanders, each danced with that life and spirit peculiar to each nation or province to which these dances belong.

The Scottish Highlanders are acknowledged by all to excel in those steps and figures called *reels* and *strathspeys*, which they still go through with vivacity, agility and grace.

The variety of dances that in former times made part of the amusements or mirthful exercises of the Gael, may be divided into

four classes:—1. Dances of one performer. 2. Dances of two. 3. Dances of three or more. 4. Dances of character or dramatic cast.

Class 1. A dance performed by one person is strictly considered a sort of character of consequence, in some measure dramatic. Of a female, the character assumed is *a' Cailleach*, or old wife; and the person who dances it is dressed in a very grotesque style, having a huge bunch of keys hanging by her apron-string, and a staff to support her, for she affects to be very stiff, and lame of one leg. When the tune strikes up she appears hardly able to hobble on the floor; by degrees, however, she gets on a bit, and as she begins to warm she feels new animation, and capers away at a great rate, striking her pockets, and making her keys rattle; then affecting great importance as keeper of the good things of the store-room, *ambry* and dairy. Meanwhile some of the company present join the person who plays the tune, and sing words suitable to the character the dancer assumes—generally some nonsense of a comic cast, with which the matron or *Cailleach* seems wonderfully delighted.

If it be a male dancer, the individual personifies some droll character, and is fantastically dressed for the occasion; or perhaps assumes the appearance of a rustic or day-labourer; then for example, the dance called *a' Chraig Leith*, is danced by one man with a flaughter-spade, who sings at the same time telling how he fared after his day's *dary* or labour. It is supposed that this is the same sort of dance mentioned in "The Complaint of Scotland," and therein called "the speyde." *Gille Cullum da' pheiyin* is generally danced by one man, who performs it with great address over naked broad-swords laid on the floor; but sometimes this dance is danced by two, three, or four men, when so done they do not reel, but only change places. *A' Cuthaich chaoil dubh* is a kind of wild fantastic dance that requires great strength and agility to go through the various steps and movements, and is danced by one man. *Fear Druim a Chairi* is also danced by one male only.

Class 2. Dances of two, or *two-some* dances, as they are called by the lowlanders. These dances are performed generally by a male and female, and have a remarkably agreeable effect when done with spirit and grace; the couple are of the same age and generally youthful; the tunes played during the dances are various and changed at pleasure.

Class 3. Are reels and strathspeys, and are so well known as to need no description. All professors of the art of dancing teach Scotch reels and strathspeys as they do cotillons and country-dances. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who spent the best of her days in Strathspey, thus archly expresses her opinion of the children of fashion approving "with air constrained the rural balls;"—

> "The nymph that wont to trace the source of Tay,
> Or lead the sprightly dame by rapid Spey,
> With conscious triumph smiles aside to see
> This faint affection of the rural glee;
> Short pleasure languid imitation feels,
> While polish'd courtiers pant in active reels."

Class 4. Are of a dramatic cast, as already stated, such as *Damsha nam Boc* (dance of the he-goats). This dance is performed by three men, who reel fantastically, leap, bound and bleat, as he-goats do; and stooping on all fours, they jump alternately over each other, causing by this means much merriment and laughter. *Fidh an gunn*, (weave the gown) is generally danced by three persons who *set* and *reel*, but who instead of doing so in the ordinary manner, keep invariably their faces one way. *Damhsa an Chlesca*, (the cloak dance) is performed by one person (supposed to be a young gentleman who is returned from his travels abroad), attended by his man-servant. The young laird comes in as if newly arrived, looks round the company with seeming wonder, and after wandering through the apartment while the tune is playing he all at once stops, throws off his mantle, plaid or cloak, and away his staff, affecting at the same time considerable emotion; his servant who is by, picks up the cloak and staff, and puts on the one, and places the other in his hand, endeavouring at the same time to quiet his master, who seems to be pacified, and foots it away again to the same tune, till he tires, and throws away his mantle and staff again; which his man takes up, and presents them as before; repeating the same several times, till at last the servant recollecting that he has a letter, he pulls it out of his pocket and offers it to his young master, who says he is unable to read, owing to a phlegmon on his posterion which marvellously affects his eye-sight and that . . . .

We will describe at some length the dance called *Crait an Dreathan* (the wrens croft), which is danced by one man who personifies a farmer. The character comes into the hall, and begins with telling the story of his difficulties in labouring the farm of

Crait an Dreathan; he then stops short and desires the piper or fiddler to play up the tune peculiar to the dance; and then he dances the tune once over and stops to relate some of the particulars of his story, then renews the dance and so on. As there is some fear that some of our national dances will become obsolete, this among the number, it will be well to present the reader with the words of this comic performance in the original, and subjoin a literal translation for those who are unacquainted with the Gaelic.

CRAIT AN DREATHAN.	THE WREN'S CROFT.
1.	1.
Bha mise roimh so mo thuanach, an Craitan Dreathan; agus ma bha, ma' ta bha i duileach trabha: Bha i ga faidhaich standlcaoh, clochack carnach, claon-foidach, ach duleach treabha mar bha i, threabh mise i. Seid suas!	I was formerly the farmer of the Wren's Croft; and if I was, indeed it was very difficult to labour; it was wild, balky, stony, cairney, and the furrow ill to clear; yet difficult as it was, I laboured it. Blow up!
(Here he dances the tune once over).	
2	2
An deig sin thainig buidh-eann mhor, mhor saigheadoirim feath na duicha, agus cha do stad iad leam riabh, gus an d' thainig iad cean Bhothel-brig. Seid suas!	After that there came a great company of soldiers to the country, and they forced me to join them; and then never halted till they brought me to Bothwell-brig. Blow up!
(Dances).	
3	3
Ach an uair a biodh cach ri' Saigh dearach, bhidhinsa ann's na peasarchan. Seid susa!	But when the rest would be soldiering, I would be always found among the pease. Blow up!
4	4
Bha mi beath'mach spais-deireach, agus thachair truir bhaintighearnan orm, and thug mi treis do dhithis dibe, agus suadha an treas te a ton re usc. Seid susa!	I was one day out strolling, and I met three ladies; I passed two of of them, and let the third . . . . . Blow up!
5	5
Nuair cha cach thun a bhlair, theasamh mi fheinanna'croabh mhor sgithich a chunnaig mi thall, agus tharuing mi mho chlaidhiomh, agus rinn mi mar sud, agus mar sud. Seid susa!	When the rest went to the battle, I myself stood in a large thorn tree I saw over the way; and I drew my broad-sword, and I laid about me thus, and so, so.* Blow up!

* Here he draws his sword or stick, and strikes at the legs and shoulders of his company.

6

'Naar thainig me da-thigh, rinn Fionghol Donn agam fhein an Caththa so damh; agus chuir i andeargan' cridhghuirm, agus an gorm an' crithe'n uaine, agus cearsle dhubh na cheann deire, agus chaithe mi mar sud fhein e.

Seid susa!

7

An deigh sin, bha Crait an Dreathan abaigh; agus bhuain mi i; agus bha cearamh brudhaist dheth, agus ma bha mi buidheach, bha; 's mar robh, leig dha;—cha robh tulle agam re faighinn.

Seid susa!

6

When I came home, my own brunette Flora made this tartan here; and she put the red into the heart of the blue, and the blue into the heart of the green, and a clue of black at the end, and I wear it as you now see.

Blow up!

7

After that the Wren's Croft was ripe; and I cut down the crop: and I had a quantity of barley on it; of which I made a quarter of brose; and if I was satisfied—well—if I were not—I had no more to get.

Blow up!

The imperative "seid suas" (blow up) is addressed to the musician, who is frequently a bag-piper, but oftener a fiddler.

The violin as well as the bag-pipes are, comparatively speaking, but of recent introduction among the Gael. For the harp is the true instrument of Gaelic song, which we had in common with our brethren the Gael of Ireland, among whom the great bagpipe was never known. The harp was freely cultivated both by the Scotch and Irish so early as the 12th century, and the common people of both countries seem at that early date to have attained considerable skill in its use. So much was this the case that we have competitions recorded which were patronised by Royalty itself. In the year 1564 Mary Queen of Scots paid a visit to the Perthshire Highlands, when she was entertained by the Earl of Athole. The story goes that there was a grand hunt got up in Glen Tilt, at which 2000 deer were driven through the Glen in her presence. To amuse her the harpers from all parts of the Highlands engaged in a friendly competition in her presence, the prize for superior skill being a small exquisitely finished harp. This harp was long afterwards spoken of as "Queen Mary's harp." In this account no mention is made of bagpipes or the fiddle. Yet for many generations the Scotch bag-pipes have been closely associated with peat-reek, kilts, and Scotch whisky, and when:—

"The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud numbers,"

on the blood-red field of battle, these numbers have been found to be a most reliable backstay of our Highland Regiments in the hour of need. What a picturesque figure, dear to the heart of an artist

is the wandering Scotch bagpiper, dressed in tartan trews, whom we see yet at times on the streets of our lowland towns and cities, pocketing the street-corner penny and refreshing his tough nostrils with "Davie Graham's best sneeshin" from his big horn-mill. This figure has entered into the humorous literature of Scotland. Have we not Habbie Simpson, the famous "Piper O' Kilbrachan" and "Pawkie Adam Glen," who was long a favourite in every farmer's ha' village, and fair in the west of Angusshire, and also the famous "piper," who met Maggie Lauder gaun to Fife, and struck up a merry acquaintance with her on the road-side, making her heels fly to the music of his chanter. One of Scotland's most notable sons, the late Dr. Norman Macleod, speaks to us of the love of the Highlanders for the music of the bagpipes:—

"Dance, my children, lads and lasses,
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels;
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels,
Make the old barn ring with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum;
Batter it with 'Tullochgorum,'
Till the storm without is dumb."

There is no ground for assigning a Scottish origin to the bagpipes, much as they are beloved in the Highlands. The instrument is common in all countries, and in its most primitive form is as old as the fabled pipes of the river god Pan. In many European countries the bagpipes were anciently held in esteem: during the reign of Nero they were so much thought of in Rome that they got a place on the coin of the empire. It has been supposed that the bagpipes were first introduced into Scotland by the Scandinavian rovers, some time after the year 900. What confirms to a great extent the certainty of the large bagpipe being of Scandinavian origin is, that in Strut's "Sports and Pastimes" chap. V., there is a representation of a sword-dance, and therein is represented a figure playing on the bagpipes, precisely similar to that on which our modern highland pipers play on at this day.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

"Go call a coach, and let a coach be called."

—*Chrononhotonthologos.*

ACING a belt of fir wood some little way down the howe, there is a plainly built house of two storeys. The windows are small, and denote limited sunlight in the low-roofed apartments. Only one shutter hangs on the wall of the basement, and the wall itself is black, and the harl riven off in parts. It is the home of outworkers and their families. Like some old hulk stranded on the sea beach, the house has been shunted off the direct main line between the shires and their towns and cities. It is fully thirty yards from the turnpike that connects the hill hamlets with the market town. The wind sweeps the road before it, when the rooks seek their meals in the cattle courts, and when the ringlet and Scots argus butterflies frequent the meadows and corn-fields. Winter's snows fly past in whirling clouds, leaving the icy cart-ruts naked and cold to the eye. Grasses and flowers and open woods are powdered with the summer dusts, as it floats before the June breezes. At all seasons the wind has unfettered freedom; after it rounds the smiddy gable and rushes between the spruce firs and the old block of masonry. All the outhouses are, to a great extent, demolished. To the traveller the place indicates departed greatness, and one intent on learning the history of the country and its people, would naturally stay to question the reason for the seeming change.

Nature loves to go back. The grasses of the field and the garden flowers return to their primitive ways if the artificial hand is withheld. But while acknowledging the present we seldom love it. What is behind and what is before seem greener and fresher to the poetic mind. The present will not write in legible letters. The ripple of modern life is round about,—near at hand. Every-day worries kill the sentiment. The olden times are mellowed and subdued. The personal heart-burnings are buried in the kirkyard long ago. Back fifty years the figures are painted in golden colours, that the years have fixed firm and lasting. Let oblivion whirl its atoms—let the earth revolve—let the fragments

mix awhile. Catch time's cycle with the mind, and watch the pearls that fall from the cemented years. Names that knew not friendship, men and women who worshipped forbidden saints, heroes buried mid the din of human agony—their work is written by hands that have dug the rubble and the rubbish from their lives. We work round, as stray plants take kindly to the open breezes of the fields. Poet Burns is coming nearer to our hearts and homes. Heads that were laid in the common earth are being re-anointed. Ages are carried out beyond the horizon of our vision, but in the day of our thoughts the sun lights up the springs and we drink the waters that bubble in the clay. So we try to forget the present with its shadows, its skeletons and its merry-dancers, and seek to know the past better than we know ourselves. Distance brightens and gone days enchant.

Writing at a distance of over fifty years, one forgets the present aspect of the dwelling and its inmates. The eye alights upon the red tiles—warm in colour—the white-washed front, painted shutters, trim garden with its beds of ranuncului and rows of tulips,—a swinging signboard, long since given to the workman's fire, a piece of art painted to the order of the reigning earl. To-day it would realise a goodly sum under the hammer of Dowell. The land that lay adjacent to the hostelry is now considered a dairy farm. The milk is carted three miles and conveyed seventeen by rail before the city folks taste the essence of the clover, or rye grasses. That favourite herb of housewives—"Aiple reenie"—has run out in the matron's patch at the gable-end. There is no Bible, no white handkerchief, and a twig of the sweet scented plant carried towards the Auld Kirk on Sabbath now. There are no sins to rub out and forgive. No incense to be offered. No love's token to be placed on the narrow bookboard.

The thrushes sing early in the spring time of the year on the tall elm tree. The blackbird builds in the same hawthorn hedge as its predecessors of yore, and even the willow wren nestles in the lower reaches of the poplar as its forebears did; but there is no church hymn chanted in the village yonder, as in the days when that matron's voice led the old-fashioned choir. How the birds used to warble in that garden in the sunshine, as the passenger smoked a choice cigar or a pipe by the hedge, after a lengthened ride and a hot meal. The children played round the stable-door, ignorant of life and its burdens. Down the firwood edge, down

the burn side, down the broad common where the daisies bloomed and the meadow pipits sang. Down wood and water, down grasslands, wading through the tall grasses and the nodding poppies. Mowing the stems and blooms with the feet and ankles. Voices of the air, windy music, tinkling waters—all framed to charm the youthful mind and fix it in early bondage. Nodding, swaying trees, deep canopied fir-woods and brook edges, clothed by reed and sheltered by broom. The water playing wondrous melodies, youth roaming in airy lands of surprise and delights. Fashioning, questioning, reasoning, guessing with faculties crude and immatured, the youngsters lived the life of the open air. Dandering down the plantation and by the burn had a greater meaning than the bairns dreamed of. As they roamed, life came with open hand to lead their juvenile feet where cloud and shadow, wind and shower crossed the sky. Youth queried and answered its own riddle. Some went with the flood and mixed with the flotsam and jetsam of the world. Dunces conquered—dux was washed out to the sea. Some stranded, who set out fair in wind and weather, and others badly built and rudely fitted sail now mid the billows of golden oceans. Lives nursed, tended and reared in care, are to-day as wrecks tossed up on the river bank. Lives dragged along the muddy ridges of boyhood, sail proudly in the mighty seas. Nothings and somethings mixed into one vast concrete mass.

Thus the mind is drawn back to the old hostelry and its crowds of little ones, with the evening resting on the crests of the hills. The red clouds sit upon the peaks, and a warm glow stretches over the valley to the village on the eastern shore of the north sea. Mentally back to the Half-way house, with the local piper marching from the neighbouring "ferm toou" to take his evening turn before the arrival of the "Defiance." Hark!—while he measures his tramp to the music coming up the whinny dyke. Of himself he is the very soul of poetry. From him and his kindred our nation has built up a race of musicians. From the ploughman turning up the timid mouse in the furrow of the land, the crushing the life out of a tender daisy, and linking sweet words and melody by the acts; from the most tender, most pathetic, truest-hearted seer-poet; down through the years, beaded with minor bards, the nation is one long chain of measured words and gurgling rhyme. The heart of the Scot is musical; his soul floats in song.

The love of the bagpipe is often a family trait. The pipers one meets annually at the Highland Games can often boast of a Highland pedigree so far as an innate love of the instrument is concerned. Many a family, for generations, can trace the ancestry of their love, through father and grandfather, back to the days of Prince Charlie and beyond.

There is no music more Scottish than the bagpipes, and no music that can blend with the hill-side so well. As the piper comes up the loan, one's heart takes the wings of lightness and sails amid the airy clouds in harmony with the stirring strains that float on the winds afar. The flycatcher darts from the broomy knowe and dances in mid-air after the gauzy wings of insects. The piper turns at the hostelry and steps round the front court, playing to the silent crowd that frequents the house. The strapper moves nearer, holding his brush and bridle in his hand, and the landlord shakes his pipe on the wall and smiles. From the currant bush in the garden a greenfinch drops to the ground in quest of insects to support its second brood. It carries caterpillars up amongst the branches while they are to be found; but in autumn and winter it eats the chickweed seeds, groundsel, dandelion, and other wild wayside weeds.

Six miles away the landlord can make out the approaching coach. He keeps a field glass, which he says was held by Blucher at Waterloo, although its claim to that distinction is not quite apparent. He stands on the stone that keeps the coach wheels off the garden wall, and informs the company whether the "Defiance" is "full up" or "light." As the mail turns the corner of the Castle grounds he says, "they are over the mill," meaning the vehicle is mounting the brae, with the meal mill immediately over the bank to the left. The piper is playing his best strathspey when the crack of Captain Barclay's thong causes the pigeons to circle afield, and with a rattling swing the team turns in to the Half-way House.

The world went quietly then, and left space for the mail coach with its jolly crew of Whip and Guard and passengers. Like all other undertakings of the Laird of Ury's, the "Defiance" was a model coach. It was the fastest, best equipped, and best conducted stage that raised the dust on the highways of northern Britain. Barclay himself was a noted athlete, a prominent agriculturist, and a genius with reins and whip. The end, rather than the beginning of the nineteenth century, had a place for his talent. He made

coaching a science, and it was more than a hobby with him even when he forced the pace. It was a delight—nay a luxury, to ride on the box seat, when the ribbons passed through his hands. The talk, the joke, the challenge, and the many items that went to make the journey a thing of pleasure, were centred on the box-seat of the "Defiance."

At the "Salutation," as half-past twelve marked the face of the town clock, passengers and luggage from Edinburgh and Glasgow were aboard the north mail. A word to the leaders and a gentle "pull up" forced the team out into the great north road, with Aberdeen mapped out far ahead. Short and sharp stages were the order of the day. Through wooded height, along level pasturage, between blooming gorse, down glen and uphill—steady and safe, at five miles an hour. A basket of trout to take up at the Cross-roads, a brace of grouse for Stonehaven at the Toll-house, or a parcel addressed Aberdeen at the merchant's, standing lonely in a dreary waste of moorland and heather.

When the echo of the bugle had spent itself upon the crags and hill-sides, and the coach had rounded the smiddy on its journey towards the capital of the north, the company would slowly and silently turn to the Half-way House, to learn the latest news from Perth, Stirling, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. The landlord's name was over the door-way, as an author's name is printed on the covers of his book. Travellers from the north, and passengers from the south, contributed to the volume edited by the tenant of the way-side hostelry. Over a glass of ale or a whisky toddy in the side parlour, the landlord's reference library could be consulted on the topics of the day. The times newspaper was the Half-way house kitchen. There were not ten printed volumes within the walls of the hostelry. Rural life required few books, and novel reading bordered on actual sin. Travel, adventure, and works of an ethnographic description were the volumes of passing interest to the folks scattered round the Half-way House. Even in many countrysides and villages the three volume novel is yet comparatively scarce. Country folks do not read as the people of the city do. There is no reading, in fact, on the city system. The working population,—the labouring classes—do not, to any great extent, admire Kipling, Haggard or Stevenson. To most G. A. Sala is a dead letter, and Thackeray might be a god of the heathen. The rich and well-to-do classes scan a work if put into their hands, but the daily newspapers, and

a weekly, embraces almost the whole range of the literature of the opulent. Labourers also read a weekly. There are few libraries of a private nature outside some of the older mansion houses. The scarcity of books in a household—otherwise well appointed—is one of the features of rural life. The gap that exists between the people in this respect is more apparent now, than it was fifty years ago. Newspapers and other advertising mediums are scattered over the land, and no complaint can be made that it is the want of good and cheap literature that keeps people from appreciating personally the genius of the hour. The door stands so wide ajar, that the surprise is that the opportunity is so decidedly ignored. Fifty years ago there were no dailies in many parts, and few weeklies, and the chances of the resident farmer or labourer were few and far between. They had not the articles exhibited to them as they have now-a-days, and thus the vacancy was not so marked and did not appear so pronounced. There are not so many books within the the door of the Half-way House at the present time, as there were when the mail coach halted in the court yard. Certainly the large families that now inhabit the dwelling possess books of a kind, the greater portion of which are according to Acts of Parliament. But excluding school literature the volumes are within extremely narrow limits. As a rule the weekly newspaper is the connecting link between the printing house and the homes of the field labourers. But it is a question which can be answered only according to the individual taste, whether the world has gained in sentiment and improved in morals and advanced in harmony with the radical spirit of the age. To many, the old landlord and his limited library stands out in distinct shadow on the landscape of the mind. In his day and generation life wagged slower than the musty pendulum of the lobby clock. There was time within the grasp, and the secret of living three score years and ten was a real, abiding truth. The passionate throbbing of sentiment is in its grave, and although the days of war are hastening to an end, we only vacate the field, to look at dawn, on the frozen, starved, moral-slain millions that rot under our nostrils, when the sun gets high. Our national Bard touched the lost chord of true life in his words, the sound of which is scarcely yet heard, but as the ages pass away the full music and the echo will reassure, reunite, stimulate, and make mankind strong in love—stronger than iron—true as steel. But poetry is in the backyard blurred by the rain,

and sentiment feels half ashamed to write her name. We draw the pen through the loved words "the good old days," and stand on the bare turnpike before the antiquated hostelry. The pocket diary is printed in ink and dated 1895.

A lad—a labourer's son—leans on the stone wall, intent on the sum figured on his slate. He has four miles to travel yet before the dark sky hides the hills. His fingers are blue and the blood in his little frame circulates but slowly. The brain is working almost before nature demands its action. Not as when the bairns roamed long ago, down knee deep in the haugh and ferns, slates and sums unknown. The lad already earns his bread. He is seeking a place on the surface of his native earth. His sum is a puzzle, but the school must earn the government grant.

A. NICOL SIMPSON.

JOHN MORRISON,

POET, MUSICIAN, AND TRAVELLING SHOWMAN

BY

DONALD J. JOLLY.

CHAPTER VII.

WALK TO DRAMLOCKS—BEAUTIFUL MOONLIGHT—THE POETS ON THE MOON—MEET NANCY—THE PARTING ON THE BRIDGE—A BIRD OF EVIL OMEN.

As I mentioned at the conclusion of last chapter, the moon was shining clearly in the heavens when I left old Simon at the caravan, and took my way down Mid-street, past the old Parish Church of Keith (an elegant and commodious building in the modern Gothic architecture), which stands at the foot of the town, away across the Auld Brig o' Keith that spans the river Isla, rapidly ascended the steep ascent which runs through Fife-Keith, and then straight out the fine turnpike road that leads to Fochabers. I was soon past the braes of Enzie, where the road strikes off to Buckie, and so impatient was I to meet with the gipsy girl who had so enthralled my affections that within an hour of the time I left Keith I was standing on the bridge where we had arranged to meet.

There is something peculiarly soothing to a poetic temperament in the calm stillness of a moonlight ramble. This night, I remember very well, was still and calm. The moon was about full, and shone with great clearness and beauty from the mid-heaven; no mist was abroad, on the forest, hill, and dale not a cloud was to be seen in all the horizon, unless in the far east where a bank of fleecy clouds appeared to form, as it were, a fringe hanging from the heavens touching the earth.

A volume could be written on the poets' references to the moon. Shelley speaks of her as—

> "That robed maiden with white fire laden,
> Whom mortals call the moon."

Burns thus apostrophises her—

"Oh thou pale orb that silent shines
While care-untroubled mortals sleep,"

And Byron thus philosophises on her mystic power—

——"Lover, poet, or astronomer,
Shepherd, or swain, whoever may behold,
Feels some abstraction when they gaze on her.
Great thoughts we catch from thence . .
. . . . . .
Deep secrets to her rolling light are told;
The ocean's tides and mortals brains she sways,
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays."

I was all impatience and disappointment at not having met with Nancy, but I consoled myself with the reflection that something might have unexpectedly occurred to detain her.

I have always had an eye for the wild and picturesque in nature, and as I stood and gazed from the bridge in the stillness of that October night I was struck with awe at the magnificence of the scenery. Looking down into the ravine below I thought it would be a grand study for a painter to transfer to canvas its striking beauty. The ravine which the bridge spans at this point is some hundred and fifty feet below the level of the road; a mountain stream dashes down its centre; its sides are clothed with fir, and here and there is a grove of sweet smelling birks, and looking from the bridge the tallest trees, which are well down the ravine, seemed dwarfed and small.

In all my travels I have only once come across one other place which, for this peculiar beauty, at all comes up to this scene in the Dramlocks, and that is in the north of Ireland, on the road between Cushindall and Ballycastle.

I was sitting on the parapet of the bridge in deep thought when suddenly I felt two soft hands clasped across my eyes so as to blindfold me, and a silvery laugh told me that the queen of my heart, the gipsy girl Nancy Faa, had thus suddenly and unceremoniously appeared upon the scene.

After I had recovered from the start her sudden appearance had given me, I asked if her father and the members of the band were aware of her absence. She told me that the reason she had been so long in coming was that she had to wait until the band were all asleep, and then she had quietly slipped away, and, as she supposed, no one was aware of her absence.

"Nancy," I said, "I do not know anything about the customs, rites, and traditions of thy people with regard to love and marriage, but this I know—I am desirous to make you my lawful wedded wife. I never knew what love was until I saw you two days ago, and from the love-light which I think I see shining from your beautiful eyes, I believe that my love is at least partially returned.

At this point of my discourse Nancy's eyes sought the ground in maiden modesty; while I could feel her hand which was clasped in mine trembling. I resumed—"I have nothing to offer you, only the position of a showman's wife, a life of care and hardship probably, but I can give you the richest gift that mortal man can bestow—the undivided homage and love of a true, honest man."

Nancy sighed deeply and said—"I cannot deny but that the first moment I saw you my heart appeared to centre its affection on you, John, but I must tell you that I am already promised to Reuben Faa, a true Romanie and a descendant of one of the kingly Faas of Yetholm, who is destined in the future to succeed my father in the kingship of the tribe in Scotland, and although I never can love him as I love you, it would be like fighting the stars to imagine that we will ever be united."

There was deep sorrow in the tones of her voice as she gave expression to the last of these words.

We wandered along the road and sat down by the side of the fountain where we had rested when on the road to Fochabers, and where I first beheld the girl who now sat beside me.

My affection lent eloquence and persuasion to my tongue. I pictured how miserable existence would be to me without the presence of her own dear self. I spoke all these airy nothings which are so ludicrous unless to the two parties directly interested, and at last, from the tears in her eyes and the sweet look on her face, I could see that a little more gentle pressure would carry my point.

I kissed her sweet, and kissed her soft—
Upon her fair face oft and oft;

I felt the moment was divine
When she sighed low she would be mine.

We signed, sealed, and ratified our engagement with many a loving kiss. To quote a verse from a poem I wrote long afterwards—

How sweet is a kiss in the first dawn of love
When that passion's first felt by the soul;

'Tis methinks a foretaste of the joys up above,
And greater when felt in some pleasant grove,
As with Adam when the first one he stole.

But alas for the fleeting nature of human happiness! We had soon, too soon, to descend from the ecstatic state we were then in and return to the commonplace realities of life.

The barriers to our union had to be considered; Nancy's father's consent had to be asked and obtained; Simon Proudfoot had to be consulted, and we arranged that all this would be done on the morrow.

With many a vow and fond embrace we at last recognised the necessity of tearing ourselves asunder until then. We had wandered back to the bridge, and were just on the point of saying adieu when a screech-owl flew from his perch on one of the fir trees in the ravine below, and the eerie scream he emitted resounded from cliff to cliff, and its hideous sound coming upon us so suddenly and unexpectedly made our hearts stand still. Nancy, who was deeply imbued with the superstition of her race, looked sorrowfully into my eyes and said—

"Ah, John, this is a bird of ill omen, and foretells broken hearts, trouble, sorrow, grief, and woe, and that our paths in life will be wide apart."

CHAPTER VIII.

COGITATIONS ON THE ROAD BACK TO KEITH—I REACH THE CARAVAN—WELCOMED BY MY DUMB FRIENDS—TALK WITH SIMON IN THE MORNING—START FOR THE GIPSY CAMP—FIGHT WITH REUBEN FAA—THE GIPSY KING'S RAGE—NANCY'S SIGNAL.

My feelings as I walked back to Keith after I parted with Nancy on the bridge at the Dramlocks were of a varied description. Calm reflection considerably damped the elation of mind I had experienced when in the presence of my charmer. Not that I loved Nancy any the less, but somehow the more I thought upon the obstacles that beset the course of our love the more I feared that it would be impossible to overcome them; besides, although my mind was far from having a superstitious tendency, I was startled, not to say awed, at the incident of the owl, and the effect it had on us both at the time and the prediction which Nancy had

pronounced of misfortune and disaster, would, although I tried hard to banish it from my thoughts, continually recur.

It was well into the small hours of the morning when I reached the caravan. I slipped gently in, so as not to disturb old Simon's peaceful slumbers. I was enabled to do so, as I and the animals in the caravan had become great friends, not even "Old Boatswain," the noble Newfoundland dog, who constituted himself, and was the faithful guardian and protector of our travelling home, gave a growl. Sagacious old "Boatswain" greeted me when I slipped quietly in, with a few wags of his enormous tail; "Madge Wildfire," the performing pony, who had a nice stall in the further end of the waggon, also neighed gladly; while "Beppo," the monkey, who always slept on the same couch as "Blanche," the toy Italian Greyhound, with his arms round the little dog's neck, opened his eyes and looked as if to say, "Make as little noise as possible, and do not awaken Blanche."

We were indeed an agreeable and happy family, and might have been copied with advantage by many families entirely composed of human beings.

I thought at the time and have often reflected since, that the kind gentle nature of these poor dumb animals was to a great extent due to the influence of the calm, benign, benevolent, unselfish disposition of their old master—Simon Proudfoot.

I have often observed that a horse, a dog, or even a bird which is constantly in the company of a vicious master, frequently evinces the same churlish, ill-natured proclivities as its owner.

When I awoke rather late in the morning, I found that old Simon had been up hours before me, and had fed and dressed the animals, tidied up the caravan, cooked the breakfast, and having regard to my late ramble, he had only summoned me when all was ready.

While we sat at breakfast I detailed to my kind old friend everything that had happened to me on the past night.

"Well, John," he said, "although I am still of opinion that you are bound on a course that will not likely be conducive to your own happiness, I will not stand in the way should you obtain the gipsy king's consent to the union between you and the gipsy girl, but will welcome her to a share of our poor comforts and try what I can to make her position happy and agreeable."

This consent to our arrangements gave me unbounded satis-

faction, and I hastened with hopes exultant, and spirits high to visit the gipsy camp.

When the spirits are high, and when "hope springs exultant on triumphant wing," fatigue is unknown, and the gladness of the whole mind makes everything around us appear bright and beautiful. So it was with me on this morning, as I held my way at a rapid pace towards the gipsy encampment.

There was gladness in the gentle breeze that shook the trees, rapture in the song of the birds that flitted from bough to bough; and the very cows that pastured on the meadows appeared to me to be the embodiment of quiet content.

I had passed the bridge where I had parted with Nancy some hours before, and taken the footpath leading down the ravine in the direction where I knew the gipsies were encamped. The path I trod was a very narrow one, formed on the brink of the ravine, the other side being a perpendicular bank covered with ferns and lichen very beautiful to behold. So narrow was the pathway that it would have been absolutely impossible for two persons to have walked abreast, and little if any room for two persons meeting on it to pass each other.

Suddenly from round a bend in the pathway, caused by a large boulder rock, appeared a figure, which as soon as I clapt eyes on it brought back my dream of two nights before. He had on the same slouched hat, and carried a bludgeon in his hand. He was tall, blackaviced, with a tawny complexion, and dark eyes whose keen ferrety expression betokened cruelty, cunning, and hate. He thus addressed me—

"Who are you who sneak about under the cover of night, taking an undue advantage of one of our tribe?"

He did not wait for a reply, and I could see from the fiendish look he had that he meant mischief, or perhaps murder. I thought that for my own safety the sooner I acted on the aggressive the better. He had drawn the hand behind in which he held his bludgeon, as I thought, for the purpose of giving it a better swing, when he brought it down, as I could see he intended to do on my head.

I had not been a circus employee for nothing. I had met among my compatriots there some of the best fighting men in the country, and we occupied our leisure hours occasionally in practising and learning each other the noble art of self-defence. I was con-

sequently up to all the "tips," so that before Reuben Faa, (for I strongly jaloused that he was the man that stood before me, and that his passion and purpose was prompted by jealousy), could move a finger, I hit him with all my force a right-hander just under the chin which sent him spinning down the bank into the ravine below.

I was a little startled when I saw the tall fellow hurling down the bank, thinking that his brains would be dashed out on the sharp corners of the rocks in the bed of the stream, but was rather pleased to observe that just about a foot or so before his head would have struck a rock, his descent was impeded by the trunk of a considerable-sized tree. As I saw he did not rise, I quickly as I could made my way down to where his body lay to ascertain the extent of his injuries. I was glad to find that although unconscious he breathed heavily, and so far as I could see, he had sustained no material injury, although sorely bruised; and when I gave him the blow beneath the chin, as I could see from the mark, my knuckle had struck his windpipe—hence the unconsciousness.

What was to be done! Here was I bent on a mission of love and conciliation to this gipsy band, and before I had come into the chief's presence to deliver my request, and sue for his consent, it surely was a bad beginning to nearly kill one of the important members thereof.

I thought this chap might recover soon, and follow me to the camp and thus frustrate all my plans. I felt my pockets for a cord to bind him so that I would be free from his interruption, but failed to find one.

I then searched the pockets of my prostrate foe, and found therein a long stout leather thong with which I quickly bound Reuben fast to the tree he was lying beside, and then took my way rapidly down the ravine.

In the course of ten minutes or so I came in sight of the gipsy tents. They had selected their position well, being protected by the hip of the hill from the east wind, and yet so placed that they got the full advantage of the sun all day. There were five tents in all, and I could see that the centre one was of a superior build in every way to the other four. There would be squatted round these tents in various attitudes about thirty gipsies, some of them busily engaged making tin ware, others coarse wicker baskets, and a few of them fashioning with great deftness and ingenuity horn-spoons.

Although it was still two hours from mid-day, there was a large fire of sticks and brushwood burning brightly, over which was suspended a huge pot fastened to a triangle, in which was already simmering their mid-day meal.

From the odour of the steam which the pot emitted, my nostrils informed me that a savoury mess was being prepared to regale the band.

At the door of the large tent there sat an old man. He was rather better dressed than the others, and although slightly stooped with age, he must have been when in his prime a very stalwart specimen of a gipsy. He wore on his head a glengarry bonnet, and hanging over his forehead and down his neck was a large shock of grizzly grey hair. His beard was also unkempt and grizzly; his eyebrows had not lost their colour, and were jet black, bushy, and nearly hid his fierce small dark eyes. The redeeming feature in his countenance was a broad massive forehead, looking at which it instinctively struck the beholder that the man was of strong will, great determination, and not to be trifled with.

Although all the members of the camp knew of my presence, none of them, either by word, look, or sign, took the slightest notice of me; but I could see the face of Nancy looking out behind the folds of one of the tents, and although, when first my eyes caught her face, it had a dejected woe-begone expression; the moment she recognised me it lit up with a beautiful smile betokening love and devotion.

I advanced toward the old gipsy king, and thus addressed him: "Sir, I must tell you in a few words who I am, and what is my errand. My name is John Morrison, a showman by profession, and the caravan in which I serve is at present in the adjacent town of Keith. In passing through the Dramlocks on our way from Fochabers the other day I chanced to meet your daughter, Nancy. It was a case of love at first sight, and I have seen her since, and she has consented so become my wife, as we believe we cannot live without each other, and should you consent to our marriage I will prove a true and loving husband, and never give her cause to regret the love and confidence she has placed in me. My old master, Simon Proudfoot, is prepared to receive her as a daughter, and install her mistress of the caravan which we own, and the only thing now wanted for our happiness and felicity is your consent to our union.

While I spoke these words in the most ingratiating manner I was master of, I could see gathering on the brow of the old tinkler an expression of demonaic rage. His frame shook with passion, his angry eyes flamed, and there burst from his lips a perfect torrent of reviling and abuse.

I could only catch a sentence here and there, so fierce and rapid was his utterance.

"Begone thou vile reptile of a house-dweller! Would you dare to aspire to mate with the daughter of a long line of kings. I had rather see her dead before me, ay, I would rather strike her dead than see her united to such as you. Take to thy heels while you yet live, thou caitiff. Thinkest thou that the lion can mate with the wolf; that the eagle can be a fit companion for the crow, or that she—destined to be the queen of her race—would stoop to herd with a vagabond mountebank. Ho, there Dick, Mat, and Reuben!"

When he mentioued these names three stalwart gipsies sprang to his side, and the old man, who was by this time foaming at the mouth, pointed to me and yelled.

"Should this base-born scullion not disappear from my sight, I charge you to sheath your knives in his recreant heart."

I could see from the alacrity with which the gipsies drew their knives that they were perfectly prepared, in fact that it would give them pleasure, to execute the behests of their old king. All this time Nancy had been standing behind her father, and during the enactment of this strange scene so much affected was she that the tear drops were hailing down her cheeks. I believe, so much was I infatuated with this gipsy girl, that I would have stood to be cut in pieces by the band had I not observed Nancy give me a signal in dumb show to at once decamp, and if I translated her signs aright that she would meet me in the wood above the bridge.

(To be continued).

ASTROLOGICAL BUREAU.

FREE HOROSCOPES.

A Free Horoscope—giving a full astrological delineation of character, with prognostications as to health, wealth, weal or woe, *Fate* has in store, will be sent to each subscriber for twelve numbers of "Caledonia." The following rules to be observed :—

1. State sex, place, day, and hour of birth.
2. Send a stamped and directed foolscap envelope.
3. All letters in this department to be addressed to "Astrological Bureau," 23 Bridge St., Aberdeen.

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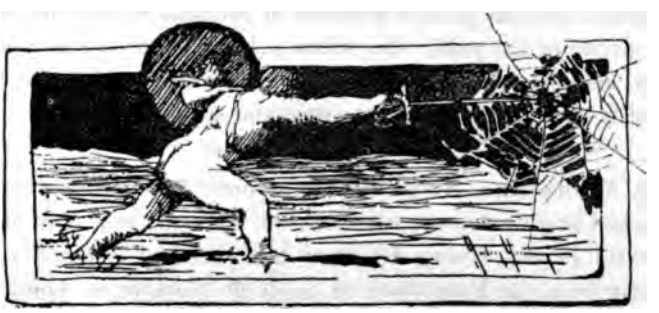
Mr. Wilde, the celebrated Astrologer of Halifax, conducts this department.



"ROYAL Scottish Academy Pictures," published by Stevenson and Ogilvie, Edinburgh, is a very creditable production, giving about eighty engravings of the principal pictures in the Academy exhibition of this year. Although the printing is not at times all that could be wished, our Academy souvenir compares favourably with similar publications from over the border. The use of process blocks gives one a much better idea of the finished pictures, but I think it is a pity that the little sketches reproduced from the pen and ink work of the artists, should have been dropped entirely.

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Last month I bewailed the want of national spirit in our Art, but apparently there is no lack of enterprise to boom the work of Scotsmen as it is at present in London. The latest effort in this direction is Mr. J. Denovan Adam's exhibition in Dowdeswell's Galleries. He has painted pictures of Scottish scenery illustrating each month of the year. Mr. Adam's choice of subject is peculiarly happy, and the whole idea is one which affords much scope for his skilful treatment of Highland cattle and scenery.

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Mr. W. Raeburn Andrews' life of our "Scottish Reynolds" is published at a very appropriate season. The interest of artists and amateurs in Sir Henry Raeburn has received a great impetus recently from the Exhibition of Scottish Masters in London, and doubtless Mr. Andrews' biography, and the increasing opportunities

of judging Raeburn's work, will place him in a more exalted position as a portrait painter of the first rank.

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The death is announced of Mr. Waller Paton, R.S.A. Mr. Paton was a native of Dunfermline, and has been a member of the Royal Scottish Academy for many years. He was the younger brother of Sir Noel Paton. His work was chiefly landscapes, which it was his peculiar characteristic to carry to the highest pitch of finish.

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Sir Noel Paton's new picture, "Beati Mundo Corde" is being exhibited in Glasgow. The Knight Sir Galahad, typical of the pure in heart, is gazing steadfastly on the Angel seated in the bow of the boat which carries him across the stream. As he looks he listens to the promise "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," while the forms of Pleasure and Despair tempt him on either side.

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It has been decided that there will be no new Associates elected this year to the Academy in Edinburgh. Is this the effect of the Academy's new charter? There are at least three positions to fill and many who deserve the honour.

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Mr. R. Gibb, R.S.A., has been appointed principal curator of the National Gallery, Scotland. Mr. Archibald Dickie, A.R.I.B.A., who hails from Glamis, has accepted an important appointment in connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund. Mr. Dickie studied for his profession in Forfar and London.

J. YOUNG.

Echoes from the Sanctum.

SPRING has come! balmy, beautiful spring! decked with snow-dropes and crocuses, and other early flowers of many colours; fresh, fair flowers, bathed in the bright beams of golden sunshine that "comes o'er the mountain with light and song." The presence and progress of smiling gentle spring—the wind-winged emblem of hope and love and youth and gladness—may be traced:—

"O'er the wakening earth
By the winds that tell of the violets birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass."

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Is there a good man or woman on earth who does not love flowers? "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Flowers are the best emblems of our life beyond—pure, innocent, guileless. Let us for our soul's good walk in the early morning in the garden, where:—

"Along the blushing borders bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;

The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes:
The yellow wall flower, stained with iron brown;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round."

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Perhaps the finest description of the advent of Spring is our poet Burns' opening verses in the touching pastoral which he wrote some months after the departure of Clarinda, when time had mellowed the poet's passion, and calmed, to a certain extent, the wild tumult of his feelings:—

"Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw."

. . . . . .

"The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
The violets bathe in the weet o' the morn.

The subject is so fascinating that one might write on for hours—but duty says turn to other matters.

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I devoted a whole afternoon this past month to reading my good friend, J. B. Salmond's "My Man Sandy—being experiences and reflections of Bawbee Bowden," and I can truly say that a more pleasant afternoon I have not spent for many a day. The humour is genuine, and the occasional touches of real pathos makes it delightful reading. Every sketch in the work has its own individual merits, and these are so strong and characteristic that it would seem invidious to select, where all are so good, so very good. But I may be excused for saying that the two I enjoyed most was "A talk about heaven," and the one quite in a different vein, entitled "A Magic Lantern Exhibition." This last has great dramatic force, and makes one long for more of the same class from the pen which wrote it. The "slice o' a drunkard's liver" is just irresistible, and "Fat they dee wi' creeminels or notorious fowk noo a days," is a stroke of humour worthy of Artemus Ward. The book is certainly the work of a man of real genius.

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When I have said this much I will perhaps be understood not to be disparaging the real merits of the book in any way when I say that I don't like the dialect. Not that I do not think that it is a

true representation of the lingo used by the lower classes of the "Red Lichtes;" I believe it is so. My objection is to books written in any dialect, because, as I think, this leads to a deterioration of the language of the country in which it is used. Now the Scottish language is a precious inheritance, we should therefore try to keep it classical. Allan Ramsay, Robert Ferguson, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, John Galt, David Moir, in fact all our masters in Scottish literature eschewed dialects. Only use such "Doric," when occasion required, as will be found in the pages of our best Scottish dictionaries or vocabularies. In my humble opinion the weakest point in the new school of Scottish writers is their exclusive and slavish use of the dialect. There is fine thought, pleasant humour, touching pathos, and sparkling wit in Mr. Salmond's "My Man Sandy;" it does not require the questionable aid, if it is in any sense an aid, of the local dialect to make it palatable.

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Our "Gude Auld Mither Tongue" is a language, whereas our dialects are only samples of how the vulgar have tried to murder it. About the real "Doric" an accomplished writer thus comments, when speaking of the wonderful change that less than a hundred years has brought about in its use:—"Time was," he says, "within living memory, when the upper classes prided themselves on their native 'Doric'; when judges on the bench delivered their judgments in the broadest Scotch, and would have thought themselves guilty of puerile and unworthy affectation if they had preferred English words or English accents to the language of their boyhood; when advocates pleaded in the same homely and forcible tongue; when ministers of religion found their best way to the hearts and to the understandings of their congregations in the use of the language most familiar to themselves, as well as to those whom they addressed; and when ladies of the highest rank—celebrated alike for their wit and beauty—sang their tenderest, archest, and most affecting songs, and made their bravest thrusts and parries in the sparkling encounters of conversation, in the familiar speech of their own country."

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A Little Scottish World, as revealed in the Annals of an Ancient Ayrshire Parish. By the Rev. Kirkwood Hewat, M.A. (Kilmar-

nock: D. Brown & Co.) It is difficult to decide whether the literary matter, the illustrations, or the general get up of this book are most to be praised. They are all uncommonly good; and although we have considerable knowledge of local histories, it has never been our fortune to hold in our hands a work equal to the large paper edition of Mr. Hewat's work. We know, too, that with the exception of less marginal space, the ordinary issue, costing three and sixpence, is equally fine. The result has been as we might have anticipated: the first issue almost exhausted, and the lucky author contemplating the publication of a second edition.

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It is not necessary to occupy our space with quotations, or lengthy encomiums on its rare merits. Suffice it to say, that it deals with the parish of Preswick and Monkton—chiefly the former—in their historical social aspects, with special reference to these when they converge with the national life; presenting a vivid and fascinating picture of this ancient burgh, its archæology, eminent natives, historic houses and their owners, folklore, churches and manses, etc. And all this is written with rare fidelity to facts, clearness of perception, and lightness and gracefulness of touch, the whole having an artistic finish rarely to be found in any book, and never, that we know of, with such deftness of execution in a local work, as in the one before us. The concluding chapters deal with the flora and fauna of the district, and there is an admirable index. The work is an intellectual treat to a reader whose artistic, literary or scientific tastes are susceptible of these subtle graces born of a cultivated mind, which are everywhere to be found in this book. The author and publishers are to be congratulated, and it gives us pleasure to commend a work which has been more than favourably spoken of in the press.

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Every student of British History is aware of the important part which the Highland Regiments played in establishing and consolidating the British Empire, by their indomitable bravery on the field of battle. The writer lately met with a grandson of one of these veterans—a Col. Wm. Blair. This gentleman, by bravery and distinguished conduct in the field, rose from the standing of a common private to that of Colonel before he received his discharge,

which would be about the beginning of the present or the end of the last century. After his discharge from the army, Col. Wm. Blair settled in Upper Canada. His house was built on the site where the City of Perth now stands, and gave the name to the district. Here he married an English lady of great wealth. The regiment in which Col. Blair so honourably served was "The Frazer Fencibles," which was disbanded soon after the battle of Waterloo. As further particulars of this hero's romantic career would be interesting, I will welcome any information relating to the events of his life.

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Some critics, when commenting on my sketch of Professor Blackie, in the first number of "Caledonia," declared that the little story that has been so often told of the "classes and asses" was not true. I put myself to some considerable trouble to try and settle if it was or not. The evidence being about equal on both sides, an esteemed contributor wrote the Professor asking what was the fact, to which he received the following reply:—

To
Mr. J. G. Carter, F.S.A.,
The Rotchell,
Dalry,
Galloway.

7 Bruntsfield Crescent,
Edinburgh, 13th February, 95.

Dear Sir,

The columns of the daily papers are full of fancies changed into facts. There is not a word of truth in the story, so far as I am concerned.

Sincerely Yours,
JOHN S. BLACKIE.

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One would have thought that the above would have settled the whole matter for ever, but a letter from George M. Lawson of Newtyle, of date 11th March, 1895, addressed to the Editor of the "Dundee Advertiser," is rather startling. Mr. Lawson says:—

"At a time when everything relating to Professor Blackie is of interest, your readers may be pleased to learn, on the authority of

an eye-witness, that the oft-quoted incident about the "classes," "lasses," and "asses" is not mythical. One morning in the spring of 1879, as the students attending the Greek class, then held in the north-east corner of the old University, were hurrying up at nine o'clock, they were confronted by a notice, posted on one of the pillars outside, somewhat to this effect:—'Owing to the outbreak of fire this morning, Professor Blackie regrets that he will not be able to meet his classes to-day." One of us—I do not claim the distinction—stroked out the 'c' of 'classes,' whereat the laughter of the undergraduates became extreme. In the course of the morning, as I was lounging about the quadrangle awaiting the next class hour, I saw Professor Blackie emerge from what I think was the Senate Hall, at the south-east corner of the buildings. A small crowd still surrounded the notice, and at sight of the Professor the laughter and the shouting were renewed. He walked across to see what the excitement was about, and the students readily gave way to let him see the joke at his expense. Without saying a word the Professor took out a pencil, stroked out the 'l,' and walked off. He seemed to think little about the incident, and evidently before he next heard of the joke he had forgotten all about it, as it has been reported that he doubted its authenticity. For various reasons, which I need not trouble you with, I am able to fix the date approximately. The cause of the classes not being held on the particular day, I am absolutely certain, is the one I have given. Reference to a file of the *Scotsman*, where the fire would certainly be reported, would enable me to determine the exact date."

The question is, who is right? Mr. Lawson or the Professor. Mr. Carter, in a letter to me, dated the 15th March, says: "The 'Classes and Asses' story is an instance of how difficult it is to know what is the truth. It does not, however, strike me, from my intercourse with Professor Blackie, that he was the man to forget such an incident. He was anything but dreaming, and the fact that he took the trouble to write that post card so shortly before his death, shows that he wished it contradicted."

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Mr. Coulson Kernahar has given the world a very good dignified little book, entitled "Sorrow and Song." There can be no doubt of the truth of what Shelley told us so long long ago in his Skylark:—

"Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

Mr. Kernahar's description of the great German Poet Heine's style is beautiful as well as true. "The lines seem to drip blood as we read them. Then there flashes across the page, with the suddenness of purple lightning, one of those deadly dagger stabs which Heine struck at many a reputation; and then there is a sudden change in the music, and the verses skip and leap, ripple and run, as if to the accompaniment of dancing feet. In the next stanza, it may be, he holds us hushed and spell-bound as when we stand at sun-down in the darkening aisles of an ancient church, and then he startles the silence which he himself has created with a wild burst of mocking and ribald laughter."

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The Rev. Alfred Gardner of Dundee, in a lecture to "Young Men," the other day, spoke with great freshness, strength and originality on the subject of "The Rewards of Life." He told his hearers that there was one reward which never failed—the joy in doing the good action itself. Happiness was quite independent of success, as the world accounted success. "Fancy," said the preacher, "Moses having made a fortune in leading the Children of Israel out of Egypt! Think, if you can, of Isaiah receiving a cheque from his publisher for the writing of his prophecies! Imagine John being lionised, as Mr. S. R. Crockett has lately been lionised in London, for his spiritual gospel! or Paul receiving a pension for his contribution to literature in the shape of his Epistles! In all such cases the idea of compensation is unthinkable. God has paid these great works of His as He always pays all faithful doers. He has paid them, not in money, not in fame, but in the love and reverence of millions throughout the generations."

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Everyone has heard or read of True Thomas, otherwise Thomas the Rhymer, otherwise Thomas Lermont of Ercildoun, the author of the melodious and beautiful ballad, Sir Tristrem. We intend giving this ballad, both in the old and new dress, some month soon, with notes on the life of the great Seer.

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One of True Thomas's predictions was the death of the King Alexander the Third, who was killed by falling over the rocks at

Kinghorn in the year 1285. Bower, the historian, who flourished about the year 1430, presents us with a circumstantial account of this prediction. On the night preceding the King's death, Thomas of Ercildoun, visiting the castle of Dunbar, was interrogated by the Earl of March, in the jocular manner which he was wont to assume with this reputed prophet, if to-morrow should produce any remarkable event. The said Thomas, fetching a heavy sigh from the very bottom of his heart, is reported to have expressed himself distinctly to this effect: "Alas! for to-morrow; a day of calamity and of misery! Before the twelfth hour shall be heard a blast so vehement, that it shall exceed those of every former period; a blast which shall strike the nation with amazement, shall reduce those who hear it to a state of insensibility, shall humble what is proud, and what is fierce shall level with the ground." The solemnity of this denunciation made some impression on the earl and his companions; but having next day continued on the watch till the ninth hour, without being able to remark any unusual appearance in the elements, they began to deride Thomas as driveller, and afterwards hastened to enjoy their wonted repast. The earl had scarcely placed himself at the table, and the hand of the dial pointed towards the hour of noon, when a messenger appeared before the gate, and with importunate strokes demanded instant admission. On entering the castle and being questioned concerning news, he exclaimed, "I do indeed bring news, but of a lamentable kind; to be deplored by the whole realm of Scotland. Alas! our renowned King has ended his life at Kinghorn." When the messenger paused, the earl and his companions roused themselves as from a profound sleep; and beating their breasts in the agony of despair, acknowledged that the prediction of Thomas had been fatally verified.

* * * * * *

Winton, in his "Cronykil of Scotland," vol. ii., page 202, and Blind Henry in his "Wallace," vol. i., page 27, both corroborate this story as told by Bower. When looking over some very old books, the other day, treating on Ancient Scottish Literature, I came across two verses—or to give them their right name, an elegiac sonnet on the death of Alexander the Third. The sonnet is said to have been composed by a contemporary poet, and is preserved in "Winton's Chronicle":—

"Quhen Alysandyr oure king wes dede,
That Scotland led in luve and le',
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle'.

Our golde wes changyd in to lede,
Cryst, born in to virgynyté,
Succour Scotland and remede,
That stad us in perplexyté."

The above is well worthy of particular attention, as it is the earliest specimen extant of the language of the Scottish Lowlands over six hundred years ago.

* * * * * *

In another old book I find the following: "The North Water, near Brechin, was suddenly dried up in the beginning of 1763, from 6 o'clock in the morning to 12 o'clock at noon, when the water began to flow again as usual." Can any of my readers refer me to any record giving an account of this strange natural phenomenon; it seems to me "very like a whale," or a weasel, or a camel, or anything but the truth, or are we to understand that it was frozen?

ALEXANDER LOWSON.

RESTONETH PRIORY.

" Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
And barren the mountains and cover'd with snows
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green ;
Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
And for courage so bold which no foe could subdue,
Unmatched is our country, unrivall'd our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains,
Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green.

* * * * * *

Oh, dear to our souls as the blessings of heaven
Is the freedom we boast, is the land that we live in,
The land of red heather and thistle so green ;
For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled,
And we swear by the blood that our fathers have shed,
No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave ;
But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,
The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green."

Simmer is Comin'.

Through the deep, darksome Doll surly Winter is howlin',
Ower Ben Reid an' Ben Tirrin he's bockin' an' chowlin';
But he'll juist hae his day, sae he e'en can be yowlin'—
For his glumshin an' roustin' I carena a flee;
For Simmer is comin',
Sweet Simmer is comin',
Wha'll gar him cow'r doon wi' ae blink o' her ee.

Creep in ower wi' your stools, while there's peats on the ingle,
An' let's hae an auld sang in oor ain hamit jingle,
Or e'en aiblins a tale that will gar oor lugs tingle,
O' michty deeds dune in the days o' langsyne—
For Simmer is comin',
Blythe Simmer is comin';
Tho' 'tis Winter withoot we'll haud Simmer within.

Tho' auld Winter be ourycht,* cauedrife, an' eerie,
The fond laverock will yet lilt in praise o' his dearie,
An' the hale glen re-echo, in notes sweet and cheerie,
The death-knell o' Winter, sae dowie an' drear—
For Simmer is comin',
Braw Simmer is comin',
The flower-spangled Simmer sae loesome an' dear.

Should we e'er hae to wade through the snaw wreaths o' sorrow,
O, ne'er lat us grow mauchtless an' think we've nae marrow!
Juist ye look at the broos ploo'd wi' mony a furrow
O' those wha hae tholed their dreich winter o' wae—
But Simmer is comin',
Bricht Simmer is comin';
Dour Winter maks dearer the lang Simmer day.

THRUMS. WM. LINDSAY.

* Dunbar. Awry, beyond what is right.

By The Editor.

No. IV.

Rev. Dr. WHYTE,

PREACHER.

" I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand—
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause."

—*Cowper.*

(Concluded.)

So our young scholar is now on the highroad to become a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. What a story his life is of firm determined effort, and intellectual victory! His early days were indeed a real example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. I do not know if there be any portrait of Dr. Whyte when a young man; if there is, it would be interesting to compare the two, then and now. His picture of to-day tells us that he is a man likely to carry to a successful issue whatever he undertakes. There is the power of gaining a battle against great odds in the firm mouth and resolute chin; and his finely-formed head denotes spirituality and also intellectual power of the very highest order.

He has now been at College for some months, fighting hard with his studies,—the battle is more hard because of the want of early training,—but he is perhaps also benefited in many ways by the

extensive course of desultory yet substantial reading of his boyhood. I will let him tell his own story:—

45 SPITAL,
Saturday night, ½ past 10 o'clock.

MY VERY DEAR JOHN,—

. . . . . For the first ten days after I came up I wrought very hard preparing for our examination. The night before the Greek examination I sat all night. Scarcely rose from teatime the night previous till I rose to go to College at 9 next morning. As soon as that hurry was over my teaching work began, and between it, and preparing the work of three classes, I have literally never had a spare hour. The only spare time I can get is an hour or two in the Public Reading Room on Saturday night. I have three classes, as you are aware—Mathematics from 9 till half-past 11 o'clock; Chemistry from quarter to 11 till quarter to 12 o'clock; then Mathematics again from 1 till 2; and Greek from 2 till 3 o'clock; then the preparation for all these classes, and my two hours' teaching nightly. On Monday I start a new class, which will occupy me another half hour. The teaching is hard, wearing work, but the salary is very good.

I have scarcely got a book opened since I came North. Only on Sabbaths I have read Isaac Taylor's "Restoration of Belief," a noble book. But I get a rich intellectual treat on Sabbath nights from Mr. Mee, a Baptist minister here. I assure you in all calmness, I have heard sermons from him, that for *thought* and beauty of expression leaves Candlish far behind. Let me candidly confess that the first time I heard him I could not follow him, I felt my mind paralysed as it were with the loftiness of his thinking, and the purity and grandeur of his language. I have taken notes of some of his sermons; you may see them. Imagine such a man preaching to 60 or 70 people every Sabbath!!! But his little chapel is packed in the evenings, principally with the intelligent men and women of the city. Last Wednesday night there was a paper read at a meeting in connection with his church (a kind of essay class), on "Revelation," by a young man. All are welcome to go After leaving the combmakers I went and heard the paper. It was pretty good. After it was read there arose some discussion on it. I think he recognised me from having seen me in the church, for he motioned me to say something. I said nothing on the essay, except that I thought it had not touched the question at the point, that is, its point of defence and attack at the present day, referring to the controversy between Mansel and Maurice, and then put the question to Mr. Mee—"Can you tell me the point at which the system of Maurice impinges on that of Sir William Hamilton, as applied to Revelation by his disciple, Mansel?

I know where they join theologically, I wish to know where they disagree philosophically?" In some such words I asked the question at him, stating that circumstances had put it out of my power to read either of the books, though I was anxious to learn, and expected he would inform me. Imagine my wonder when he confessed himself unable to answer me, avowing his entire ignorance of such a dispute, but Mr. M'Combie of the "Free Press" rose and said that he believed there was such a question open at present, but confessed also his ignorance of its terms. I wondered, for had I had three days to spare I had read the books. Both appeared struck with the question, and Mr. M'Combie appeared as if he wished to talk with me, but I came away. I intend, however, to go back when I can manage it. I tell you this as I know it will interest you. I generally go to Dr. Davidson.

I hope your spiritual and intellectual life is growing. Read, Pray, Think. And remember absent friends, specially such friends as

A. W.

There is something remarkable in the freshness of interest and spiritual enthusiasm displayed in the following letter, which gives us a peep into the inner life of this earnest student of divinity:—

ORCHARD COTTAGE,

24th Decr., 1858.

MY DEAR JOHN,—

I was beginning to think ere you wrote that I was forgot, or if not forgot altogether, at least *neglected*. But the old kind voice spoke in your letter, and its echoes answered—He loves you still!! I have little to communicate of importance. I am studying very hard, the whole time is occupied. We often grind till two hours past midnight; but as this is too wasting, we will bed earlier, and rise by cockcrow. I am *now suffering* for my devotion to literature and neglect of Classics. In Latin I am now pretty good, indeed as good as one-half of our class, the advantages of the majority thereof, compared with mine, have been as 4 to 1. But I am making head fast, and though my name cannot appear on the prize list at the end of the session, yet I will then be an average Latin scholar, which perhaps will be *better* for *me* than prizes will, say for those who get them. Gross Egotist!!! In Latin we have read a *Book* of *Quentius Curtius*, and nearly one of *Ovid's Fasti*, the latter poetry. In Greek our class is much farther back, and I am no exception. We are reading *Xenophon's Cyropaedia*. The Professor told us to-night to get a *play of Euripides*, as we are to read it preparatory to the reading of the Father of Greek Poetry—Homer. When the

New Year is past we have to begin and revise all the work of the session preparatory for our Examination. *This causes double work.* So much for Classics.

I have just returned from the D. Society. I had the honour of being Chairman one night, an almost unparalleled honour on a *Bajan!* (first year student). Last night I led the debate on Cromwell, opened by a speech of 20 minutes; a *Magistrand* (fourth year student) replied in a speech of equal length. Then followed eight speeches, 10 minutes each. I carried, or rather *Cromwell* carried! A grand subject!! Of course I can't say anything of my speech, only this: had you been present *you* would have been gratified with the reception it met with.

We don't meet in College on Monday, being New Christmas, nor on Monday week. I had thought of coming south on the Saturday week, but I think I can't come, time and money are precious! I go to-morrow morning, along with two or three Free Church students, to breakfast with Professor Lumsden of the Divinity Hall. Perhaps I may let you know what kind of a gent. he is. I am still attending Dr. Davidson on Sabbath forenoon, but I cannot get a seat. Many such as I have just to wait till members are seated, and then we get in. He is lecturing through the Book of Esther. Rather dry one would think, but he shows what a vast fund of moral and spiritual truth it contains, and how this may be made available for us when in the hands of a man of ability and spiritual sympathies.

I still feel the want of a sympathetic companion. I know diligent and far-on students, but they are *nothing else.* I know *good* young men, but their *heads* are *light.* Their goodness has too narrow a basis for our age and the state of our intellectual life. A few of us have originated a prayer meeting in the Greek Class-room on Friday and Tuesday evenings, when we enter into devotional exercises mutually. We, *I* at least, have much need of such. Oh that I could meet a young man (or woman) of deep spiritual life and broad intellectual culture, my heart and head ache for want of living sympathy and intercourse. Kirry was better for these, and you'll agree it is not over-prolific of such. A. W.

Mr. John Dickson, the friend to whom this letter was sent, paid a visit to Mr. Whyte at the close of his first session, and stayed a week with his old friend. John has many pleasant stories to tell of this visit, of the long walks to all the places of interest in the granite city of the north, of the long talks about men and books and events. He told me he one day asked Mr. Whyte the question, "If he could now see that a collegiate course was indispensable to fit a man to be a teacher of the

people": a point, it would appear, that young Whyte had in his callow days much doubted. "Yes, I think so now," replied our student, "for if I have been taught nothing else of great importance, I have been taught to think." Perhaps one of the great advantages a man of culture has over a self-taught genius is, that he is enabled from his training to bring all his intellectual forces into the field properly marshalled to battle with ignorance, folly and vice.

When the work of his first session was over, Mr. Whyte occasionally preached in Mission Halls, and such like places, in the City of Aberdeen, and his labours in this way were very much appreciated by all who heard him. A Free Church Minister, having been sent away for a season for the benefit of his health, fixed on our young student to preach for him in his absence. John Dickson tells the story of this engagement, for it took place when he was on his visit to his friend in the granite city.

The two friends were sitting in the room at Orchard Cottage, when a knock came to the door—a young gentleman was admitted, who stated that he had been sent by his father to offer Mr. Whyte an engagement to fill his pulpit for three months. Mr. Whyte at first demurred—because he had little or no experience in preaching. The young man stated that his father had told him that Mr. Whyte was the best preacher in Aberdeen. After some consideration, Mr. Whyte gladly accepted this offer, which, considering his financial position, looks like a providential interference to enable him to pursue his studies at the University.

We now pass to the second and third session at college. The following letter will give a good idea of his progress in his studies:—

ORCHARD COTTAGE,

17th April, 1860.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—

I hope you have rested in the assurance that, though I have been long silent, it has not been the silence of forgetfulness or neglect. I've read somewhere—"Never make a man your friend till you *know* him, but having made him your friend let him be so to the end." A noble maxim, and well worth our endeavour to realize the blessing it implies. Well the session is over, that is, another step is taken onwards on the journey of life. You'll have heard of the mishap that has befallen me in my examination, my not having passed

my examination in Chemistry. It no doubt looks a serious matter from the Kirry point of view. To me, I assure you, it has no such aspect, for what is implied in it is this only: A paper was put before us with 24 questions in it, one-third of which had to be answered. I wrote out answers to 9 of them, and some half answers. You'll think that was more than one-third, I thought so too, but some of them must have been wrong. But, in truth, the whole class all along was a sham, an old, dottle man sent to twaddle for an hour a day to sixty wild young fellows, more alive to his eccentricities and stupid remarks than to their studies; breaking in on the monotony by humming tunes, cock-crowing, and every imaginable noise. These things made the class intolerable to me, and I left it, coming home and working at my other studies. This will partly account for my position. But it is quite normal to this class to pluck a number of students annually; some years there have been 20 stuck, this year there were 12 of us. (Between ourselves, many of the fellows who were plucked, rejoiced that they had your friend among them for reasons you will understand). We get an examination at the entrance next session, when we'll all pass, I hope. Pass or not, I'll not spend many hours preparing for it, more important work awaits me. Enough, and more than enough, of this humbug. But I've been at some pains to shew *you* the state of the matter, knowing that you would be rather taken aback with the news. Trouble not yourself, for it troubles not me.

And now, that the harness is off, what are you doing? Do you ask? Let me answer you fully. I will be teaching at my usual place two hours every night, and I have got another hour's teaching in private, assisting two boys to get up their lessons for the *Gymnasium*—a large school where boys are prepared for college. The salary for the last is not large, but it helps somewhat. Tell my mother of this, she does not know. I only got it on Saturday last. But now for the most important part of my day's work. All my teaching being after 5 o'clock, you see I have a long day. Doing what? Well I came back to Orchard Cottage last week, and have a room alone. I wished it so. There are no students left in the Old Town, so I have no hindrance from enjoying my time as I think fit. Last ten days I have walked about a good deal; I assure you I was requiring it. I have gone daily and spent an hour or two in the Reading Room—all the papers and reviews. I have got begun to read Sir Wm. Hamilton's works in Mental Philosophy. Reid's works also, the Father of "The Scotch Philosophy," with M. Cousins, all lie on my table. I have also, during these few days, read, and I hope I may say mastered, "The Limits of Religious Thoughts Examined, being the Bampton Lectures for 1858." The book

of the season. Perhaps you have heard me speak of it. A noble book, but a stiff one. But for a bedding to these, I have not forgot fiction. You know it was always one of my canons that, in our later fiction, there is a very great deal of sound education for head and heart held in solution. And, assuredly, I have had my opinion strengthened during the past fortnight. I have read, "Yes and No; glimpses of the great conflict," a work published by Macmillan, Cambridge, a few weeks ago. The author not known. Oh, John, a grand book! I wish you could read it, it would raise you above the petty, sordid, degrading cases, and influences of ordinary life, and would lift you into the spiritual, the heavenly, for a time at least, and is not this a blessing, yea, verily, one of the greatest man can bestow on man. It is the life-history of a sceptic, and the love of a noble woman is made in the hand of the Divine Spirit, the first instrument to recall him "to himself." Gradually and slowly the training proceeds, gradually the love ripens. But a riper love has been ripening, and ere the earthly love can find its consummation, the heavenly has taken the "hero" home, where all doubt is forever dispelled, where faith grows light; in a word, where *Christ is, and where we'll be like him.*

Another I have read is, "A Life for a Life," by the author of "John Halifax." You'll remember how you liked it, let me just say of this, that it is a *riper book*. If you have not read it, try and get it, and I promise you a treat such as seldom comes to our share in this cross-grained life of ours.

Have you seen "Macmillan's Magazine," one of the finest, most scholarly, chaste, high-toned periodicals we possess? Almost a model magazine for a cultivated, well-read family? Or "The Cornhill," edited by Thackeray? A marvel of cheapness, with two capital novels publishing monthly in it, one by the Editor, and the other by Trollope, entitled "Framly Parsonage." A delightful story. I see all these in the Reading Room. You see if I want the society of friends—and to me it is a great want—I have the advantage of plenty of good reading.

But it would enhance the pleasure if I knew that *Kirry friends* were enjoying the same.

Ever, in the bonds of brotherly affection, yours,

Mr. JOHN DICKSON. A. WHYTE.

During his second and third sessions in King's College, Aberdeen, he acted as Missionary to a congregation at Woodside, and the salary he got for his services there paid his fees and kept him. In his fourth year he was appointed to a missionary station at Huntly, under a Rev. Mr. Williamson, at a salary of one pound a week.

The following extracts from a letter to his mother tell us how things were faring with him in his last year in Aberdeen :—

No. 1 College Bounds,
11th January, 1861.

My Dear Mother,

Since I wrote you I have been a week at home from college, owing to Toothache and Rheumatism in the head and neck. I suffered very great pain for four or five days, and at last had a tooth pulled (the backmost tooth in the lower jaw).

Very shortly after, I was able to go out again, but it had weakened me greatly owing to want of sleep. Several nights spent sleepless with racking pain. But, at present, I am as well as I have been all the session. I am, at present, very thin, but I hope to hold up till the end of the session, when I will get a little relaxing of my work. Eleven weeks to-night will finish it. You may have an idea how I am *enjoying* it when I know so well to a day when it will be over.

Dear Mother, I am sick, sick tired of the work here, spending night and day, and the spring of manhood in *grinding* Trigonometry and other trash, which, if it was to be learned, ought in my case to have been over at 15, instead of 25. But 3 months will finish it. God willing, I will spend the summer on work more like a man's work, and bearing more on the future sphere of action which I hope, under God, yet to attain to. But I'll tell you of these things afterwards.

We have had a terrible contest in the Election of a Lord Rector for the University. Sir A. L. Hay, a local landed proprietor, and Mr. Maitland, Solicitor-General for Scotland, were the parties proposed. I, along with the great body of our students, supported Maitland. The Medical Students, as a body, and a large number of the Divines, supported Hay.

At a Public Meeting held for the nomination, I had the honour of seconding the motion for Maitland, but it was a frightful scene. I got myself well-nigh blinded with peas thrown, and latterly rotten eggs were had recourse to. I escaped as easily as any of the speakers. We carried the day, and I expect to see Maitland down shortly to be installed Rector. I assure you, he is a good deal beholden to your son for his seat!

Now that the Election is over, and the New Year Holidays, we are again working very hard. I have Logic in addition to other classes, which makes me doubly hard wrought. But it is a profitable study. Had I had time to get it up, I might have taken the First Prize in the class. As it is, I don't expect one. But I may tell *you* that my class-

fellows think me the best Logic Scholar amongst them. Though I don't get a Prize, I may (D. V.) grind it during the summer to pass an examination for *First Honours* in Logic—a much more honourable thing than taking a class prize.

Should I be able, as I hope to be, to take *First Honours* in Logic and Moral Philosophy, it is the highest honour the University can confer on a student. I'll see how the summer finds me as to health and time.

A. W.

The seconding of the motion for the appointment of Mr. Maitland as Lord Rector, about which Mr. Whyte so modestly tells us in the above letter, was another of those seemingly providential turning points in his life. From information I have from students who were present and saw the scene, it would appear that Mr. Whyte on this occasion actually made a great speech. The hubbub, a perfect tumult of confused voices, was at its worst, gray peas, rotten eggs, and even paling spars were being thrown. When Mr. Whyte got on his legs to speak, in a minute the magic of his voice stilled the tumult, and the silence was so great that you might have heard the fall of a pin. His oration carried with him all the waverers, and thus secured the election of Mr. Maitland. A son of the newly appointed Rector was present at the meeting. He went home and told his father that he was in a great degree indebted to Mr. Whyte for his success. Mr. Maitland happened to be a trustee for a bursary of £19 a-year in the New College of Edinburgh. As this bursary was in the gift of Mr. Maitland to give to any poor student, he settled it on Mr. Whyte when he went to Edinburgh to finish; and he was also fortunate to be appointed assistant to the Rev. Mr. Moody Stuart, at a salary of one pound a-week.

Of the other important events in the life of the Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., the reading public are already well informed; of his ordination in Free St. John's, Glasgow, in 1866; and his translation to Free St. George's, Edinburgh, in 1870, where he still remains, and where he has earned, and justly earned, the distinguished position of being, if not the foremost, among the foremost of Scottish divines.

I have lingered so long on our preacher's early and student days that there is little space to spare to mention his contributions to literature. All Dr. Whyte's books are delightful, his "*Bunyan Characters*," his "*Samuel Rutherford*," and his "*Characteristics of*

William Law;" but in my view the most delightful of them all is the little book published last year on the father of German philosophy, Jacob Boehme. This book is the outcome of a lecture to the students attached to St. George's Free Church, and it is perhaps the most successful attempt that ever was made to give a popular presentation of the mystic Boehme and his philosophy. I have carefully read Dr. Hans Lassen Martensen's book on the life and teaching of Jacob Boehme, as translated from the Danish by T. Rhys Evens; but this short essay of Dr. Whyte's gave me a better idea of the man and his works than ever I had before. When speaking of the difficulty of comprehending the style of this great philosophic shoemaker of the sixteenth century, Dr. Whyte says:—

"Let all intending students of Jacob Behmen take warning that they will have to learn an absolutely new and unheard-of language if they would speak with Behmen and have Behmen speak with them. For Behmen's books are written neither in German nor in English of any age or idiom, but in the most original and uncouth Behmenese. Like John Bunyan, but never with John Bunyan's literary grace, Behmen will borrow now a Latin word or phrase from his reading of learned authors, or, more often, from the conversations of his learned friends; and then he will take some astrological or alchemical expression of Agrippa, or Paracelsus, or some such outlaw, and will, as with his awl and rosin-end, sew together a page of the most incongruous and unheard-of phraseology, till, as we read Behmen's earlier work especially, we continually exclaim, O for a chapter of John Bunyan's clear, and sweet, and classical English! The *Aurora* was written in a language, if writing and a language it can be called, that has never been seen written or heard spoken before, or has since, on the face of the earth. And as our students learn Greek in order to read Homer, and Plato and Paul and John; and Latin in order to read Virgil and Tacitus; and Italian to read Dante; and German to read Goethe,—so William Law tells us that he learned Behmen's Behmenite High Dutch, and that too after he was an old man, in order that he might completely master the *Aurora* and its kindred books. And as our school-boys laugh and jeer at the outlandish sounds of Greek and Latin and German, till they have learned to read and love the great authors who have written in these languages,—so Wesley, and Southey, and even Hallam, himself, jest and flout, and call names at Jacob Behmen, because they have not taken the trouble

to learn his language, to master his mind, and to drink in his spirit."

I will conclude this brief and imperfect sketch of this great preacher, with a passage from a Lecture he delivered in Free St. George's, Edinburgh, on the evening of Sabbath, the 24th February, 1895, on Esau. I have selected this passage because I think it is characteristic of the man, being solemnly impressive, and also in some measure biographical:—

"Young men! come home with me, and I will tell you! Take my arm home to-night, all of you who have not up to this night quite sold your birthright. Oh! never, never do it. Die, and we shall bury you with honour, and with assurance; but, oh! my son, my brother, never, never till the day of your death, sell to man or woman or devil your divine birthright—your birthright of truth, and honesty, and honour, and especially of chastity. Sell everything but that. There must be some men here to-night just at the crisis, and just in the temper, in which Esau came home so hungry from the hunt. There are men in this house who are saying this to themselves—'I am alone; I have nobody to care for me. If I had, it would be different, and I would be a better man. But in all this big city, in all broad Scotland, there is no one for whose sake I need keep my head above water. Though I go out of this house, and sell myself to hell to-night, no one will lament me. What profit shall it do me to make any more stand against the gambling-table, or the dram-shop, or anything else?' My own son! ring my bell to-night, and I will talk with you and will tell you the rest. I have not lived to gray hairs in a city, and been a minister of city families, and city young men, without learning things about birthrights and their sale, and their redemption too—things that cannot be told on the housetop. No minister in Edinburgh knows more, or can speak better, about these things than I can do. If you have no minister who can tell you about Esau, and about himself, and about yourself, and about Jesus Christ, ring my bell! It will be late that I do not open the door! I will be busy that we do not have another hour over Esau—you and I."

A LOVE STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY JAMES STURROCK,

Author of "Sketch of Dr. Norman Macleod," "Sermons on Scottish Song," "The Prince's Charm," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Eccles. xi. 1.*

AVID GRAHAM always found it a great pleasure to visit a new family having at least one attractive young lady; and he—a handsome, engaging fellow—had not arrived at the mature age of twenty-nine without experiencing such a pleasure pretty often. But on no former occasion did the prospect of adding one more to the list of his desirable lady friends thrill him as he was thrilled this afternoon, of Tuesday, 16th July, on the eve of starting for Linnburn to see Miss Webster.

Before setting out on so important a journey it was natural that the gallant wooer's toilet should receive more than usual care. Well favoured by Nature, and admirably fitted with a holiday garb, selected by his own fine taste, it may be guessed that the vision of himself in the mirror was not displeasing. Not only was the picture in the glass very agreeable to the eye, but its scheme of colour promised to harmonize so richly with the complexion and dress of the object of his desire: her gown of home-spun grey would look well beside his tweed suit of russet yellow, brightened with a red scarf, and gold clasp; while in the buttonhole flourished a

couple of his grandfather's wonderful pansies, imparting a delicate grace and finish to the living picture. Better than all, his light-brown hair and rosy countenance, beside her raven locks and pale, but healthy face, presented a contrast which would rejoice the heart of a physiologist as well as the eye of a painter.

His toilet being carefully adjusted he took the road with the easy and assured air of a lover whose motto on such an expedition is *veni, vidi, vici.* Slowly he moved along towards Linnburn, as if dressing his mind for company, or revolving the probabilities of the impending drama.

On reaching the Golden gate he observed two ways down the braes—one, a footpath by the side of the ravine; the other, the grassy cartway winding along the natural terraces. He chose the cartway, being surest, and was soon at the gate leading into the avenue up to the house. At this gate stood a sheepfold, and he was glad to find John Webster there mending a spar of it.

"Always busy, I see, Mr. Webster."

"There's always something to do about a farm-town."

"So I've heard my grandfather often say. Long before he flitted to Rathie he was to give me a drive to see the other side of Ben Katelow, but somehow the convenient time never came. Work never seemed to come to a stop at The Haws."

"Ay, Sir, yer grandfather was a sair worker a' his days, an' he enjoys his reward noo. Whaur wad he been if he had ta'en three weeks' holidays every summer? Whaur wad ony farmer be, I wad like to ken?"

"Then perhaps you don't expect the like of me will come to much good loafing about in this way?"

"Weel, sir, idle dogs worry sheep, and idle men, they say, do waur. But come awa' to th' hoose, my folks hae been looking for ye this hour or twa."

The farmer's blunt but hearty welcome and the manly tones of his voice caused Graham's blood to circulate briskly, and opened his eyes afresh to the beauties around him. He could not walk along the grassy avenue, shaded by scented birks and wild roses, without expressing his delight; and when his eyes rested on the hammock swung between the trees, the honeysuckle gate, the laurel hedge, and many other signs of comfort and refined taste, he breathed a silent, heartfelt prayer to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for bringing him to Linnburn.

At the door porch Miss Webster, in the temporary absence of her mother, welcomed the stranger with natural, unaffected cordiality.

He was ushered into the drawing-room—the room which Sally had told him was furnished like a palace. How did it impress him? Why, his eyes were so gladdened that his countenance immediately kindled with joyous admiration, and he could not help impulsively exclaiming, "Our Sally wasn't far wrong when she likened Linnburn to a palace. You seem to have all the perfumes of Arabia here, Miss Webster!"

Mrs. Webster now made her appearance—a pleasant-spoken, nice, motherly woman. After some conversation she withdrew, on hospitable thoughts intent, remarking before leaving that she hoped Andrew (her only son) would be home in good time from school to join them at tea.

The sermon in the smithy was talked about, as well as the character and abilities of Mr. Reid, the minister; during which a fair opportunity was given for observing Miss Webster and of forming some idea of her conversational powers. And certainly Graham was not disenchanted.

He was charmed with her graceful self-possession, harmonious voice, and easy flow of expressive language. Though naturally pale, her cheeks were healthy and dimpled, her eyes fresh and bright, and at present a delicate russet tinge heightened the beauty of her fine face. Most of all was he charmed with her bewitching smile: when her full red lips parted, her countenance was illumined as if by a sunbeam!

"I wonder why Andrew hasn't come yet," said Mrs. Webster, as she re-entered the room, looking a little anxious, and advancing to the window commanding a view of the braes. "I told him not to linger by the way, as we expected a stranger to tea." Anon she cried, "Here he comes!" and off she hastened to the honeysuckle gate to meet her beloved boy.

"This is Andrew, Mr. Graham," said the mother, her face mantling with joy as she presented the lad, not even giving the young hopeful time to lay down his big strapful of books.

Graham rose and shook his hand heartily, making some playful remarks about his load of books, which put the boy at his ease.

They now all adjourned to the parlour, and took their seats in order round the tea-table; Graham being placed with his back to the light, facing Miss Webster—the very position he desired.

According to custom the host said "the Grace"—said it in a graceful way, too: indeed it was most refreshing to hear such grateful, heartfelt, reverential tones after the mumbling, inaudible, and seemingly thankless petitions so often perfunctorily presented before meals.

"We have a musical box, Mr. Graham," said Miss Webster, smiling, while her mother poured out tea; "if you are fond of music, as I am sure you are, I shall wind it up, and we can hear it from the other room with the door open."

"Thank you. I shall be delighted. I am very fond indeed of music."

"That is very pretty—"There's nae luck aboot the hoose," said Graham with a very pleased look, while he listened to that lively air.

"Yes, you're right, Mr. Graham: There's nae luck aboot the hoose when our gudeman's awa'—a sentiment you won't be troubled with, I suppose," said Mrs. Webster with a humorous twinkle in her eye.

"Well, no—not exactly. I have not the honour of being a gudeman; and yet my poor old landlady will miss me, I daresay—she says so, at anyrate, when I return after a week's absence. You see her other lodgers come and go, but I seem to remain for ever; so it happens that she looks upon me as a sort of guardian, or gudeman, and comes to me with her troubles and difficulties."

Here Mysie, the collie, placed her chops on Graham's knee, and gently pressed it to be taken notice of. "Poor Mysie! nobody is minding you," he said, giving her a bit oatcake, and patting her affectionately.

"Never heed her," said Mr. Webster; "she's just a plague to strangers. She kens fine no to beg frae me."

"Oh, she's no plague. I'm glad to see Mysie taking so kindly to me: indeed I feel flattered."

"'Deed, sir, ye needna consider it flattery; to speak plainly, I assure you Mysie maks as great ado wi' ony tinkler or beggar body that comes aboot th' toon. I saw her th' ither day jumpin' an' whinin' aboot a raggit gangrel, waggin' her tail an' carryin' on as if she wad gae daft wi' joy; an' the puir man, like you, was highly pleased: ''Od man,' he said, 'but you've got a fine doggie!'"

Graham felt slightly chilled by these plain-spoken remarks, but soon recovered his spirits when Miss Webster, who had observed his countenance to fall, begged to differ from her father.

"Mysie is certainly no respecter of persons, so far as dress is concerned, and I am quite sure that the tinkler whom Mysie made such a work with must have had some good, lovable qualities behind his tattered garb. I have seen people whom Mysie wouldn't take to at all."

This speech was very soothing to Graham. That the collie should take so kindly to him in presence of its young mistress, whose special favour he was eagerly desirous to gain, he considered a hopeful sign, particularly when carefully marked by the lady herself, who believed that dogs, like children, are most unerring judges of character.

John Webster, though rather prone to blurt out his first thoughts, was a most kind-hearted man, and he listened with fatherly pride while his daughter disputed the accuracy of his judgment about Mysie's conduct towards strangers; and it was evident from his kindling features and sparkling eye that a happy anecdote bearing upon the subject had occurred to him.

"Weel, weel, Mary, have it yer ain wey. Perhaps you'll mind, too, that Burns's dog was very fond o' his maister, an' went trottin' efter him wherever he gaed—whether to kirk or market; ay, an' the crittur actually one time went into a ballroom efter Robbie, an' ran aboot at his heels amon' th' dancers. He used to say that he wished the lasses were as fond of him as his dog. An' ye mind, ae fine day Robbie said this to Jean Armour, bleachin' claes on the village green, and sall Jean accepted the challenge."

"Your health and story," mentally ejaculated Graham, not being familiar enough yet with his host to cry it out boldly. After this story about the immortal bard his equanimity was thoroughly restored, and his face glowed with gratitude and joy. Would the lady across the table manifest the same readiness to love him as the affectionate Mysie? Would she accept the challenge if he put it? And his colour rose as he glanced at the lady while he asked himself these delicate questions.

Now he must speak a word to Andrew, sitting at his sister's right hand: and thus wisely fulfil the injunction—love me, love my dog, but my brother as well.

"You were somewhat late in coming home to-night, were you not, Andrew?"

"Yes, sir, we were longer in to-night; we had a counting competition."

"Oh, indeed. Did you get difficult questions?"

"Just compound addition."

"How did you compete?"

"The master cried out the figures, and we took them down on our slates. 'The coont' was three figures in the pounds column, and twelve figures deep. After we had it all down the master said that the first one who gave him a correct answer in half-a-minute would get a penny. So he stood with his watch in his hand."

"And did you manage it in half-a-minute?"

"Yes: I got the penny twice!"

"Well done you, Andrew. Though the race is not always to the swift, I am sure you have a splendid chance of getting on in the world."

What a delicious tea they had! Graham, owing to his light luncheon, did ample justice to the good things on the table, some of them no doubt placed there in complimental mood to him. The blaeberry jam, for one item, was specially down for the stranger—for Mrs. Webster, after enquiring how he liked it, and receiving a highly favourable reply, remarked that it was the last pot in the house, but that the berries would soon be ripe again, when she could make plenty more.

"It is a very happy thought, Mrs. Webster, to give your town visitors blaeberry jam: if they all enjoy it as heartily as I am doing, they will esteem it a rare treat. Blaeberries have a peculiar charm for me—so racy are they of the heather hills."

After the interminable loaves, loaves, loaves! of Glasgow, what a pleasure to Graham to have such nice oatcakes and flour-scones, with exquisite butter dyed with marigolds! and, for a change, strawberry jam, so newly made that the delicious blood of the berry was scarcely yet cold. And then the cheering beverage—the finest of tea—was laced with real cream: none of your frothy apologies for it. The cakes and scones were dainties to him, and he was not slow to speak in their praise, knowing that honest praise would be welcome. And in so doing he was delighted to learn afterwards that he had been unwittingly complimenting the daughter of the house, for it had not yet transpired that the cakes and scones were her handiwork. Of course it was very natural for the mother to let the young gentleman know something of the housewifely qualities of her daughter when she could prudently do so.

Graham knew that the Countess of Rathie sometimes came to

drink tea at Linnburn, and he shrewdly suspected that the elegant china before him had been handled by her fair fingers; even the very cup he was using may have pressed the ruby lips of the Countess. Enchanting thought! True, the keen air of the hills added something to the relish. But it must be confessed—what is already an open secret—that the great charm for him—the soft-hearted fellow!—that which gave the prime zest and flavour to his enjoyment of that tea, was the blythe, winsome lass across the table, whose handsome face, under the inspiring influences around her, warmed and bloomed into more and more bewitching loveliness.

He felt supremely happy. How could one of his temperament be otherwise? What a combination of sweets appealed to his senses. The sun was shining over the shoulder of Ben Katelow, and his mellow beams were lying soft and warm in the glen and in the corner of the room at the western window: in at the open front window, too, the Frenchman's darling (mignonette) breathed her delicate fragrance, while her fairer and more blooming sisters vied with her in wafting their choicest perfumes. And finely blending with the sweet odours came the pleasant tinkling of Scotch tunes from the musical box—not forgetting the dreamy, lulling cadence of the river, to which Graham's ear was keenly alive, though the others were quite unconscious of the sound—so accustomed were they to it. But the steady, sonorous music of the water was not so loud as to drown the hum of the sair-laden bees sailing towards the hives in the garden.

Anon a yellow butterfly came fluttering in at the open window, hovered for a few seconds near the ceiling above the tea table, to the delight and amusement of the party; but evidently not quite enjoying the foreign aspect of things, flew out again.

"Sensible creature!" said Mrs. Webster; "the butterfly does not care for staying in the house when the sun is shining." Then turning to her daughter, tea being over, "Perhaps Mr. Graham would like to see the garden before the sun is behind the Ben altogether;" glancing towards her guest for reply.

"Yes, very much. I think we cannot do better than imitate the butterfly," he responded gaily. Then looking towards the western window, his eye rested on a luxuriant myrtle bathed in sunlight.

"What a beautiful myrtle!" he exclaimed; and as he faced round again Miss Webster coloured slightly, as if, like himself, she were conscious of its language, and had divined his thoughts.

Though not asked to the garden with his sister and Mr. Graham, it was natural enough for Andrew, a lad of fourteen, to accompany them, being in the habit of going with other strangers to tell them, when required, the names of the plants and flowers. Graham would have preferred that the young brother had found something else to do; and yet, on second thoughts, he was pleased at the seeming absence of artifice on the mother's part in not arranging that her daughter should be alone with him—with him! such an eligible gentleman, according to old Sally.

They lingered for a time in the porch and about the rockeries, examining the flowers and the clusters of roses on the front of the house, and then moved towards the beehives.

"Here we have within easy reach an object lesson on the hymn, 'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour,'" said Miss Webster, smilingly.

At that moment a bee buzzed past Graham's ear, and he instinctively lifted his hand quickly to shield his neck.

"Oh, don't be afraid, Mr. Graham; they won't meddle with us if we don't meddle with them. You did a dangerous thing just now in lifting your hand suddenly—the bees are sure to sting if you buffet them."

"I shall remember that. Knowledge gives self-possession to a man."

"Yes, it goes a great way with a *man*. But suppose now that a woman were to come upon an ugly, venomous serpent lying coiled up in the grass—what good would it do *her* to know that the creature must first uncoil itself before it can spring?"

"I must leave every daughter of Eve to answer that question," said Graham, with a sly smile, the full meaning of which was instantly apprehended by his intelligent querist.

Though much to please the eye in Linnburn garden this afternoon, there was no ripe fruit to tempt one: the season in Rhymen glen being late. The present blush on the red currants and raspberries was receiving help from the setting sun. After such a hearty tea, however, fruit was of no consequence, and besides, the feast of beauty was enough. Truly Mrs. Webster deserved great praise for her garden, for she, it must be emphasized, was the ruling queen in it. Only her labour of love could produce such charming results: touched by her fair tendance, each flower gladlier grew and looked as if it really enjoyed the air it breathed.

See! how these lovely moss-roses stretch their necks and pout their lips to kiss the rosy sunbeams! And what a wealth of beauty in that laurel hedge—every leaf glimmering with light!

But to our hero the young lady was the reigning beauty in that garden fair. His fond gaze was turned on her oftener than on the flowers. Before coming out she had put on her hat—a white straw one—which seemed to add to her charms; and either the pretty hat, or the lady's graceful form, or it may be her still more captivating voice and manners in the open air, away from the eyes of her watchful parents—whatever was the cause or combination of causes, she had become intensely more interesting to him; and while her manner was growing more free and gay, his tended the very opposite. Evidently something now weighed on his mind: there was an undercurrent of pensive thought and feeling beneath his assumed gaiety when responding to his companion's cheerful remarks. While at tea he felt very much at home with the family; but there were certain tones and looks of the daughter which kindled memories and strongly impressed him with the belief that surely he must have met and spoken to her before; still, as she gave not the slightest hint on the subject, he was sadly puzzled. What could he do but just exercise a little patience and see what would happen. His frequent glimpses of the side of her face with her hat on added to his bewilderment, and confirmed his surmise that they had met, and even been very friendly somewhere before. And yet she chatted and laughed more gaily than ever. He did not quite like that. If really the veritable lady he was thinking of—and he was becoming more and more persuaded, from certain hints eventually thrown out by her, that she could be no other—how could he but feel somewhat vexed and disappointed to infer from her manner that their accidental and romantic meeting, after long years, was by no means so very interesting and momentous to her as to him?

"Perhaps she is now engaged," he thought, "and our meeting again is of little consequence to her. I'll better wait a wee."

Opening the wicket in the hedge, Miss Webster shewed him the seat by the river-side, remarking as she sat down, "I like this seat best in the morning: then the sun is behind you."

Taking a seat beside her, to which she invited him, he said, "You are indeed highly favoured, Miss Webster—all manner of sweets lie compacted here. I would take Linnburn to be the sort

of place Samuel Rogers had in his eye when immortalizing his poetic wish."

"Yes, we are certainly well off, though Linnburn doesn't contain all the elements of Mr. Roger's wish. For instance, we haven't a mill, which all poets dearly love; and the village church beneath the trees is a good way off—the more's the pity: for all that, Linnburn is certainly a pretty spot. I assure you, I do enjoy spending my holidays here."

After a pause, during which they gazed at the river and watched the trout jumping at the flies, she remarked that it would be worth while trying the fishing this evening, and made a playful allusion to the Lady Helen he had caught, which led on to some pleasant remarks about her namesake's romping manners when a girl, mainly the outcome of her superabundant vitality.

They could have sat by the river long enough, it being so delightful that warm afternoon to feel the cooling breeze off the water, but Miss Webster wished to shew him a few more Linnburn sights. So after a meditative interlude she said, "When you are tired of this seat, Mr. Graham, I have some more curiosities to shew you."

"Very good. I am ready. Let us pass on to the next caravan, as I heard them shouting at Glasgow Fair." And while speaking he remembered his interview with Patricia Hammond, causing him once more to gaze critically, yet modestly, at his companion's face.

She led the way back to the garden, walking slowly up to the bower overarched with rowans.

"Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers," breathed Graham to himself, following his fair guide, scarcely heeding that Andrew was behind him as well as Mysie—that faithful and affectionate collie having joined them at the river-side.

"Will you sit down for a minute in the bower, Mr. Graham—just to say you have been in it?"

"Oh, yes; certainly—ladies first," with a polite bow, standing aside that she might enter.

Stepping into the bower with a gracious smile, she sat down, leaving ample room for him. The movement she made, with its accompanying smile, was such an exact counterpart of the historical Miss W.'s manner when kindly, though mutely, inviting him to a seat beside her in the railway carriage on Hogmanay, coupled with the fact that Miss Webster's name begins with W, together with other hints and signs not so easily indicated, and not forgetting

that the lady Miss W. was seen last summer at Redmuir by Miss Hammond, the showman's daughter: all seemed to point to the inference that Miss Webster must be the long-lost Miss W.!

The impatient reader will exclaim, "What was the use of Graham dilly-dallying that way with the girl? Could he not have said to her right off, 'I have an impression, Miss Webster, that I have met you before, years ago; if not you, certainly a lady very like you.' That would have settled the identity at once" Perhaps it would. But such a course of procedure would not have been characteristic of David Graham's style of playing the game of life. He would, however, soon throw down a trump card which would compel the lady to show her hand.

Mysie followed them into the bower and lay down at the feet of her young mistress, but Andrew lingered outside, his native modesty forbidding him to plant himself in such close proximity to his seniors, though desired by Mr. Graham. His sister, however, did not encourage him to take a seat.

"It is a pleasant bower this," she remarked, "although it hasn't the commanding view of yon one on the height—have you seen yon bower yet?" pointing to the one on the summit of the brae down the river a bit.

"Oh, yes; I saw it yesterday, but only from this side. I fancy this is a much pleasanter bower—all the more charming because it is lowly and secluded."

"I agree with you. None but friends can enter here, while up yonder one is at the mercy of every chance passer-by."

"Is that so? Well, I must say that with such a beautiful home as this I don't wonder that you enjoy your holidays here. How thankful one should be for holidays! it enables one to get a glimpse of many a fairy nook, and to carry back to the smoky city many a golden memory."

"Yes, we should be very thankful—especially a schoolmistress! We hear fathers and mothers say there were no holidays when they were young; surely it was a great hardship to toil from January till December without some breathing time."

"Well, for one thing," responded Graham, "they didn't work so hard in those days—in fact they couldn't for a whole year keep up the fever heat of modern life."

"Hullo!" cried Andrew suddenly, "there's that stirk across the water again. Mysie, hey!" and off they both scampered out of

the garden—Andrew and Mysie—to bring the stirk back to its own pasture.

"Certainly we are well off with our holidays," continued Graham, with rather more fervour after the brother's hasty departure. "It lets us get home to our friends. Sometimes I wish I had been a mechanic, or a tradesman of some sort, in order to have a week at the New Year."

"Or even a schoolmistress," said the lady archly.

"Better still, for then I should have holidays oftener and longer, besides the pleasure of the calling, which I greatly admire."

"Not so bad for a beginning, Mr. Graham," we say. "Now for your trump card!"

"I rarely go home at Christmas: the last time was some three years ago, when the New Year began on a Friday. I remember it well—very well indeed." Then he paused and lifted his eyes as if looking tenderly at the scene in memory's glass.

Miss Webster's face was glowing with interest, but she simply asked if he liked travelling at such a crowded time.

He answered eloquently, giving her an account of his trip home on the memorable Hogmanay along with Allan Marchmont, concluding with, "But when we came to Perth we had the society of a nice young lady all the way to Lochdale. She wasn't at all saucy—that lady, but, after a little coaxing to begin with, very kindly responded to our remarks. We were charmed with her frankness and rare intelligence—I was especially—and my chum somehow by-and-by left the lady all to myself to talk to."

Here Mysie came trotting up the garden-walk again, Andrew having let her in by the wicket at the riverside—he himself going somewhere else.

"Well, Mysie, you've got back again," said Miss Webster, with a richer music in her voice than Graham had ever yet noticed. Thus encouraged, the collie, a very pretty, winsome creature, resumed its former position at the feet of its young mistress.

"Did you not think the young lady rather forward in speaking with strange gentlemen?" she asked softly, leaning forward and caressing Mysie affectionately with both her hands.

"You wouldn't have thought so, I am sure, had you heard the conversation which led up to the first remark which I addressed to the lady."

Miss Webster did not look up, but continued petting the collie,

and that with a degree of warmth and industry somewhat surprising to Graham. He envied Mysie the sweet caresses, but was not at all jealous, for he felt sure the lady was much interested in what he said, and was only indulging in a little byplay essentially feminine.

He would be a candle-holder and look on—a candle-holder, forsooth! Ridiculous metaphor! Was not the blessed sun still gilding the top of Ben Katelow, and glorifying the rich and balmy eve with rose and amethyst? The purple beams were radiant on the lady's hands while caressing Mysie—naturally the focus of Graham's eyes. And oh, such beautiful hands! such a pearly texture, and so exquisitely shaped! Well might the lady thank her canine friend for being there so happily during these auspicious moments! Assuredly the mute eloquence of those caresses was not lost upon the favoured beholder: was he not Romeo worshipping the white wonder of Juliet's hand?

"Did you learn where the lady was going to?" was Miss Webster's next query after the petting interregnum, still regarding Mysie while pausing for a reply.

"She made no secret of that. She was going to Montrose, and I sincerely wished that I had been going there too, so as to prolong the pleasure of her company. Indeed, I told her as much!"

Miss Webster raised her head and turned a glowing countenance to the speaker. Was the heightened colour on her cheeks caused solely by the rosy sunlight? Surely it must, for there was nothing in the gentleman's remarks to cause her to blush so deeply.

"Your conversation must have been very interesting, Mr. Graham. Might I venture to ask what you talked about? some idea of it, I mean: it might be useful to me on a similar occasion:" said rather tremulously, and again addressing herself assiduously to Mysie.

"I'm sure you wouldn't require any prompting, Miss Webster. But I shall tell you with pleasure what delighted me most. The lady had travelled on the continent—very romantic I thought, and still think—and she told me a lot about the wonderful places she had visited. And she did it too in such a fascinating way."

While giving some details, he was again in fancy by the lady's side in the railway carriage—she was next his heart—just as he was seated at that moment, but sitting closer: again in fancy his eye was gladdened by the fine contour and beauty of the fair

stranger's cheek, and again he marvelled at her extremely handsome ear. And now his eye could not help resting on the cheek and ear of his present companion as she leaned forward toying with her pet. Why did the colour suddenly leave his cheeks, and his heart palpitate so wildly?

"Mr. Graham! before you say any more, I must beg your pardon," said Miss Webster with deep emotion, her hand uplifted beseechingly, and her face as red as the peony rose near the bower!

He took the proffered hand—trembling like his own—holding it with a warm, nervous grasp, and looking into her face quite overcome and speechless! Then he rose to his feet—still in an attitude of extreme surprise, mingled with joy. At length when he found utterance, "Well! well!" he exclaimed, slowly and roundly; "truth is indeed stranger than fiction. And so you are really and truly the veritable lady!"

Then followed a thrilling pause, during which they still held each other warmly by the hand.

He broke the silence. At first speaking was difficult—his voice being so husky he had to clear his throat again and again before he could articulate distinctly. When he had fairly recovered his speech and his self-possession, he looked at her tenderly with a winning smile, blended however with a degree of shamefacedness on remembering his flattering words, and said, "Why, I now feel like Juliet after praising Romeo in the dark! You have certainly had the advantage of me, have you not?"

"Yes; I must admit that, and that is why I feel ashamed for not betraying myself sooner—especially after my promise to you in the train. Do you remember asking me as a favour, that if I should meet you on the street—or anywhere—to stop and speak to you?"

"Ah! but you never did it."

"I never had the chance."

"I remember turning my face to you and begging you to take a good look, so that you might know me again."

"And you laughed so much that I could not see your face properly."

"I remember it well, and remarked that you would need a baby lens to take an instantaneous impression. But how did you come to know me? how did you find me out?"

"I had the advantage of you in knowing your name, and that

you belonged to Lochdale, where you went out. Your companion, whose name I did not hear—at least I have forgotten it—addressed you now and again as Mr. Graham."

"Just like Allan Marchmont. He has a bad habit of addressing people by name before strangers. In this case, however, it has turned out an exceptionally happy thing. Well, I knew you were going to Montrose—you told me so—and I learned accidentally that your name began with W." Here he explained about mistaking her portmanteau for his. "I could not forget Miss W., for shortly before that I had been reading the draft of a remarkable letter addressed to a 'My dear Miss W.' by a poetical clerk whom Marchmont knew, and who shewed me the letter; and it struck me as a strange coincidence that I should see only Miss W. on your portmanteau."

"I remember the incident. I purposely drew the strap across the address to keep curious people from staring at my name. But I am glad you caught the initial letter: it is a slight proof that I am not imposing on you."

"You may well smile, for I certainly never for a moment thought any such thing. Indeed the truth began to dawn upon me whenever I saw you with your hat on. I doubt whether I would have known you on the street, or perhaps in any other way than seated as we are just now—the same as in the train. Your smile helped me, just as the smile of young Tobias Smollett enabled his mother to recognize him after a long absence. Still, I was doubtful—your face not being so round as I thought it was."

"Unfortunately it has grown long—with age!" she responded with irresistible humour, intensified by the speaker's buoyant youthfulness. "Ah, well, I have some consolation if what Cleopatra says be true—that round faces are mostly stupid. But what about your companion—Mr. Marchmont, I think you called him?"

"Yes, Marchmont—Allan Marchmont. After the rather ungallant way Allan behaved I am sure you will be surprised to hear that he is married and is quite a family man now. He married a rich lady"—smiling significantly—"some say the rich lady married him. And by-the-by, you may be interested to know that she has a sister—a spinster, equally rich and eligible?"

The last remark was put interrogatively for a purpose. Graham watched the effect of it, and was not displeased to see a dark shadow flit across the lady's face. She quickly rallied, however, and with

more emphasis in her tone, as if a little forced, replied, "Oh, yes; I *am* interested. Of course, I naturally suppose you are a candidate for the hand of this very eligible lady: having two such powerful friends at Court as Mr. Marchmont and his wife, one would expect you to get—well, the first refusal."

"The first refusal! Ha! ha! Very neatly put. I fear that in this matter of a refusal your humble servant would come off second best. You have yet to learn that a clergyman, or rather a divinity student, young and good-looking, is said to be courting the sister, and being a well-disposed, pious young lady, what chance could there be for a poor layman? Against such heavy odds do you think it would be wise to contend?"

The lady's face flushed, and she replied with animation, "I see that like many others—too many—you share the opinion that when a minister casts his eyes favourably upon a lady she is charmed, helplessly charmed, as it were; and that in fact a proposal from a clergyman is like a Royal prerogative, where a wish or request means a command. Surely no woman of sense or spirit would be so foolish as to marry a minister chiefly for the sake of his office."

"I hope not. And yet the divinity that doth hedge a minister as well as a king——"

"Yes, yes"—laughing—"I admit it works wonders, if not miracles."

After a pause, a humorous smile playing about her lips while she stroked Mysie's head, "You won't object to Mr. Marchmont sometimes mentioning your name to his wife's sister, although you dislike him to do so before strange ladies? But sometimes even in the latter case it does no harm to mention a name—especially if it be a good one:" turning a modest gaze to view the effect of her remarks.

"I agree with you heartily. In the present case, my friend Allan's indiscretion, if I might so term it, has turned out a very lucky and romantic thing: I have no doubt it has had something to do with bringing me here. Is that not so, Miss Webster?"

"Well, without knowing your name I would have remained in the dark regarding the gentleman who shewed me so much courtesy. Such is woman's curiosity, you know, that you can easily imagine I had a pretty shrewd guess about the family you belonged to; and when Sally was telling me that you were coming, I had a strong

presentiment that you were the gentleman whom your companion addressed as Mr. Graham."

"Verily you are a witch for a guesser!"

"And, if you will excuse me? I must confess I was glad at the prospect of seeing you again; of course out of curiosity for one thing, but indeed I wished to make you welcome to our hospitality —such as it is—as some return for the kind attention you shewed me then:" blushing and smiling archly, at same time tenderly caressing Mysie: "and"—hesitatingly—"if for no other reason, was I not under promise to make myself known to you?"

Such a charming mixture of maiden modesty, frankness, and good nature, combined with admirable common-sense and high spirits, so heightening her exceptional beauty and fascination that Graham felt he could clasp her fervently to his arms and kiss her for very admiration and gratitude. He could not discreetly do that, however, and so his overflowing emotions had to find vent simply in words.

"So you were—so you were:" laughing heartily. "Thank you —thank you a hundred times! I appreciate your kindness very much indeed. But I am sure that any courtesy of mine was more than repaid by yours. The conversation you favoured me with in the train was such a charming illustration of the virtue of strangers being friendly—and following, as it did, so aptly upon the discussion between Marchmont and me—I could not feel otherwise than particularly pleased. How often—how very often—have I thought over that memorable journey!"

The lady listened graciously with the deepest interest, all the more bewitching from the fitful blushing kindled by the delicate praise, as well as by the evident homage of his words and manner.

"I little dreamed," he continued, "that after such a lapse of time —three years and a half—the courtesy you so kindly—too kindly —credit me with would be rewarded in this way. I never before experienced such a striking fulfilment of the Scriptural promise, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

What more could they say to each other, these two comparative strangers? Much more! the sources of boundless speech had been opened: it is, as you know, only their second meeting, and yet, such is their strong natural affinity, they go on talking with the joy and fervour of old friends who have been hungering and thirst-

ing to meet each other again after being long years apart; as if the streams of their lives, though running separately and unseen, the one by the other, had still maintained a subtle, spiritual communion, causing them inevitably, if slowly, to converge; and now that they have once more coalesced there is joy in heaven and on earth!

"You haven't seen much of Linnburn, Mr. Graham; perhaps you would like to change the scene now?"

"Yes; after such a very unexpected turn of the drama, the scene might well be changed. What say you to a walk up the river a bit?"

"With pleasure:" rising from her seat. "Excuse me a minute: I'll go into the house for a scarf, in case it should get chilly by the riverside."

Such was Miss Webster's excuse for running into the house—a big, hardy girl like her, who had scarcely ever a cold. Her real reason, no doubt, was her burning impatience to tell her mother that she had guessed rightly in regard to Mr. Graham's identity.

"What a superb woman!" he said to himself, as he watched her tripping along the garden-walk. He was right. No matter from what point of view Miss Webster was observed, she displayed peculiar graces.

And now that Graham was alone, although only for a minute or two, what a throng of thoughts and sensations rushed upon him! How feebly—how inadequately have we depicted the denouement! What pen could do justice to it? How were it possible to paint the startled surprise of the one, and the mingled, agitated feelings of the other—the sudden, changing looks, and the abrupt, breathless enquiries, charged with so much curiosity of both of them? We have not attempted it, choosing rather to leave to the imagination of the reader all the pauses and breaks in the conversation—all the interjaculatory remarks and half-finished sentences; for all these are exceedingly dull on paper, however interesting they may be in the spoken drama.

Again he had occasion to reflect what a good friend Sally had always been to him. What a powerful advocate he had in her! The family at Linnburn would know all about him from her, and the information, he was sure, would be highly rose-coloured. Yes, it was very nice indeed to have such an agent in advance to smooth the way. But Sally could not tell him for certain whether Miss Webster had a sweetheart beyond the idle rumour that linked her

name with that of Philip Salmon. Fortunately he had made some observations of his own which ought to be worth far more than mere gossip.

Observations, indeed! Why in the case of a bright young man of keen sensibility and quick intuition place observations first? Was not his heart the only true prophet? He believed so. How were it possible, after two such interviews—two such life-giving, destiny-making interviews!—combined with the singularly beautiful and romantic way in which, after long years, the second so naturally and joyfully happened, to come to any other conclusion than that they were fore-ordained for each other? Still, as a practical business man, it was right and proper to corroborate his intuitions by the logic of external facts. What were these? Well, he noted carefully that the lady had no ring of any kind on her fingers—he had such splendid opportunities for observing her hands when caressing Mysie, which she did very often. The absence of an engagement ring was extremely comforting, for surely he was entitled to infer therefrom that her affections were free—free as the wind. But he made another observation—patent only to himself—of greater importance, he deemed, than the conventional sign of betrothal, or its absence, namely, the dark cloud which flitted across the lady's face when he spoke about Mr. Marchmont's very eligible sister. And as every dark cloud has a silver lining, so that one for him revealed on its silver edge the lamp of Hope! which must, in the meantime, be allowed to hold on to burn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee."
—*James Thomson.*

Young Andrew Webster did not come back to the garden, although at first he seemed to be shaping for it after returning the refractory stirk to its own pasture. Graham, who had been observing Andrew's movements, was well pleased to see him let in Mysie by the riverside wicket and betake himself somewhere else. Doubtless he was a very promising lad, Andrew, and Graham would have been glad at another time to have a talk with him, but at

this particular juncture he was more desirous to have the exclusive company of his sister—a feeling very probably shared by the lady herself.

Behold! there she is now standing in the porch, drawing on her gloves, almost ready for the ramble. What a lovely picture!

"Well, which way shall we go?" she asked with a smile, as she advanced to meet Mr. Graham.

"Any way you please. I shall be happy to go wherever you choose to guide me. You can shew me the lions of Linnburn."

"The lions! ha, ha!" she laughed merrily. "I'm sorry we've none but domestic animals here."

He opened the honeysuckle gate and stood aside with a graceful bow till the lady passed out. She smiled approvingly—even blushed at her companion's gallant and courtly manner.

"Let me see now," she said, pausing while Graham refastened the gate. "Shall we go round this side of the steading? Yes, I think we had better, and begin with lion number one."

"Go away, Mysie; you're not coming"—waving her hand backwards. "You'll be wanted to bring the sheep from the braes by-and-by, so you must stay hereabout."

The well-trained collie at once obeyed its young mistress.

"Pity Mysie couldn't come. 'Better is a living dog than a dead lion,' you know!" remarked Graham, chuckling over the aptness of the proverb.

"So said King Solomon, and every shepherd knows what a wise proverb it is. Let us, therefore, count Mysie as lion number one" —smiling while she spoke at her companion's ready wit.

"I thoroughly agree with you: Mysie is worth coming a long way to see."

On their way up the riverside, Graham said, "How highly favoured you have been, Miss Webster, in spending your early days here. Such a pleasure-ground you had! a princess might envy you. Guide-books make no mention of this paradise—too out-of-the-way for the tourist, and therein lies much of its charm."

"You make me feel prouder of my native glen than ever. During my first winter in Glasgow, especially in the foggy season, how I longed for a breath of this pure air! and when the din and bustle of the streets grated upon my ear, what would I not have given for a quiet Sabbath at Linnburn?"

"I appreciate what you say thoroughly."

"Still, I enjoyed myself very well in Glasgow. One evening—I remember it well—my home here was brought vividly before my mind's eye, and that at a time when I least expected it."

"Indeed, how was that?"

"I was in the theatre. Are you surprised?"

"Not at all: my views are liberal."

"Well, you needn't mention it in the house. My father has a strong prejudice against the theatre, and yet I question whether he has ever been in one—a first-rate one, I mean. I was anxious to hear Miss Helen Theodore, and gladly accepted an invitation to go with some friends. The play was *The Lady of Lyons*. Mark you, it was my first visit to a theatre. I was there against my father's wishes, so I had sundry qualms about it."

Graham was listening with the greatest interest, and allowed the narrative to proceed without a break.

"Fortunately I derived some comfort from having read in Isaac Watts's *Improvement of the Mind*—a book of my father's—that there might be no harm in going once—just only once—to the theatre. How I did enjoy that stolen pleasure! I was in fairy-land. But to come to the point: the part of the play when Home, sweet Home! rose up before me—truly a vision of delight!—was when Claud Melnotte tells Pauline about his palace by the Lake of Como. You know the lines, I'm sure:—

> A deep vale
> Shut in by Alpine hills from the rude world,
> Near a clear lake margined by fruits of gold.

And so on. Comparing small places with great, there is something of a parallel, is there not?"

"Certainly there is. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that the Alpine valley should recall your own."

"Of course it wasn't right my going to the theatre against the known wishes of my father, notwithstanding the permission—for once—of good old Isaac Watts. Yet I feel it is nevertheless true that somehow the experience of that evening for ever lends to my eyes a richer charm to my native glen."

"Not a doubt of it."

"Yes; and what is perhaps more important to me as a teacher, the lesson in elocution I obtained from Miss Theodore that evening was the best I ever got, or am ever likely to get. It was worth a bushel of cut and dried rules on the art. Claud spoke his lines

like a careful, well-trained student, but Pauline as only a woman of genius could do it. The contrast was a revelation to me, and most instructive as well as enjoyable:" pausing and smiling bewitchingly. "But as I said before, you needn't speak about it in my father's presence; for, although I told him of my visit, he is not at all reconciled to theatre-going, and it would only rouse his prejudices to no good purpose."

"I shall take care to avoid the subject, and am glad you have cautioned me."

Walking a bit farther along the riverside they came to a somewhat moist part, caused by the water flowing from a small ravine in the braes. A few yards from the river the water formed itself into a shallow stream, a yard or so broad, at the part requiring to be crossed. To get over dryshod was now the question. Accustomed to the path, Miss Webster had little hesitation in choosing her way —important to her with thin shoes. As for Graham, he could easily clear the brook at a jump. He waited, however, to see that his companion got safely over without wetting her feet. Watching her every movement with lover-like eagerness, he observed her daintily put one foot—her left—upon a stone in the middle, and with a light spring neatly planted the other foot on a smooth piece of moist sand on the opposite side, leaving a most beautiful foot-print.

Graham gazed for a moment at the marvel of neatness on the sand: "How bewitching she is — here is another item to the inventory of her charms."

Curiously enough at the same moment he remembered that Jonathan Weathercock's Miss W. had also a remarkably pretty foot, and he could not help wondering at this additional coincidence between the two ladies.

Well, if it can now be assumed that Miss Effie Wilson of Redmuir is the "My dear Miss W." of Mr. Weathercock—a very natural assumption, considering all the circumstances—the reader may very well ask: Has not all the mystery about the two Miss W.'s now been solved? Time alone can best answer the question.

Our friends continued walking along the rising, somewhat irregular path of the river-bank, walking indian-file for a short distance, the lady taking the lead. While doing so there was a pause in the conversation, during which Graham put to himself

the same question which we have supposed the attentive reader to ask; but he had also to wait for Time to clear up the mystery. It might reasonably be considered sufficient for him that he had discovered his Miss W.; still that natural curiosity of which he had inherited a considerable share from his mother would not let him rest altogether satisfied until he had found out whether Miss Effie Wilson were the Miss W. of Jonathan Weathercock. And it did seem to him wondrous strange that he should cross the path of the two ladies in question in so natural and unexpected a manner in the course of three days, while all the combined efforts of himself and his friends to make the great discovery had signally failed. May we not here say, with all reverence, truly—

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform!

By-and-by our friends took a seat on the braes. Shortly after sitting down the lady fetched some work out of her pocket, and began quietly knitting without intermitting the conversation.

"What! knitting here on the hillside? How industrious you are, Miss Webster! Why not devote your whole time to play during your well-earned holiday? Well, perhaps fancy work *is* play, although it sounds a little paradoxical."

"Oh, but you see I can work and talk. I have often seen ladies when talking out-of-doors keep digging away at the turf with the point of their parasol, or draw imaginary profiles with it. Just as well for me, isn't it, to dip the point of this needle in and out in this way?"

"Certainly, when you can talk away all the same."

"Mysie!" suddenly exclaimed Graham, looking along the braes, "in the name of wonder here comes Mysie!" And as the collie drew near wagging her tail with delight, "What wee bird of the air told you we were here?"

"Oh, she has just followed her nose—the best of all guides to Mysie," said Miss Webster, laughing.

Graham spoke very kindly to the affectionate collie, accompanying his words by a lavish amount of caressing. Mysie was frantic with joy: she danced about, emitting a peculiar effusive whine, and seemed terribly greedy of the fondling and the endearing phrases so fluently bestowed upon her.

"Mysie knows she is free whenever the cows are brought home,"

said Miss Webster, watching the gushing pantomime with much interest. "Oh, you cunning creature!" pointing and shaking her finger laughingly.

"What a fine creature Mysie is!" resumed Graham, still caressing her. "I don't think I ever encountered such an affectionate animal. No wonder the tinker said to your father, 'Od, man, but you've a fine doggie.'"

"Fickle creature!" said Miss Webster, playfully. "See! she's running to greet another friend, you may be sure. How quick and keen-eyed she is! Who can you be?" After a pause, during which the comer drew a little nearer, while Mysie was frisking round and round him, "Oh, it's Thomas Saughie Potter, pedlar and poet. I haven't seen Thomas for an age. Mysie knows him well. Look how she jumps and makes such an ado with him! We must have a talk with Thomas. He is a very honest, amiable man—quite a character."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."—*A Winter's Tale.*

"Good evening, Thomas," said Miss Webster frankly, rising and shaking hands with him; "a friend of mine, Mr. Graham, from Glasgow."

"Good evening, sir. I am delighted to be introduced to a friend of Miss Webster's," said Thomas blandly, with a profound bow, which made Mysie start aside.

"How is the world using you, Thomas? I haven't seen you since last autumn."

"My friends are all very kind, thank you, Miss Helen."

Graham scanned Thomas Saughie Potter, pedlar, and poet, attentively while exchanging civilities and news with Miss Webster: taking a careful survey of the man he had just been told was a character. Thomas divined the keen but kindly gaze, and thus addressed his new acquaintance:—"You know, sir, I'm a living example of the proverb—a rolling stone gathers no moss. I am here to-day, and away to-morrow. All the gear I have got, or nearly all, I carry with me, like Simonides. I envy no man's

wealth or mode of life. Mine is a life of freedom and travel, with many privileges and rare opportunities for true enjoyment. Money could not procure for me the entertainment which my chosen vocation does. I could perhaps make more out of this small pack, if I chose, but I have no ambition to be rich in this world's goods. My great master, Socrates, only worked at his trade as a statuary as occasion required: the rest of his time was devoted to the improvement of his mind. I strive to emulate him."

"In fact, Thomas, you are a modern troubadour!"

"Yes, sir. By a cheerful song I help to make the wheels of life go smoothly. It was well said by one of our own poets the other day:—

> What martial music is to martial men,
> Is song unto humanity.

Some people may look upon me as an idle fellow—I know they do—but if I can stir my friends up to the right spirit and to the proper marching step I consider that I do my fair share of the world's work."

"Quite right, Thomas: you reason like a philosopher—I wish there were a lot more of your stamp in the world."

"Thank you, sir."

Here the collie began barking at a crow flying overhead.

"Mysie, lass!" said Thomas, with a humorous smile, "what ails you at the crow? 'I would rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear that he loves me.' I am sure, Miss Helen, you would not be so foolish as Beatrice as to say that."

"You forget, Thomas, that women are all dissemblers—every one of us! That bantering lady did not wish Benedict to believe what she said, although by her manner she seemed very much in earnest."

The poet-pedlar—listened admiringly. Sitting on a grey boulder at Graham's feet he gazed as if the picture before him touched his fancy. The shadow cast by the opposite brae had not yet reached the group, so that our friends sat in the sunshine with a sloping back-ground of birks and broom.

"There's no hurry, Thomas," said Miss Webster, as he rose to depart.

"Thank you, Miss Helen. But I've intruded too long upon you. I shall go down to the old folks now. Perhaps I shall see you again, Mr. Graham?"

"I hope so," he said, with kindly emphasis.

"We shall both see you when we come down by. I shall be home in good time to put the prophet's chamber in order for you."

"Thank you very much, Miss Helen. May heavens choicest blessings be showered upon you. I fondly hope the future partner of thy life may be worthy of thee. In the words of the burning Sappho:—

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And soes and hears thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

Mysie, are you coming?" said Thomas, moving slowly away, and with his left hand beckoning the collie to follow him. The creature looked up into the face of its young mistress enquiringly:—"Yes, go with him," pointing towards the wanderer; and the signal was at once obeyed.

"One doesn't meet with a character like Thomas Saughie Potter every day," said Graham; "I was more than surprised at his polished manners and wonderfully fine accent."

"Ah! he's a smooth-tongued fellow. I am glad he has taken himself off," still blushing at the poet's flattery.

Anon Graham remarked that he had long desired to climb to the top of Ben Katelow; he had hoped to see the world from that coign of vantage many years ago according to a promise of his grandfather's. However, now that he was actually in the neighbourhood, he did not intend returning home before scaling the Ben.

Miss Webster's face beamed with interest. "You have come in good time; I am going up with a small party on Thursday—the day after to-morrow—and if you care to join us you will be very welcome."

Graham thanked her cordially; he would be delighted to go, but feared that being a stranger he would be an intruder.

"You may keep your mind easy on that score," she answered quickly; and then went on to explain that the party consisted of a young clergyman—Paul Stephen—who was coming to officiate for Mr. Reid during his absence on holiday; a divinity student, a friend, in fact a cousin of Stephen's, and any young lady she liked to bring with her as a companion.

Graham expressed himself as delighted with the arrangement, and would look forward with no small pleasure to the trip.

After some further incidental talk they rose and sauntered slowly along the riverside back to the house.

They found a young man in the parlour engaged in conversation with Mr. Webster and Thomas. He was a good-looking, cheery intelligent young fellow; facts which made Graham scan him with rather a jealous eye, especially when he discovered that he was no less than Philip Salmon, alleged by Sally and others to be a sweetheart, or at all events a great admirer, of Miss Webster's.

After supper Graham rose to take leave.

"What's a' th' hurry?" exclaimed the host; "rest ye awhile, Maister Graham; it's no late yet; bide awee and ye'll get Philip here to gae half-way hame wi' ye."

"Thank you. I shall be very glad of the convoy."

After half-an-hour further spent in conversation Philip this time made signs of moving, and the host offered no objections.

So Graham and Philip Salmon took the braes together. But before bidding good-bye Graham arranged to see Thomas Saughie Potter on the morrow at his grandfather's.

As the two young men wound their way up the braes they talked about the rare natural beauties of Linnburn. But infinitely more interesting still was the gossip our hero gleaned from Salmon regarding Miss Webster.

"Helen"—calling her familiarly by her Christian name—the name which her mother, and perhaps which she herself liked best—"Helen was always a very clever girl: the last year we were at school together she was dux of the whole school and carried off the first prize."

"You have known her a long time, I suppose?"

"About as far back as I can mind. Our farms you see join each other; and we were at the same school together for half-a-dozen years or so." After a pause. "Mrs. Webster was telling me this is your first visit to the glen, and that you are quite a stranger here. You'll not have seen Miss Webster before either, I suppose, Mr. Graham?" directing a keen glance at him.

This was a poser! To give him time to think, Graham stooped to pluck some wild thyme growing by the pathway, and began smelling it with evident enjoyment for a moment or two. "What a delicious smell this wild thyme has, Mr. Salmon. Have I seen Miss Webster before? you were asking"; he then said in a seemingly cold, matter-of-fact tone. "Well the fact is I meet a

great many ladies in Glasgow—and I may have seen her when she was living there without taking particular notice; but, indeed, until yesterday, I was not aware there was such a lady in the world. I envy you the friendship of Miss Webster; you and she seem to be quite familiar—a very natural thing in the circumstances."

It did not occur to the young farmer to cross-examine Graham after his diplomatic answer, as most people would have considered it, but innocently replied: "O yes, we know each other very well indeed: many a time I've kissed her in the school days."

"In the school days," echoed Graham to himself; "that is so far satisfactory"; then aloud—"happy man, you must be a very particular friend indeed, unless the kissing was done at social gatherings, and the like."

"Oh, well, perhaps the most of the kissing was done at harvest homes, or when playing 'Kiss in the ring.'"

They had now come to the road on the right leading to Braehead—Salmon's farm. When parting Graham was invited to look in any time when passing, but he made no definite promise, being in no humour whatever for cultivating the acquaintance of his rival.

Ten minutes more brought him to Woodbank. The old folks had been wondering at the length of time Davy had been away, and were accordingly very glad to see him home again.

"Ay, Davy lad! it's clear to me ye've been amon' th' lasses th' nicht!" said grandfather in his kindly, pawky way, after a scrutinizing glance: "I'm thinking ye've had something better than toddy an' ballants abune yer tea the nicht to keep ye sae lang awa'. Aweel, aweel! I wish ye a' success."

"Thank you," said Davy smiling: very grateful for the expression of sympathy after his perplexing doubts and fears relative to the lady whom he wished to regard as his newly found, long lost sweetheart.

CHAPTER XX.

He summed the actions of the day,
Each night before he slept.—*Chatterton.*

Graham could have had toddy if he wished, but as "Love proves dainty Bacchus dull of taste," he was more than satisfied with the

ambrosial nectar at Linnburn; and as for ballads, why the events of the day were enough to set a hundred of them simmering in his brain.

Not desiring to keep the old folks out of bed any longer, he lit a candle and went upstairs to his own chamber, reserving for the morrow some account of to-day's doings.

Placing the candle on the dressing table, he flung himself into an easy-chair, knowing well that sleep was out of the question for an hour or two. His sensations forcibly reminded him that the pain of a wound, or the full significance of a startling piece of news, is not properly realized at first, but dawns upon the consciousness only by degress. Happily the denouement of the day, though very startling, was at the same time very delightful.

"How well she looks—either with her hat or without it. I couldn't see her forehead properly in the carriage: her hat being worn far down on it. That helped to prevent me from knowing her again, for assuredly I would have marked carefully such a development. I greatly like the rising arch of parting which crowns her smooth brow with its delicate purple veins—a sure sign of goodness and moral elevation. Yes, a glance at her face reveals the secret of being dux at the school. Yet how gentle she is! how softened the intellectual lines by womanly sensibility! And how fresh her soft, bright eyes! With all her study and hard work how *can* she preserve her health so well? Such bewitching dimples and roundness of contour!

She seems to look upon me favourably; possibly her easy, unaffected manner may be the result of having 'made her market,' and her reception of me such as she would accord to any other friendly visitor. Perhaps so; but I shall take the liberty of thinking otherwise, so long as she doesn't wear an engagement ring. Salmon may be a formidable rival from the fact of his long intimacy; but such a refined girl might desire a husband with more culture—one living in a city where her elegant tastes could be gratified. She was very gracious and polite with Philip (ay, she called him Philip), but that may be only a woman's wiles to excite the affection of another whom she fancies.

Ah! but that young minister, Paul Stephen, is a more terrible rival—if he be a rival, of which I haven't the slightest doubt, if in search of a wife. Fortunately she has spoken a bit of her mind to me about girls marrying ministers; and I shall, therefore, take

comfort in knowing that the mere fact of Paul Stephen's profession won't throw a glamour over this sensible girl. I believe she will marry the man she likes best, and if this Paul Stephen is not an Adonis as well as a preacher, I shan't be afraid to enter the lists against him. Conceited fool!" he continued after a pause; "what do I know but that there may be a host of fellows after so attractive a girl."

Here he rose from his seat and leaned his arms on the sill of the open casement to look out on the summer twilight, and the moon in her first quarter. The soft, cooling zephyrs were very grateful to his fevered brow—for undoubtedly he was in a mild fever after the unusual excitements of the day—a very sufficient reason why he could not sleep. Like the hero of Locksley Hall, he, too, from the casement—though not an ivied one—before going to rest must see the great Orion sinking slowly in the west, the Pleiades, and all the starry host of heaven—Oh, ever so much brighter than when seen through the murky canopy at Glasgow.

Turning to the left, his eyes rested on Rathie Castle. "In one of yonder towers—not proud towers that brave the sky—but towers that peep coyly above the trees—sleeps Lady Helen; and on my right hand—yes, on my *right* hand—away down in yonder sleepy hollow, reposes another Lady Helen of humble parentage—but mine own—mine own! Ah, I wish I could say mine own! then, with all my heart and soul, I could echo Valentine's rupturous confession—

> And I as rich in having such a jewel,
> As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
> The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

How very calm and peaceful it was; not a sound was heard—the "mute still air was music sleeping on its instrument"; how very pleasing compared with the unceasing noises that greeted his ear at the window of 45 Waverley Place, anytime he was curious enough to look out at midnight.

"Hark!" glancing down the road towards the clachan—"voices singing too! some midnight roysterers"; then the sharp whack of a stick on a paling; anon, a couple of rustic blades came swaggering along arm in arm. As they approached, Graham withdrew, not wishing to be seen. On they came shouting with more lung power than music—

> We are na' fou, we're no that fou,
> But just a wee drap in our e'e.

"I wonder what jolly dogs are these that rouse the night owl with a catch." As they reeled past Woodbank, one of them burst out with—

> And I will come again, my love,
> Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

And the other with equal pulmonary power and gesticulation roared—

> As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
> So deep in love am I.

At the moment of passing, Graham looked intently at the swaggerers, and started with surprise when he saw that Philip Salmon appeared to be one of the two gay revellers. He might be wrong, but it was certainly very like his figure and voice. Assuming he was right he smiled in triumph: for if Miss Webster is the lady he takes her to be, Philip's chance is uncommonly small.

Returning to the easy-chair he wound up his watch (a wonder he remembered it), and continued to muse: "Love and drink! how difficult to take them in moderation. 'Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.' I believe him—more now than ever. Does not that great master in the knowledge of natural forces—Robert Stephenson—tell us that a woman's eye will draw a man from the other end of the world; and that poor clodhopper would plough the pathless main till he reached the object of his affections. Somehow I envy these fellows doing their courting together. What joyous talks they will have in secret, and what a fund of delight they have in common while their sweethearts form their darling theme by day, and their rosiest dreams by night: these lads, as Burns truly remarks, have nothing but their canny hour at e'en, while the rich may have a choice of pleasurable occupations. I wonder if there be a club at Rathie, like the one at Tarbolton, where every man proposed for a member of it must be a professed lover of one or more of the female sex—one or more! mark you: for these amorous swains delight to go about from farm to farm—battering themselves into the affections of every likely damsel who will give them a hearing."

Finally, Graham composed himself to sleep; but it was not till after two o'clock in the morning that Nature's soft nurse visited him: so tardy and reluctant is she to wait upon an ardent lover. And it must be recorded she came only after the following incantation had been repeated times without number:—"O ye gay

poppies, adorning the wayside and the cornfields! come around me in clusters; ring thy scarlet bells and hush me to repose with thy sweet lullaby—out of thy charméd cups drop on my eyelids some of thy ethereal, drowsy balsam, and thus steep my senses in forgetfulness till the morning."

(To be continued).

REMINISCENCES
OF
AN OLD COMMERCIAL.

No. II.

WHIPPING THE CAT.

"Industry begets a love of gain."—*Goldsmith.*

Heigh Ho! How time does pass, and what changes it does bring about! I was never more strongly struck with the force of these truths than when on a visit lately to Kirriemuir, which has risen into fame as Thrums. Forty years ago it was a comparatively small burgh, whose inhabitants were quiet, staid, frugal, and industrious, in striking contrast to the hurrying, bustling citizens, whose speech, walk, and bearing now-a-days say—as plain as language can express it—business! What signified the improved and altered appearance of the place to me? My thoughts were away with this friend and the other now gone—this and the other acquaintance now left—and few, very few, of the then familiar faces now to be seen. Memory pictures and places their forms before me. In imagination, I can hear their well-remembered voices, and I laugh with them still as their sallies of wit ring in my ear. The last evening I spent there when on the road was with a very old friend and companion, one of the oldest—if not the oldest—traveller on the road, along with one of my oldest and best accounts on the journey—alas! both are now gone. The latter's life history, his early struggles, of which he gave us a summary that night, I shall never forget, and feel how inadequately I can describe them. I shall confine myself to his "Whippin' the Cat" epoch, and relate it as nearly as I can in his own language.

"Weel, ye see, my father bein' a puir wirkin' man it cudna be expecit that he cude affuird to gie me muckle schulin', as there was a big faimly o' us a' thegither. We got a fell smatterin' o'

readin' an' a roond or twa o' the single carritchers frae himsel'. Syne ony little trifle o' coontin' an' writin' that ever I got was frae a fell clever sort o' a billie, a stane mason to trade, an' only took up a forenicht schule in the winter time. There wisna sic a thing as a day schule ava whaur I wis brocht up, an' in my young days a loon wis considered weel aff gin he got his meat for herdin' or for ony orra scutterin' wark. It wis a great ferly in thae days to get a trade at ane's finger ends. I mind hoo prood I wis to get awa' an' learn to whup the cat.

"I canna tell you hoo the tylerin' cam' to be ca'd this unless pussie got mair drubbins than usual, seein' there wid be by-ordinar' temptations in her wye on account o' strangers bein' in the hoose. At a' events I gaed to sair oot my time, for four years, for naething but my meat an' a bit dud or twa, gin I got on an' behaved mysel', but there was nae richt bargain aboot this, just a wird o' mou', as a' sic-like bargains were in thae days. We had to be up an' stirrin' by the screech o' day, an' aften had to trudge for miles to oor wark, whilk weel-a-wat we had nae want o'—aye far mair than we cou'd haul oor faces till. I've seen us bespoke for mair than twa months, an' sometimes shew'd for a haill week on end in ae hoose, whaur there wid be a fell curran o' laddies to cleed. Bein' but a lawthie mysel', I cou'd sympatheese wi' the wee loonies, in their great glee, as they sat an' watched, an' e'e the ae leg an' syne the tither arm steekit on. The fouk were aye a' very kind to us; we got the best o' meat an' a' thing else the hoose cou'd affuird. Gin it contained onything better than anither it wis aye putten doon afore us; gentle an' semple vied wi' ane anither in this respect, an' gin we had a nicht or mair to stop at ony place, we aye got sheets an' beddin' white as caa'k. Newspapers were a michtie scarce crap in thae days, an' unco little stramash or excitement o' ony kind. We kent fully as muckle as the maist o' fouk fat wis gaen on aroond us; wi' haein' tae shift aboot sae muckle, bein' a hantle ootwith an' hearin' the maist o' fouk's stories.

"There wis nae hurry-scurry in thae days — there wis nae occasion for that ava. Fouk joggit alang bran canny-wyse, an' maybe cam' as near the mark as they dae yet for a' the strushie they mak'. Oor maister juist charged a shillin' i' the day for his ain wark, an' fourpence the piece for us billies, oor meat forby. We made up new claes an' mendit auld anes, haid nae set 'oors or rules, but conformed in a' things wi' the custom o' the hoose we

wrocht in for the time being. The maister wid crack wi' the guidman or the guidwife, as the case micht be, while we wou'd hae oor ain diversions wi' the young fouk, an' got question aboot wi' them, an' joined in the family worship whaur it was observed. It wis a very different wye-a-doin' a' thegither frae the ongains noo-a-days. Nane o' the wimen-fouk had gum-flo'er bonnets, an' ye widna seen a billie wi' a lum hat: guid snod snoods the wimen-fouk wore, an' braw braid guid blue bonnets crooned oor ain taps. I dinna ken if heids be ony better ootwardly or inwardly wi' a' the cheenge; for a' their cuts an' capers wi' claes, I quiestan if they're ony better for them a', or gin they keep the heart ony better or sae weel in its ain place. Wi' sae mony projects, learnin', an' manners, I hae my ain doots gin they hinna tint a fell lot o' guid auld farrant common-sense; I am gyein sure they hinna keepit a grup o' the hamely links that bun' the community thegither as ae family. Wi' a' their fashions an' grandeur to the ootward appearance, are they ony mair comfortable, couthie, or content sin' the days o' auld langsyne, when me, an' the like o' me, gaed whuppin' the cat frae place to place an' shew'd awa' in cotter hoosie or muckle ha'? I dinna look upon thae days wi' ony sin, shame, or disparagement in the least, neither diff I tell you o' them for a boast. I am neither happier nor ony better this day than fat I wis gaen roond the country wi' my guid God-fearin' master whuppin' the cat."

My friend afterwards detailed in his own characteristic style how as a boy he pictured out a shop of his own when on a visit to the burgh. By his own industry and perseverance he got his wish accomplished, and for fifty years he was one of the leading merchants and public benefactors in the place. He also took a young man for his partner in his old age, who ultimately became his successor.

SKETCHES FROM IRVINESIDE.

By JOHN MUIR, F.S.A. Scot.

"Irvineside! Irvineside!"—*Burns.*

II.

Much has changed in this old parish church called the church of St. Peter. Its hard, bare, wooden seats, with strait backs so narrow that you had to sit at an angle of forty-five degrees to the ledge, have been replaced by others equally hard and almost as straight. The cushions were scant, and of hassocks and footstools there were none. You put yourself into a box-like pew and securely snibbit (fastened) the door, just as if you had been in a cab and were ready to drive off. This crucifixion of the flesh was supposed to make you more open to the things pertaining to the soul: pretty much as if you starved a man to put him in good humour for listening to the Fifth Symphony. As if it were not much better to listen to a discourse when in a happy, contented, and comfortable frame of mind, and sitting at ease, than when incommodated. We were a peculiar people and strange, which was almost to have been expected, if, as Walter Shandy maintained, names exercise an influence on character; for the name of village signifies "stranger's town." Demurely Presbyterian, with a considerable tincture of Calvinism, and, I fear, not a little hypocrisy.

On the not unsolvable problem of heating, lighting, and ventilating a building to accommodate a thousand worshippers, we had the strangest notions in the world; and our methods of carrying these out were as antiquated as a historian, who was not an adherent, could well have wished. Two long, thin pipes, turned at the top like a ship's ventilators, ran up the wall on either side of the pulpit, and were supposed to emit heat. Whether they did or not I have never to this day been able to learn. Perhaps they did; perhaps they didn't (which is my own opinion); but nobody could or would say. Of the principles of ventilation we knew of course that the correct way to get fresh air was to open the doors and the windows and so cause a draught. I used to think that some of the bald-headed men, and elderly and rheumatic ladies near the doors

did not quite relish this mode of airing the church. But they seemed resigned to their fate, just as they would had they been suffering from a complaint for which there was no cure. Of lighting, it was an established rule, never questioned by the most sceptical, that perfection had been obtained when you got the gas as near your nose as it was possible to get it. We were a little peculiar, I say.

It was not possible not to envy the spacious and luxuriously furnished pews in the front of the gallery, reserved for the heritors and parochial grandees, who showed their appreciation by seldom sitting in them. These pews contained nicely cushioned chairs and seats, and one could pass his neighbour without causing him to rise and contract his vest. In the common pews this was impossible. The occupants of the pew turned out into the passage and so allowed you to get to your accustomed corner. The difference between the heritors' pews and those of the common parishioners was as great as that between the gallery and the private boxes of a theatre. Facing the heritors' pews there was an equally spacious and luxuriously furnished ledge on which the gentlemen could place their silk hats and lavender gloves, and the ladies their bouquets and scent-bottles. You could also rest your body by turning it in any direction you pleased. In the ordinary pews this could only be done when standing during the prayers, which, as a small boy, I used to think just lengthy enough, all things considered. To forget your hardships, however, it was permissible to snooze so long as you did not disturb the congregation by your snoring; and like a good number of older worshippers, I took full advantage of this generous concession to the weakness of human flesh; and I used to think, sinner that I was, that this was the best part of the service. Not that I would have dared to say so, but when my old bachelor uncle frequently confirmed my opinion, both by precept and example, I felt that we were right. There was an excuse for this old uncle's sleepy notions of ecclesiastical propriety, as the women folks took care to tell me when revising my Sabbath-school lessons. Having lived abroad for a long time it was to be expected that he would be a little heathenish in his habits.

To-day I look up to the "cock laft" (a corruption of clock loft), but the old lady who sang in a wheesy tremolo no longer annoys the old, crusty, spectacled precentor, who drove on the bawn (choir) furiously to overtake the good dame's concluding crescendo. She

has vanished. Her deeply wrinkled face and olive complexion, with the silver ringlets hanging down past her ears; her velvet snood and black mutch ornamented with jet beads and little bugles, with a rosette of black ribbon to set off the front, have all melted away. The old, crusty precentor who led the bawn, and changed the placard on which the name of the tune to be sung was printed and held up to the gaze of the congregation by a brass clip, are not to be seen either. They have passed away—these into the limbo of parochial antiquities, and the old precentor has now taken his place in another choir, not as leader of the psalmody, but as one of the singers. His place in the church is now occupied by an expert musician, and his bawn has blossomed into trained choristers, who sing from the staff notation and the sol-fa, and do not pay that attention to the old precentor's "slurs" and "canny ways," which he would consider himself entitled to, could he listen to the bright airs of the Scottish Hymnal, finely harmonised by modern masters, which have displaced the old drawling psalm tunes which gave such splendid scope for exercising the lungs of the worshippers, and trying the patience of the boarding-school young lady who sang from the music.

Much curious lore of a half-superstitious nature was packed in the dark chambers of the head of the old lady, whose finishing crescendo so effectively accelerated the measure of the bawn and its enraged leader. On matters relating to the rearing of children and the herbal treatment of sundry complaints, young mothers were glad enough to avail themselves of her skill. She was, indeed, Buchan and Culpepper rolled into one, and might have made a very good Mrs. Hornbook, had there been a poet in the locality equal to the task of making her as immortal as the famous dominie of Tarbolton. But no such fate was reserved for her. John Wright had completed his *Retrospect*, and his successors had not the inclination or the power, or perhaps lacked both, to rescue her name from oblivion. Hence it comes that her grave is unknown, and the infants she saved from death, now men and women grown, thoughtlessly trample over her last resting-place as they loiter in the churchyard after the services are over.

An unpleasant complaint which afflicts most children in the night time at certain stages of their existence, was to be cured by the sufferer being plunged bodily into a tub of the coldest water. Just fancy the beneficial effects of a compulsory cold bath on a nervous

and delicate child, half awake and all unconscious of what was taking place! Curiously enough, this same system of hydropathy was tried, but with what result we are not told, by the man who etched for us the inimitable literary vignette of John Wilson in his capacity of village Esculapius.

The application of water as a remedial agent bulked very considerably in the good lady's medical repertoire. Country children take to the water like ducks; and if they have a partiality for any one form of amusement in preference to another, it is to roll in the gutter and splutter for a whole day at a pump—more especially if they happen to have on a clean daidly (pinafore), and were charged by their mothers "within an inch of their life" (such was the terrible threat) not to bake mud pies or go near the wells. When any child had a failing for aquatic sports of this description, the old dame strongly recommended as an effective cure, that the bairn should be caught in the act of disobedience and held under the mouth of the pump while the water was mercilessly pumped on its head! If one got stung by a nettle *(urtica urens)* they were recommended to rub well with the leaves of the docken or sorrel *(rumex crispus)* the part affected. This, however, did not always bring relief, as the sufferer could testify. Children were encouraged to eat sourocks or common sorrel *(rumex acetosa)*, a plant belonging to the same species as the docken.

For the kink-hoast (whooping-cough), again, the mother was advised to take her child down a coal-pit for an hour or so. The change of air (?), it was averred, would do it good—in fact, would cure it. Children who were much exposed to the weather suffered a good deal during the winter months from frost-bitten heels. For this the old lady had a cure. The refined reader, brought up in the belief in dainty nostrums and scented pomades, may think it a little barbarous. I am assured, however, that it was universally effective, differing in this respect also from modern pharmacy. The remedy was to draw a red-hot poker across the part affected. Of course, no child would willingly face the ordeal—the ruse adapted was to have the poker in the grate in readiness, and request the child to kneel on a chair with his back to the operator, on the plea that the sore might be examined; then, as opportunity afforded, to apply the instrument deftly and swiftly.

Stepping into the session-house, we have just time to extract a few notes from the records of the kirk-session, a heterogeneous

collection of material, in which, for most part, the seamy side of human nature is painted with the careless freedom and naïve simplicity of the various session-clerks. First of all, however, an introductory word or two on the ecclesiastical origins of the parish may help the reader to appreciate the sequence and significance of the facts chronicled.

In the Romish Calendar the 29th of June is a festival in honour of St. Peter the Apostle. It is familiarly known that St. Peter, the son of Jonas and brother of Andrew, who afterwards became the patron saint of Scotland, obtained the name, signifying a rock, from the Saviour, in place of his original name of Simon, on becoming an apostle. For that reason the village fair is called after St. Peter, and is held on the Thursday nearest to the date of St. Peter's Day. The parish church was dedicated to that Saint, having been founded by the monks of Fail, and in Catholic times it was occupied by a vicar who was in connection with Fail Abbey. In pre-Reformation times the villagers might have been seen wending their way to the church with their *Denarius St. Petri*, or Peter's pence, which, in the middle ages, was a payment of one penny from every family to the Pope, paid on the Feast of St. Peter. About the same period, too, a visitor to the locality might have observed a pilgrim leading her little girl by the hand, and bent on visiting the spring, situated about two miles from the village, in that reverential and devout spirit which gave birth to its name—the Holy Well, fully described in the first sketch. Producing a linen bandage, she dipped it in the sacred water, then wound it round the child's head, weeping gently all the time. Then she attached a piece of the child's pinafore to a bush growing by the side of the spring; and after looking around her in a strange, bewildered manner, bent her way homeward. Poor, sorrowing mother of the "back-gane bairn," thou and thy tender offspring have long since been laid to sleep on the bosom of Mother Earth!

We are not told whether the clergy of St. Peter's were as jolly as their brethren over at Failford. I suspect they were, as a part of the village once belonging to the church still retains the highly suggestive name of Brewlands. The monks of Fail never relished the ballad of which the following, which still lingers in the locality as an echo from a far off time; and we do not wonder at their lack of appreciation—of the ballad, we mean, not of the viands enumerated therein:—

The Friars of Fail
Gat never ower hard eggs or ower thin kale
For they made their eggs thin wi' butter,
And their kale thick wi' bread;
And the Friars of Fail, they made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted;
They never wanted gear enough
As long as their neighbour's lasted.

The Friars of Fail drank berry-brown ale,
The best that ever was tasted;
The Monks of Fail they made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted.

The rude sarcasm of these lines throws more light on the causes that brought about the Reformation in Scotland than the stately pages of more ambitious historians.

Turning over the session records we find, under date 1724, that a farmer named John Craig is accused of consulting a *wizard* for the purpose of recovering stolen property. John, with commendable Scotch caution and a euphemism which does him great credit, admits that he consulted a *woman* in Glasgow on the subject. Moreover, he had the audacity to add that he could see nothing wrong in so doing, despite the attempt of the minister to show him the sinfulness of such action. Public intimation of this is to be made to the congregation, and the congregation warned against such wicked practices.

In the same records, under 1746, a doctrix was consulted about the recovery of a sick child. She attributed the child's illness to a neighbour who "had a bad eye." This neighbour was summoned before the session, and commanded to say, "God bless the child," and to surrender some of her hair to be used as a charm, which she did, truly thankful that, living in a more enlightened age, she was not doomed to die the barbarous death of some of her less fortunate predecessors, who were burned as witches.

It was formerly the custom in the village for women to attend funerals dressed in black or red cloaks. The *cortege* was headed by the sexton, who rang the morte-bell when a change of bearers was wanted. This curious instrument, hanging in the session-house behind me, bears date 1722. The church-bell used to be rung at funerals, presumably to call the people to attend, or as a sign of mourning. This custom is still followed at Hawick. In 1762 the village sexton was allowed to charge two pence per mile going,

in ringing the small bell—never to ring the small bell under two pence; and he was allowed two pence each burial for ringing the big bell, that is, the large bell in the belfry of the parish church. The deceased was borne feet foremost to the churchyard. Burns, in his song, *The Weary Pund o' Tow*, alludes to this custom:—

> At last her feet—I sang to see't,
> Gaed foremost o'er the knowe.

There was a Presbyterian prejudice against burying in churches, and the *blame of kirk burial* had not only been a subject for the pamphleteer, but the legislature, and was probably a reaction of popular feeling against the Romish custom of burying notable persons within the precincts of holy places. Nevertheless, the laird of Sornbeg, a barony in the parish, on the death of his wife, resolved to inhume her corpse in the parish church in spite of all the minister and session could say or do to the contrary. Accompanied by his brother and his bailie, and attended by a numerous party, "all bodin in feir of weir," he came to the kirk, broke up the door with forehammers, and dug a grave in which he deposited the remains of his spouse. It is some satisfaction to learn that he was afterwards glad to make public repentance for this act and pay twenty pounds to the box-master of the kirk, besides which the Privy Council ordered him to appear again as a penitent, and solemnly promise never again to attempt to bury any corpse within the church.

The same local potentate, as we learn from an entry in the records of the kirk-session, gave that demure body no end of trouble. Doubtless their interference in the above case rankled in his aristocratic blood. But in those days even a local grandee and principal heritor had to bow to the ruling of the session. In a second rencontre the result was equally mortifying:—

> December 24th, 1676.—The which day the minister, according as he was appointed, did, openly from the pulpit, before the whole congregation, declare John Shaw of Sornbeg a contumacious, disobedient to church discipline, and scandalous person.

But our excerpting, with which we might fill *Caledonia* to the exclusion of other matter, must here end. Besides, the church-officer is anxious to lock up the building. Stepping out into the open air, I am soon in my little study putting on paper the article which the reader has just perused.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON,

THE PEDLAR-POET OF GALLOWAY.

"Genius must be born, and never can be taught."—*Dryden.*

HE career of genius is rarely that of happiness or fortune, and no more signal illustration of this apothegm exists than the life of William Nicholson, author of that remarkable creation of genius, "The Brownie of Blednoch," or "Aiken-drum." One is almost tempted to think the world was not made for geniuses, and yet, what would it be without them? Lessing remarked that he had tried to have things like other folks, but it had proved an utter failure in his case; and we suspect that the subject of our sketch, though in a somewhat different sphere of life from the German dramatist, would have been ready to make the same confession at the sad end of his hapless career. That he had higher hopes and aspirations, and purer desires at one time of his life, is very evident from the beautiful prayer of the "Wild Wood-side." One can fancy him with such sentiments in life's pleasant morning, with "Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning"; and yet there is a touch of sadness in it, as if he had already tasted some of the sorrow which is ever creeping into even the lives of the most fortunate of mortals. After expatiating on the wintry scene, he breaks off, all at once, into this humble and beautiful petition:—

> "Sweet Peace! descend—be thou my friend,
> And white-robed Innocence my guide;
> And teach me clear my course to steer,
> Poor wanderer by the wild wood-side.

Not yet had the vision grown dim, not yet had the 'shades of the prison-house' begun to close about his life. What a dream, what a beautiful vision—that of walking through life hand in hand with 'sweet Peace' and 'white-robed Innocence!' Alas! that there should ever come, as in his case, the doleful awakening.

William Nicholson, the Galloway poet, was born at Tannymaus,

in a cottage situated partly in the parish of Borgue, and partly in Twynholm. Like most men of genius, he seems to have owed a great deal to his mother, Janet Houston, who was a remarkable woman in her way. Endowed with a retentive memory, she could repeat many of the ballads and traditional stories of her fatherland. She had a passion for poetry; and, as William was the youngest of a large family of eight, and was left much to the society of his father and mother, he, no doubt, both inherited and imbibed many of their tastes; for the father, James Nicholson, is reported to have been a man of considerable observation, with a large fund of anecdote, and great fondness for music. He was also well acquainted with many of the characters that have since become famous in history or fiction. He was on friendly terms with "Old Mortality;" and Billy Marshall, the famous Gallovidian gipsy or *tinkler*, who died 28th November, 1792, at the advanced age of 120 years, was an occasional visitor at his house. He was a carrier to and from the town of Dumfries, and various parts of the Stewartry; and it was upon one of these carrying expeditions with wines, &c., for the laird of Borgue, *circa* 1760, that he met Janet Houston, daughter of Samuel Houston, tenant of Meikle Carleton (now Earlston, the seat of Sir William Gordon). Not long afterwards he married Miss Houston, and the newly-wedded couple settled in the village of Kirkandrews (pronounced Kirkanners) on the Borgue shore; and, some years after, they removed to the Eel Holes, a cottage near Barncrosh, in the parish of Tongland, where William was first put to school, under a Mr. Kelly.

At the little village of Ringford, near the town of Kirkcudbright, he received all the learning he ever got, except the education such a boy is sure to give himself by multifarious reading. But the "blue vault of heaven" was more grateful to William than the schoolroom; and Mr. McDiarmid informs us that nearly the whole of his literary performances were achieved in the open air. Naturally indolent, he disliked the trouble of attending school, and, under an indulgent father, he only found his way there occasionally, like Andra Kissock. Probably, also, the defect of vision which caused him, when reading, to bring his book almost in contact with his nose, added to his dislike of school; because this performance never failed to excite the risible faculties of his school-fellows, and this the sensitive boy could ill brook. A favourite book dreamed over, on a sunny day, upon the broom-clad

banks of his favourite Tarf, was Nicholson's idea of going to school.

The result of his own disposition, and his father's indulgence, was that he left school, says Mr. McDiarmid, after learning to read indifferently, and with a very slight knowledge of the commonest rules of Arithmetic—a science which he ever held in abhorrence. To any one reading his works, in the light of these facts, the greatness of the man's genius is at once apparent—a genius which made by force its merit known. His fondness for books was coeval with his ability to read them; and even when a mere boy he had a store of chapbooks, songs, ballads, &c., which he read and re-read with that eagerness and enjoyment, which only the boy of genius evinces for such treasure-trove. It was quite common for him, even in winter, when he fell in with a fresh book, to forsake the house, and betaking himself to the shelter of a hedge or plantation, remain there for hours on end, to all appearance as regardless of the cold, and the outer world, as if no such things existed.

The morning of youth passed all too quickly for the dreamy boy, and soon he had to choose a trade, in order to earn his livelihood. Owing to his defective eyesight, he was unfitted for being a shepherd, or ploughman, and so it was decreed that, with a capital of one guinea, he was to start life as a packman, a trade of considerable importance in his time, and one which often proved remunerative when conducted with care and prudence, but "prudent, cautious, self-control," was no more one of his endowments, than it was of Scotland's national bard. In the worldly wisdom, characteristic of the trade, he was sadly deficient, and thriftlessness, indecision, and indolence, were his besetting sins.

His artistic temperament set him musing in poetic fancy over every vista of beautiful scenery he came to, and thus he would linger about drinking in the beauties of nature, like some painter with his sketch-book, to the utter neglect of his business. Possibly he might, in happier circumstances, have made a pedlar like the hero of "The Excursion," but as a money-making packman he was nowhere. By-and-by the pack failed him, and soon want, misery and ruin, stared him in the face. From this time forward his life was a series of misfortunes. Following the wise man's advice to forget his sorrow in the wine cup, the effect on his highly-strung, poetic temperament, was disastrous in the extreme. A literary friend of mine tells me that a gentleman of his acquaintance remembers, when a boy, seeing "old Will" seated on a stone-heap

by the roadside, in the *delirium tremens* stage, with a thick, knotty stick in his hand, smashing the heads of the devils, or calling out to an imaginary troop of terrier-dogs, named "Pepper" and "Mustard," &c., &c., to come close up to him, and then he smote them "hip and thigh." But why repeat such stories? Suffice it to say that his health, and his mental and moral powers became, at length, impaired; and, as Dr. John Brown says, "he is still remembered in that region for his humour, his music, his verse, and his ginghams; and also, alas! for his misery and his sin."

Remembering the advice of Burns to "Gently scan our brother man," let us draw a veil over the misery and shortcomings of his later years, for—

> "A soul exasperated in ills falls out
> With everything,—its friend, itself."

This was not the real man, but only some strange caricature of him who used to be the life and soul of every lonely town-end with his music,[1] "his stories and jokes and ballads, his songs and reels and 'wanton wiles.'" The real man is to be sought for in his works, in the preface to which he solicits the charitable judgment of the public in estimating his poems, and so would we be inclined to judge charitably of his life, and cast the mantle of oblivion over all that was unworthy of the "lofty vow"; and, forgetting the thriftless and finally packless pedlar, we would desire only to remember him as the man of genius and a true poet.

Judged by his works, William Nicholson appears no ordinary man. There is all the spontaneity, ease, and abandon about his verses, which Goethe considered indicative of the highest genius. As Mr. Malcolm Harper remarks in his able introduction to "The Bards of Galloway,"—"There was no doubt as to the genuineness of *his* inspiration. His songs, crooned over by the peasantry at 'the gloamin' and the milkin' hour,' or warbled by the shepherd as he tended his sheep on the hill-side, soon became popular."

His "Country Lass," a long, narrative poem, is excellent, showing much of Crabbe's or Wordsworth's descriptive and delineative power; while his portraits of character are telling and terse, and not unworthy of Burns himself. His "Tale of Terror" is Dantesque, and reminds one of some of the scenes in the *Inferno*.

[1] Besides his turn for verse, Nicholson had a melodious voice, and was proud of his performances on the bagpipes.

He looked upon nature with the eye of an artist, and his observations are sympathetic and instinct with poetry. Take this from one of his songs:—

"November wins blaw loud and chill,
The bird chirms o'er the leafless tree;
The wintry blast is comin' fast,
And loudly roars the restless sea."

There is true poetic insight here. "The bird chirms o'er the leafless tree," at once calls up a picture of Winter in all his desolateness; but this is just at random. Turn where you will, there is scarcely a poem or song that does not contain verses or lines which stamp him a true poet, as opposed to the poetaster. There are pictures in his "Rural Retirement" which recall the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and that exquisite lyric, "My Ain kind Dearie, O"—

"Leeze me on e'en, whan hill and tree
Are pictured in the vallies;
When lassies to the loanin' hie,
To milk and feed their mailies;
While sweet and lang they lilt the sang,
As lads come frae the mawin',
Wha prie their mou' ere it be lang,
In corner till the dawin'.

"When seated roun' the milkin' slap
Their toils are a' forgotten;
For lasses looks hae ay the knack
To stir up fun and jokin'.
The lads that's kind will bear the pail,
And pair as love directs them;
While lightly footin' 't owre the dale
Nae doubts or fears perplex them.

. . . . . .

"Here auld fouks live wi' bairns' bairns,
And blest wi' peace and plenty;
Here parents' hope the bosom warms,
Here youth blooms fair and dainty.
Here dwalls the mither's virtuous smiles,
The faithfu' friend and father;
Unlike them skilled in city wiles,
That aften slip the tether.

"Here grey-beard mirth forgets his years,
And tells his tale fou cheerly;
Amazed, the listening youngster hears
The feats o' Papish Charlie.

But whan the lasses tune the lays,
As Coila's Bard composed them ;
'Bout thoughtless joys o' lover's waes,
They dirl through the bosom."

Fain would we quote the whole poem, as there are verses that make us inclined to exclaim:—"But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?" What could be finer than this?—

"The moon, like ony buskëd bride,
In siller gray was glancin',
And on the restless, rocking tide,
Her lightsome locks were dancin'."

Or this:—

"The sheep amang the breckan braes
Are feedin' wi' their lammies ;
There, kids, as white as new-bleached claes,
'Maug crags bleat for their mammies.
The shepherd lad, sae blythe and gay,
Does loudly tune his chanter ;
Plays—'Owre the hills and far away,'
To chase ilk care and canker."

Neither Theocritus nor Virgil, in their charming pastorals, have done much better than some of the descriptions and delineations of rural sights and sounds in this poem. Where all is so good it is difficult to select quotations; but, in order to show the poet's happy picturing of some of the minuter phenomena of nature, we are tempted to quote another stanza:—

"The sun blinks blithely on the pool
That bickers to his glances ;
And water-clocks, untaught by rule,
Skip through their countra dances."

Again, he reminds us of the cultured Horace with his dainty odes, which owe much of their sparkle and finish to Greek art. The following:—

"Here's Byron's health, the chief o' bards,
Here's Burns's memory (three times three !)
Wi' a' the rest o' tunefu' train,
Frae Homer down to hamely me,"

at once recalls Horace's beautiful ode to the muse,—*Quem tu, Melpomene semel, &c.*

"The sons of queenly Rome count *me*—
Me too, with them whose chants delight,—
The poet's kindly company ;
Now broken is the tooth of spite."

Of "The Brownie of Blednoch," we have already spoken, and Dr. John Brown (author of "Rab and his Friends") writing in 1858, after quoting the whole ballad, remarks,—"We would rather have written these lines than any amount of Aurora Leighs, Festuses, or such like, with all their mighty somethingness, as Mr. Bailey would say. For they, are they not the 'native wood-notes wild' of one of nature's darlings? Here is the indescribable, inestimable, unmistakable, impress of genius: Chaucer, had he been a Galloway man, might have written it, only he would have been more garrulous, and less compact and stern. It is like 'Tam o' Shanter,' in its living union of the comic, the pathetic, and the terrible. Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour, word-music, dramatic power, even wit—are all here."

Most of his works are in lowland Scotch, one of the most poetic and expressive of dialects: but he could write in nervous English when he chose—see the Fable, "The Butterfly and the Bee," the English and refined humour of which would do honour to some of our best English poets. Nor was he wanting in the rugged sarcasm of which Burns is a master. "Siller" shows unmistakeable evidence of this power.

Of his strange journey to London, and abortive attempt to get an audience of the king, in order to present him with a copy of his works, and to acquaint him with the doctrine of universal redemption, which Nicholson considered himself commissioned to preach, it is impossible to speak here. His adventures and mishaps in London, and at Warrington and Liverpool, to which he travelled as a drover, are incidents that belong to a detailed biography; but here are two stories perfectly in keeping with his character as a poet:—

One of the best of his songs, "The Dark Rolling Dee," was a favourite with the rural population. The late Mr. Robert Edgar, of Dumfries, who was a fine vocalist, sung it at some social gathering in the vicinity; and, no sooner had he finished, than one of the company, who had been listening with rapt attention, addressing himself to Mr. Edgar, asked him if he knew who was the author of the song. "No," said Mr. Edgar. "Then I can tell you," replied the unknown. "That song, 'Dark Rolling Dee,' was written by me, William Nicholson, an' richt prood am I that ye hae sung it to this company the nicht, and that it has pleased them sae weel."

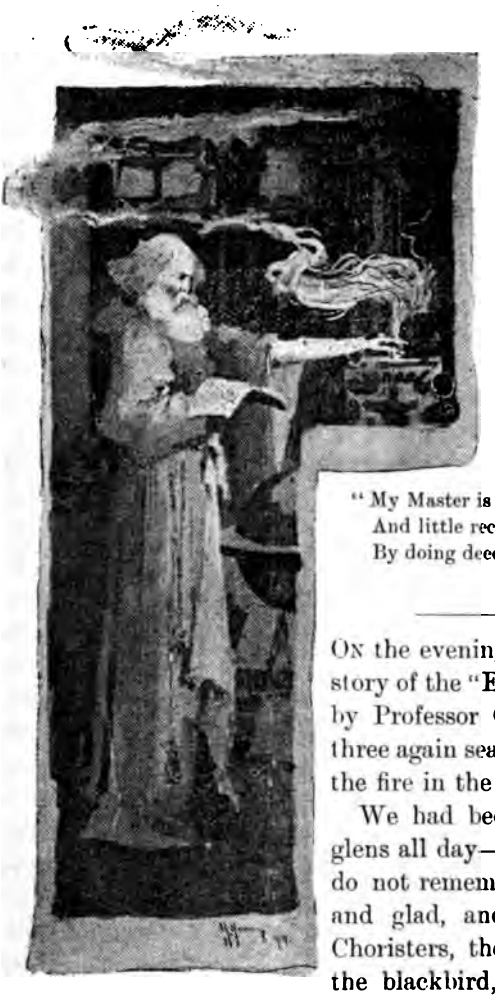
His sympathy and insight into the pastoral sights and surround-

ings of his walks through Galloway, have brought one old Greek poet to mind; and the following ideal story completely identifies him with another—a veritable Orpheus. On one occasion a Kirkcudbright gentleman, travelling on a fine spring morning to the Abbey of Dundrennan, was attracted by the sound of music not far off, and mellowed as it was by a soft breeze, it recalled to his mind stories of "Music from Fairyland." Moreover, as he advanced, it seemed somehow to arise from out the earth, and he was all the more convinced of this, from the fact of there being no bushes nor anything to hide the musician, so far as the eye could see, which stirred his curiosity to find out the author of such enchanting strains. So, tying his horse to a gate, he proceeded on foot, guided by the music, through some fields, and on arriving at an old quarry-hole, he found Nicholson seated on his pack in the bottom of it, playing on the bagpipes. After he had reproved the poet in a sort of bantering way for wasting his time piping there when he should have been pushing the sale of his wares, Nicholson replied—"This quarry and me are auld acquaintances, and I've had mair pleasure in piping to thae daft cowts, than if the best ladies in a' the land had been figuring away to my puir music." The gentleman, on this, looked round, and for the first time observed half-a-dozen young colts which, attracted by the sound of the pipes, were capering in a most extraordinary fashion. Now they would scour away across the field, throwing up their heels, and almost leaping over one another; and again returning, they would peer into the den, where sat the minstrel, like Orpheus of old, and snort forth their applause.

In person, William Nicholson is said to have been above the middle size, and, if anything, rather handsome, but not robust-looking; while the conformation of his eyes, and the bushiness of his eyebrows, gave him a strange appearance at first sight. For some years previous to the death of the bard his harp was silent, and little was known of him beyond his native parish. He died at Kildarroch, Borgue, 16th May, 1842, and was buried in the lone, picturesque graveyard of Kirkandrews, beside the "sounding sea":—

> "No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
> The bosom of his father and his God."

J. G. CARTER, F.S.A. (Scot.)



Highland Seer Series.

No. III.

"My Master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven,
By doing deeds of hospitality."
—*Shakespeare.*

On the evening after the *Seer* read the story of the "Elixir of Life," as narrated by Professor Goldenstein, we were all three again seated, after supper, around the fire in the bookroom in his cottage.

We had been out on the hills and glens all day—a more beautiful day I do not remember—my heart was light and glad, and no wonder, for God's Choristers, the linnet, the mavis, and the blackbird, were piping their melodious notes in bush and tree. The air was sweet and balmy, and the whole landscape bathed in bright sunshine. Byron's lines rose to my lips :—

"Ah ! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share."

The principal topic of our conversation that day was the virtue of hospitality.

The *Seer* gave us many curious instances of the manifestations of this virtue among the people of the East, where he had travelled so much in his youth.

I remarked that this virtue of hospitality was a very fine trait of human nature, and spoke of the kindness that our National Bard, Burns, received when on his tour in the Highlands in 1787. He was hospitably received and kindly treated by high and low, rich and poor—so much so, that when he had again crossed the Highland border on his way home, looking back on the land he had left, he cried:—

> "When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
> A time that surely shall come,
> In heaven itself I'll ask no more
> Than just a Highland welcome."

In reply to my observations, the *Seer* said, "Yes, among the Celtic race hospitality is looked upon as a sacred duty; they have been taught from the remotest times that kindness to strangers has always brought with it its own reward, and that the reverse is always followed by a curse. To-night after supper I will relate to you a little story, part of which happened to a progenitor of mine, long, long ago, which will to a certain extent illustrate this subject."

While we smoked the pipe of peace and contentment around the comfortable hearth of the Seer of the glen, he proceeded to fulfil his promise in the following words:—

"THE CURSE OF THE STRANGER."

"Among the directions which Moses gave to the Children of Israel to observe after they had secured a settlement in the land of Canaan, are some directing them to be hospitable to strangers who might visit and sojourn for a time in their country. They were enjoined to remember that they themselves had been strangers in the land of Egypt, and told to be careful not to vex the heart of a stranger." In the New Testament the same duty is enjoined on Christians as Moses directed the Israelites to observe, and the advantages which some had gained by kindness to strangers, 'for unawares they had entertained Angels,' are stated as an incentive to follow the practice of hospitality. This extreme care for strangers' feelings is a little puzzling to those who know no more than the ideas of their own times and their own native district.

The word for stranger in some of the old languages of the world likewise means a 'Wanderer.' Saint Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, rehearses a list of actions performed by 'Wanderers' in ancient days, and gives the names of several. Who were these 'Wanderers,' who by the list of deeds given seem to have attained a power bordering on the Divine? and respect to strangers being still enjoined to be observed, would seem to be a class which were to continue on the earth. In ancient times, from a very early date, it was (in every country the Priests and Nobles after receiving what training the colleges, &c. of their own native country was able to give them), a settled custom that they should travel for a stated period in foreign countries in order to perfect their education and fit them the better for bearing rule in their native land, when they returned to it after their period of wandering was over. One who had thus gone through a course of training of this description would be one who would be versed in the arts of many countries, and in an emergency had more resources of knowledge to fall back upon than one who had only received the training which was afforded by his native land. He was thus a man who had attained the highest pitch of learning possible afforded for facing adversity by the schools of his day, and the man of the one training who should irritate and engage in strife with him would likely as not come to ruin.

"The Scriptures tell us of the Schools of the Prophets, showing that there was a training required in order to fill the prophetic office, and the 'Wanderers' whom St. Paul mentions as having had command of the unseen forces of nature, show that their education in the line which it took was of a very high standard. These men therefore were not to be lightly irritated, and not knowing who the unknown stranger might be, it was therefore but prudent policy to show him kindness and respect. If but a being of common powers he would therefore go away satisfied with his reception, and and if he should turn out to have been one of these men wandering for the purpose of advancing his intellectual attainments, by treating him courteously his friendship would be gained, which might be very advantageous in after years, and the disastrous effects of a quarrel with such a personage would be avoided. This practice of travelling in foreign countries for advancing their knowledge in various branches of civil and religious matters is still largely followed by many of the wealthy in civilized lands to the present day. The

following tale will show that there is a risk and a dangerous one in ill-usage to, or vexing the hearts of strangers, and would point to the fact that there is probably existing in unsuspected quarters a knowledge of how to command the unseen forces of nature. It illustrates in a striking degree the dangers and disasters of practising malicious conduct.

"In the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century a party of Highlanders, looking for harvest work, asked for shelter one evening at a farm-town in a district which for centuries was the Debateable Ground and the scene of so many fierce conflicts between Highlanders and Lowlanders. Hostile feelings were thus still lurking in the district. Through their spokesman or leader, the only one who could speak English, the farmer made an offer for their services. The terms offered were refused as not satisfactory. Of a malicious disposition the farmer determined that, as he had failed in securing their services, no one else should do so. Therefore, as soon as they had retired for the night to the accommodation provided for them in the barn, he sent off a messenger to the Baron of the district, stating that a party of doubtful character had terrorized him into giving them shelter for the night, and requesting that they should be secured before they had time for committing any mischief. The request was at once attended to, and a strong party of men were sent, and in a short time the unfortunate Highlanders were all tied hand and foot. Their leader was taken to the Baron's residence for further inquiry. After a short sharp colloquy, he was dispatched by the Baron to carry a letter for him to a gentleman in a neighbouring town, under the promise of receiving a pair of new shoes for his trouble on his return, the ones he was wearing being remarked as being well-worn. Unskilled in the ways of the world at the time, and also unable to read, the Highlander duly delivered the letter, and was pressed into the army. The letter had directed his detention for military service. A powerful Highland nobleman learning of the affair, compelled the release of the others, who had been detained prisoners at the farm-town, until inquiry was made about them, and thus secured their return to their native district; but the season of harvest-work and its gains were in a manner lost to them. Years afterwards, an old soldier presented himself at the Baron's residence, and reminding him of the affair and his promise, demanded the shoes, as he was the man. After some coarse vulgar expressions had been indulged in by the Baron, he

handed over money sufficient to buy a pair of new shoes. The money, to the Baron's astonishment, was at once flung in the fire, and the ragged coat being thrown off, the uniform of a military officer of high rank met his view. Raising himself to his full height, the officer exclaimed, 'Baron, by assisting thy tenant's hypocrisy I was deprived of wife and family. Domestic happiness is mine no more. It shall likewise, with all its blessings, depart from thy house, and thy farm shall be a vexation to all who occupy it.' So saying, he took his departure. From that day everything with the Baron was downwards; spurned by wife and family, a prey to a loathsome disease, he died a wreck. His successor was shot in a duel which he was goaded on by an unfaithful wife to engage in. Domestic discord and financial troubles have been the rule with his descendants ever since, and the ground owned by them is but a mere fraction of what the family (an ancient one) held in old days. The farmer, who was the means of bringing so much trouble on inoffensive strangers, failed in business, and died dependant on public charity. His successors in the farm have fared but little better. Bankruptcy turned some out of it, and sent them to struggle as labourers for the means of existence. Although some gained wealth in it, and died tenants of it, it was found at the close that through trusting to treacherous friends their wealth had been nearly exhausted. Down to the present day, it has been remarked that no man who has entered upon a lease of that farm ever got the opportunity to run it out—death or bankruptcy has always cut his occupancy short.

"If this kindness to strangers is not a duty still to be observed at the present day, danger lies in its non-observance. What do these facts mean? The Scriptures tell us of fearful punishment being exacted in ancient times for breaches of religious principles, and these facts would seem to be a warning to avoid iniquitous conduct. Punishment is exacted still upon the wrong-doer and his posterity."

SHANKS-NAIGIE.

" O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities."
—*Shakespeare.*

OME say that the earth gives an herb for every ill that flesh is heir to, but that the treatment and application is to a great extent a sealed art. The herbalist who walks the shires on foot, plucking the stems and flowers, and digging the rootlets of wayside weeds, believes that this is an unconfuted fact. No man knows the countryside better, from a botanical point of view, than does this collector of herbs. Few can discourse with deeper earnestness on the virtues of the flowers of the field. He knows little of bird-life outside the fact that some of them feed on groundsel. When walking, bent in body and hands full of hemlock and dandelion, he often starts a company of finches by the roadway, and presently observes a long strip of groundsel running by the base of the feal dyke. This herb he formerly sold as a remedy against chickenpox, but in modern times the town's folk seem to be somewhat suspicious of its virtues, and prefer the shop-prescriptions. Woodruff and ash-bark essence, tones the disordered stomach, while woodbine works a certain cure on the liver when sluggish and feeble. It is well known that the juice of the dandelion is good for the blood, but it is also a help in many external troubles. The herbalist will carry marsh-mallows home for his patients vexed by gravel disorders, and the pimpernel for restoring impaired eyesight and such delicate purposes.

Long ago dropsy was said to give way under the influence of the foxglove cure, but the herbalist affirms that the proper manipulation of the plant was only known to a few. Many of our older matrons still apply hemlock poultices to stiff joints and rheumatic portions of the human body. In such cases as influenza and diseases of the lungs great benefit may be gained from the common coltsfoot weed. Those facts I learned from this wanderer, this searcher after the medicinal properties of vegetation.

The herb-gatherer is more than a mere collector of plants for financial gain. How much of tradition and legend can be traced backwards from the old man searching the footpaths and byeways? How much of the modern physician's art dates from a worm-eaten herbal, that can only be found now in some cottage remote from civilization? But medicine goes beyond the issue of that herbal, and the botanist, riding his shanks-naigie through the countrysides, is but a remnant of an older reign of things. What of the old lady's lotion as an eyecure, the old gardener's secret ointment for cuts and bruises, and the schoolboy's dockleafs rubbed on the blisters from a stinging nettle? That is older than herbalist and herbal. One thinks of goat's milk and wine, saffron, rosewater and fine herbs, when the renowned spring—down the scaur—exactly thirteen paces from the kirk-door, was as the pool of Siloam. The sages, seers, and rulers of the middle ages possessed wonderful knowledge, and judging them as they stand afar off, we confess to their comparatively deep understanding. There was no lack of imaginative genius, while the penetrative vision was intensely acute. Yet in our modern day we shun them if we could; we despise the men who struggled with things and thoughts in primitive times. We even distrust the weed-gatherer to-day. Yet we know not why. Granted he may in some instances be wrong in his contentions regarding the curative properties of his favourite flowers, yet we should do him the justice that he is honest in his intentions.

In one of his antique books on herbs there is this romantic myth: "Pluck up lettuce with the left hand before the sunrising and lay it under the covering of a sick man's bed, he not knowing thereof, to cause him to sleep." But the herbalist of to-day does not give credence to the old world adage. His faith is pinned to modern science, and he worships the human frame as the very groundwork of his studies.

His predecessors had no books to guide them, no newspaper jottings to cut and present in fresher robes, no halls wherein they might sit and listen to the wisdom of the hour. Their sole reliance was self, and their individual sympathies were drawn out towards the weeds and grasses. They culled their lessons by the ditch-side and upon the hill-face—alone. They looked for no reward save the cure of human disease and the heart-healing that was their own.

We do not accord the herbalist the credit due unto his name. Ask a gamekeeper, a farmer, a forester, a gardener, or any toiler in

the fields, about the flora of their districts, and it will be found the knowledge is not in them. The farmer will likely say his grandmother had a queer notion of gathering some herb by the burnside for some ideal remedy, but he forgets the name of the flower and the ailment too. The gardener sees the kine plucking the alder leaves, and he eats the hawthorn in a disinterested fashion himself. The haymakers suck the lower portions of the grasses, and the reapers nibble at the wheat-stems. Yet there is no thought flashing through the brain that the act is beneficial even in the smallest degree. The man who passes down the fields, climbing the palings and peering into the corners of the woods, bent on herb-gathering, draws a handful of sorrel leaves, and, chewing them, realises the medicinal value instantly. There is thought in the latter—the brain is idle in the former. Many a rural dweller would imagine it a form of insanity to speak of the disused lime-kiln being the nursery of a weed that a city pharmacist would gloat over. A lime-kiln is simply a vast heap of stones built into the hill-side but the weeds on the mound and the ferns in the riven walls have no special attraction to the ploughman. If you reach his level and conjecture why a lime-kiln should be placed in such a desolate region, far from quarry and railway, his brain immediately acts. There has been labour involved, carts have gone down the slope, men have sat at dinner-time to eat their bread and bannocks and drink their flaskfuls of milk. There has been human life once—human hands—wages earned. This grasp of the subject comes readily to the labourer. The ploughman uses shanks-naigie more than any individual in the shires, and yet, generally speaking, he sees less of actual beauty than the weaver on a brief rural holiday. Strange although it seems, I can point to men of outstanding ability as rearers of stock, contractors, and the like, who have spent sixty years outside village, town, and city, yet who would decline to take any interest in a beautiful bud fallen from an over-hanging branch. Their world is an iron-bound one—stern and real and all-important. They don't walk like the herbalist up the ditch-sides and through the woods. Life cannot be wasted by such frivolous strolls and country walks. They rush down the turnpikes, from farm to farm to markets and trysts, with a golden image seen dimly in the distant haze. The herbalist need not tell them that licorice-root chewed, will relieve their heart-burn. Perhaps they would try its effect with a stoical distrust. If they do, it is taken merely to enable

them to get away from an irritating trouble and allow their minds to grapple more freely with the problems of commerce. There is no halting, no considering, no analysing of the herb with hopes of future relief to themselves and others. It is no matter to them whether sages praised almonds, figs, horehound, ivy, lavender, or apples. Custom furnishes their tables, and they regulate their stomachs—not from Nature, but from the code written in the latest work on culinary art. Many people keep an apple and a biscuit in their pockets when out for a lengthened time. It is the ordinary thing to do. Apples are easily thrown in the pocket with a biscuit, and if they are not needed they can be given to a herd-boy. Few stop to reason the matter out like the herbalist. They know that existence is based on passing a certain amount of nourishing food into the body, and they have heard that apples are a good lunch, but they are densely ignorant of the craving wants of muscular life, or the balms spread over the surface of the earth. They might believe you, but as readily not, that astringent, sourish pippins will cool an over-heated stomach. They simply devour them because they are hungry, and when hunger is upon them apples are as good as anything else.

The majority of Scotsmen do not value leeks, lettuce, watercress, mushrooms, and other growths, as they might with advantage to bodily health. There is much more in vegetarianism than people imagine. It is not considered on its merits—indeed, it is the want of this consideration that makes us a highly carnivorous nation. Look on the bright side of nature, where the sun shines. Renew the blood with a freshness from the juice of the lettuce. Find sound sleep under the influence of the tonic, and keep the mind open in the broad acres of the shires. Worry kills the internal machinery, damages the brain, and wrecks the nervous system. It kills thousands, but work cannot slay. The herbalist strives hard five-and-a-half days a week to earn a living: the other portions of the week are free and given over to contemplation on his shanks-naigie. The healing balm of his leisure hours covers the sores and cuts of a week's toil. Yet when he dismounts his nag he will have done more actual, lasting service to his kind than many a man who later will have honours cut upon his tombstone. He lives a life of pleasure, and works every waking moment of his existence. He is not killed by worry, hates, jealousies, and fears. Work only chisels out its years upon his brow to mark the time breathes.

Strolling weekly through the fields, he lives a life of health. The bloom of his cheek is vigorous, painted by nature with the blood-tints of sturdy manhood. It is over a score of years since I saw this man, but he is as present to me now as he was when I conversed with him by the roadside. I can walk down a lane, sit down at the dyke-side, and write its life-history. Twenty years will make no difference. In my sketches I have rewritten what I can rewrite to-day. A moving figure, a bairn paddling in the burn, a beggar, a landscape—all and everything I have seen comes to me fresh and fair as on the day I looked at it. I have no memory, either. I would forget to buy a bootlace, but I see that old weed-gatherer that gave me the notes on medicinal flowers. I loved the flowers then, and I do so still, but no matter how much I write about them, I feel I have failed to paint the primrose in ink. That is it! A primrose is soft yellow, clear as the outward rays of early morn. Ink is dark, and is so patent in its realness. A flower sways on its stalk, but it will not bend although painted in oils. The sun forms an oasis of beauty round the mayflower, and there is the stamp of originality instantly. I look upon it and it wastes its loveliness again and again, but I cannot say in earthly language where the loveliness exists. It blooms there as I repass, but in a different mood, for the hour is when the sun is sinking. There is an inexpressible delicacy about the flowers that leaves much to be written or painted. Write a year, and it will remain unsaid. Paint a lifetime, and the feebleness of the representation will be in the signature, if not on the broader canvas. It is undeniable. Man cannot move the heavens, nor find out the magic secret of earth. There is so much—the space is so wide—it is boundless on either side, beneath and above. The whole universe, working diligently from the hour of birth until death, would not record the simple outline of one field. Thus it is I write and write, and must too, for the spirit moves me, and with my love-pen scroll petals only—seeds merely—in the vast plain. I have birds and beasts and human beings moving before me. My mind is fixed upon a countryside, and I see in the shadow of my hand, under the lamp-light, the lovely insects on the grass-stems, the swallows high in the clear noon-sky, the rooks and the heron by the wood. I see them all and many more, and could write on and on until the shadows ceased their march and the morning streaks again cut up the landscape in light. My hero the herb-gatherer I see moving

over the further hill, a dim mark upon the distant grass-lands. I can call him back to life and speak with him again, but he will not answer. The notes I got then are the only items he will favour me with, but still I know his gait, his face, the garments he wore, and the man's individuality. He is before me until I drop this sheet upon the floor to dry. When it floats and settles, my mind leaves the herbalist whom the boys nicknamed "Shanks-naigie." My mind draws a screen between, and looks again upon that may-flower in the ditch.

A. NICOL SIMPSON.

Scottish Ecclesiastical Ruins.

No. I.

RESTENNETH PRIORY.

O, did you not glow when they told you the Lord
Had dwelt in that thistle-grown pile,
And the bones of old Christians were under its sward
That once knelt down in its aisle;
And had you no tear-drops your blushes to steep,
When you thought--O'er your country so broad
Ye seek almost in vain for a mouldering heap
Save only these churches of God.

THE ruin of Restenneth Priory, both on account of the style of its architecture and the associations connected with it, is worthy of more note than it has hitherto possessed. The traveller by rail from the south to Aberdeen, if he be observant, and especially if he be of an antiquarian or ecclesiological turn of mind, may have noticed about a mile and a half beyond a town—which he generally pronounces "very dismal-looking," but which he would find to present a very different appearance if he only had an opportunity of looking at it from a right point of view, that point being on the other side of the town from that on which the railway passes. About a mile and a half beyond this town, then—which is no other than the ancient royal burgh of Forfar—he may have observed, standing in the midst of a bog on the south side of the line, an old spire, which reminds him more of the objects in the scenery which meet the view in merry England than the hideous barns with belfries which have generally displaced the ancient churches of Scotland. He looks at it a little more inquiringly, and he finds that it stands at the west end of a building, whose narrow lancet windows, visible even though built up, pronounce it to be an erection in the First Pointed style.

The absence of any roof, and the appearance of some old, broken-down walls amidst a clump of trees, which add much pic-

turesqueness to the view of the ruins, tell him the same tale, which, alas! is told by so many ruined and desecrated shrines in Scotland—a tale of ruin, revolution, and desolation. Nothing strikes a Scotchman so much, on his first visit to England, as the sight of the ancient churches and the grand old cathedrals—objects which in his own country he has been accustomed to see only as ruins—still standing in their beauty and symmetry, and used for the purpose for which they were built. He feels at once that he is in a new region, and amongst a people whose history has been entirely different from that of the northern nation. He feels, not in a more advanced, but in an older, country. At first it seems as if he were taken back a couple of centuries, as well as transported a couple of hundred miles. But the sight of the innumerable buildings devoted to industrial purposes—factories, foundries, and buildings in connection with collieries, often in close proximity to some ancient Gothic pile—remind him that he is in the midst of a flourishing and progressive country, and that his lot is still cast in the Nineteenth Century. The idea of the permanence of the order of things in the country gradually replaces the notion of its antiquity with which the sight of its well-cared-for ancient buildings at first filled him; and he begins to ask himself the question if his own country would not, after all, have been better if its cathedrals had been like that of Glasgow; if all its parish churches were like that of St. Monance, near the East Neuk of Fife; if the Abbey of Arbroath had still towered in its unruined beauty in the midst of that busy town; if Elgin and Melrose had risen with all their spires and pinnacles, complete, as they came from the builders' hands to grace the vales of the Lossie and of the Tweed.

To return to Restenneth. The building to which we have supposed our traveller's eyes to be directed—a mile and a half beyond Forfar—is the ruin of Restenneth Priory. Mr. Jervise, in his "Memorials of Angus," states that it is the burial place of a son of King Robert Bruce, named John. Mr. Jervise notices the fact of Bruce having had two sons which has hitherto been overlooked by historians.

The evidence brought forward by Mr. Jervise is of a nature which cannot be gainsaid, being no other than a charter by King David II., dated 10th June, 1344, confirming the ancient grants to the Priory by Kings David I., Malcolm, and Alexander, and "for the special regard which he had to the Priory as the place where

the bones of his brother-german, John, were buried." He further granted it twenty marks sterling from the customs of Dundee.

The Chapel of the Priory is by far the most interesting portion of the ruins. Its buttresses have, unfortunately, all been removed, no doubt for buildings in the neighbourhood. It must have been long since this took place, however, for a picture of the Priory in "Grose" represents it much in the same condition as it exists at present. The Piscina, the Ambry, and the Sedile are all in a good state of preservation. The basin of the old font is in existence, near its proper place at the west end of the Chapel, and it was wont to be made use of in the last century by the Churchmen of the district for the baptism of their children. They had, of course, no consecrated building in which to assemble, and, indeed, it was often dangerous to assemble at all. But their children were often carried to Restenneth, and baptised there by stealth. A venerable member of the congregation of St. John's, Forfar, can cite the case of his father as one who was baptised there.

Restenneth is generally supposed to have been the burial place of Feredith, King of the Picts, killed in the great battle fought in its neighbourhood between the Picts and Scots in 830. The chronicles record that Alpine, King of the Scots, buried his slain rival with Christian burial. Some people throw doubts on all such records. The present writer can only say that the district for miles round is studded with tumuli and standing stones sculptured and unsculptured; that urns with calcined bones, as well as interments of human bones unclaimed, have been discovered in great plenty. Flint and bronze weapons have also been discovered, and very recently a bead of Anglo-Saxon manufacture, all which of course serve to confirm the records of the chronicles.

In 1139 the Priory was conveyed by King Malcolm to the Abbey of Jedburgh. The charter effecting the union is dated at Roxburgh, and bears the signatures of William and David, the King's brothers; Nicholas the Chamberlain, and Arnold Bishop of St. Andrews as witnesses.

In 1242 the Chapel of Forfar, then an appendage of Restenneth, was also assigned by David, Bishop of St. Andrews, to the Abbey of Jedburgh.

In the report of an inquest appointed in the reign of Robert Bruce, to inquire into the ancient rights and privileges of the house, the jurors *inter alia*, found that the canons were in posses-

sion of the curious privilege of uplifting, on each coming of the King to Forfar, for each day he abides there, two loaves of the lord's bread; four loaves of the second bread, and six loaves called *hugmans.*

What was *hugmans?* What is the origin of the name? Is *hugman* connected in any way with that word whose origin is such a *crux* to philologists and antiquarians—*hogmanay?*

In 1333 a charter was granted in favour of the Priory by Sir Alexander Lindsay of Glenesk; and three years afterwards, James, Bishop of St. Andrews, made over to it his whole lands of Rescobie.

The last charter in favour of the priory was granted in 1360 by the ancestor of the present proprietor (into whose family the property came 300 years afterwards) Andrew Dempster of Careston.

At the Reformation the Priory passed from sacred into secular hands. In 1562, it was first held by Mariot, Lady Haliburton, mother of the last Commendator, and next by Lady Margaret Erskine of Gogar, her daughter, in 1586. It was held by Sir Thomas Erskine, afterwards Earl of Kelly, 1606.

In 1552, the property was in the hands of the Fletchers of Ballinshoe; and in 1693, in those of the Hunters of the Dod, now of Burnside, who still retain a right of sepulture within its walls. In 1700 it was bought by George Dempster, Merchant in Dundee, son of the last Episcopal minister of Monifieth, descendant of the Dempsters of Carraldstone or Careston, and grandfather of the well-known George Dempster, celebrated by Burns in his line:—

"Dempster a true-blue Scot I'll warran."

The Priory in the olden time was occupied by Canons of the order of St. Augustine, introduced in Scotland by Alexander I.

The Chapel is 66 feet long by 21 wide. The tower with its spire is about 70 feet high. The tower appears to be the oldest part of the building, having a plain Saxon doorway.

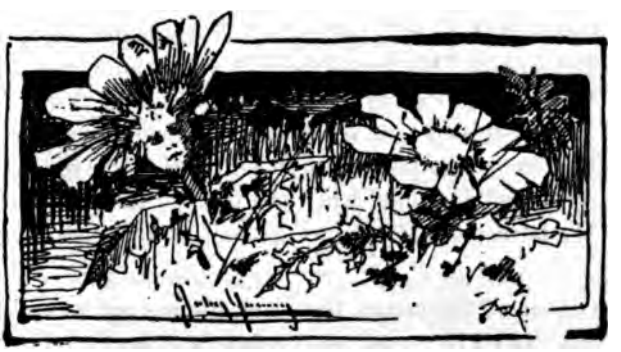
The late proprietor, George Hawkins Dempster, Esq., of Dunnichen, took a great interest in the ruin, and commenced to put it into such a state as would prevent it from going further to decay. After repairing the walls of the church, he found that the repairs which would require to be made on the tower would be of too costly a nature to authorise him in proceeding with the work. To give a practical conclusion to this article, will any ecclesiological or antiquarian reader come forward

to help in repairing this old tower and spire? It would not take a very large sum to roof and restore the church. The lancet windows are exceedingly narrow, and it would not cost much, therefore, to fill them with stained glass. Would not such a restoration be a graceful memorial of the love with which Scotsmen, even after the lapse of so many hundred years, regard King Robert Bruce?

W. J. S.

The most of our old ecclesiastical buildings have been, at some period, the scene of many touching episodes and romantic incidents in connection with the events of our National History. We purpose from time to time giving illustrations of, and descriptive articles on, the Abbeys of Aberbrothock, Dryburgh, Inchcolm, Jedburgh, Kelso, Pluscarden, and Melrose, and also the Cathedrals of Dunkeld, Dornoch, Kirkwall, Icolmkill, and Elgin. We ask our contributors to send us Photos or Drawings of any of the above named *ruins*, also articles on approval treating in a succinct yet comprehensive style of their History.

ED. CALEDONIA.



ON WI' THE TARTAN.

At the Second Relief of Lucknow the pipers of the 93rd Highlanders played "On wi' the Tartan."

Ay! on wi' the tartan, the black plumes are wavin',
Nae langer oor flags noo in peace may be furled;
The war-cloud has fallen, oor foemen are ravin',
An' foremost against them the tartan is hurled.

Lucknow was beleaguered, but ne'er wad surrender,
Tho' fiends had assailed her, by nicht an' by day;
Tho' Lawrence had fallen, her bravest defender,
Wi' Inglis we still held oor foemen at bay.
Cauld death was amang us; the wa's a' were shakin',
Nae thocht had we then but to fecht an' to fa';
But, oh! as we focht, broken-herted, forsaken,
The tartan cam' in to bring joy to us a'.
The Highlanders cam', tho' oor foemen unnumbered
Opposed them wi' steel an' wi' death-dealin' shot,
But sune wi' his forefaithers ilka ane slumbered
Wha daured e'en to darken the path o' the Scot.
Ay! weel do I min' o' oor wounded men bounding
Frae beds that they ne'er thocht to rise frae again;
Ay! weel do I min' when the pibroch cam' sounding
My faither's auld sang wi' its soul-touching strain.

On, on wi' the tartan, the black plumes are wavin',
Nae langer in peace noo oor flags may be furled:
The war-cloud has fallen, oor foemen are ravin',
An' foremost against them the tartan is hurled.

Auld Havelock led them, and wild was the cheerin'
As he wi' his tartan-clad heroes cam' in;
Oor bluid-thirsty foemen nae langer were jeerin',
For traitors to cowards are ever akin.

Then daily an' hourly oor foemen assailed us,
Yet weel did we guard ilka crumblin' wa',
We focht an' we bled (an' oor courage ne'er failed us),
Till Campbell, the dauntless, made siccar for a'.
Ay! Campbell was comin', nae foemen could spurn him,
An' blithely ilk Scotsman the story may tell;
Tho' traitors surrounded, an' strove still to turn him,
Richt fiercely an' surely his blows ever fell.
A red path to glory he, fearless, was clearin',
An' ilka Scot honoured oor grandest auld man;
Nae doubts e'er dismayed him, his goal he was nearin',
An' proodly the tartan swept on in his van.

Ay! on wi' the tartan, the black plumes are wavin',
Nae langer in peace noo oor flags may be furled;
The war-cloud has fallen, oor foemen are ravin',
An' foremost against them the tartan is hurled.

The tartan gaed on, never swervin', ne'er failin';
Fu' blythely the sun on the steel glinted doon,
As wildly an' fiercely the pibroch was wailin',
An' "On' wi' the tartan" rang oot ower the toon.
Each weapon to death noo a traitor was dooming,
Tho' loudly their rallying bugles were blown;
While high ower the tumult the cannon were booming,
Unconquered, undaunted, the tartan gaed on.
Ay! the tartan gaed on, an' before it were driven
The fiendish, the cruel, the bluid-thirsty foe;
To Campbell an' Scotland the power had been given
The pride o' the traitors in dust to lay low.
The tartan gaed on, an' richt blythe was the meetin',
True, true was the hand-clasp, an' bricht was the smile,
When Havelock's heroes frae Ross-shire were greetin'
The Sutherland lads, an' the lads frae Argyll.

Noo proodly as ever the black plumes are wavin',
The pride o' Britannia, the pride o' the world;
Nae langer oor foemen in triumph are ravin'—
In honour an' peace noo oor flags a' are furled.

"GLENDYNE."

ASTROLOGICAL BUREAU.

FREE HOROSCOPES.

A Free Horoscope—giving a full astrological delineation of character, with prognostications as to health, wealth, weal or woe, *Fate* has in store, will be sent to each subscriber for twelve numbers of "Caledonia." The following rules to be observed :—

1. State sex, place, day, and hour of birth.
2. Send a stamped and directed foolscap envelope.
3. All letters in this department to be addressed to "Astrological Bureau," 23 Bridge St., Aberdeen.

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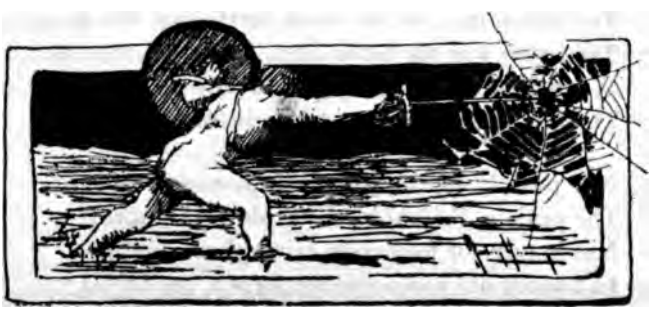
Each subscriber, as above, in lieu of a Horoscope, may ask three questions respecting his or her life.

Each subscriber for six months may ask two questions respecting his or her life and fortune, and subscribers for two copies may have a brief delineation of character. Initials must accompany the real name and address.

Mr. Wilde, the celebrated Astrologer of Halifax, conducts this department.



A SUCCESSFUL exhibition, promoted by the Graphic Arts' Association, was opened last month in Dundee, by Mr. J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.

Mr. Wingate delivered an address on "Art Culture," in which he mentioned (rather mildly, I think) the all-important questions of apprenticeship, and scholarly knowledge, in painting. He also made it clear to his audience that nothing was denied to well-directed labour, even in Art. In these days of keen competition and speedy achievement of excellent results, in all branches of industry and education, this is a sentiment which is often questioned by the indolent, and we are repeatedly told that Artists are born, not made. To a certain extent this is very true, but it is none the less true that "as we sow we shall reap," and the student who works with untiring application, and worships with unfailing passion, is rewarded with success, even if he should begin late in life. The world has had many such men who have become famous in Art and Literature.

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The present exhibition is superior to any yet held under the auspices of the Dundee Association. I trust its increasing enterprise and zeal in this cause will be crowned with success.

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"The Evergreen, a Northern Seasonal," a new organ of Literature and Art, has been promoted in Edinburgh. The numbers are to

be in harmony with the seasons, in matter as well as in name. The Spring number is almost ready, and will be issued immediately.

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It is particularly interesting to note the farewell meetings, held in London and Arbroath, in honour of Mr. James Greig, a Scotch artist, who has left for Paris to study. Mr. Greig went to London some years ago, and has made a good name as illustrator in some of the best periodicals. In Paris he will find himself in an atmosphere of Art, and the talent of which he has already given ample proof will be fully brought to maturity.

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It is there, in Paris alone, that one can measure himself with the best of his contemporaries. The great leaders of French Art are his teachers, and the "*creme-de-la-creme*" of students of all nationalities work beside him, and stimulate his emulation.

Many and curious are the letters one reads, written by faddists of this and other countries, characterizing this pilgrimage to the capital of Art as a huge mistake. The press seems to have satisfied itself on this point, but the fact still remains, that every year crowds of earnest students cross the channel in search of the teaching which our schools do not or cannot give. The silly argument, that it stints their national inspiration—"clips the British wings with French scissors"—is given, but it is a weak one. The acquisition of a better technique surely does not mean the expunging of inspiration, national or artistic. It may have occurred in one or more cases, but then, I am afraid, the good qualities were not there to be lost. He who is already an artist in thought will remain so, no matter where he learns his technique, and why should he not learn it in the best school? After all, it is the thought which charms, not the manner of putting it down. Words, Melody, or Paint may delight our outward senses, but it is the thought alone which excites our emotions, and satisfies the love of the beautiful which is in us:—

> "Unless with sacred meaning fraught,
> Words are but words. To 'perfect praise'
> Is the sole aim of Art. The thought
> Of daily bread too dearly bought
> Deters no Poet."

J. YOUNG.

Echoes from the Sanctum.

I WAS reading the other day Robert Kempt's "Convivial Caledonia," a very interesting little volume, giving a bright, cheerful account of the Inns and Taverns of Scotland, and of some famous people who have frequented them. I cordially recommend this book to the attention of our readers, for they will find in its pages a pleasant story of the manner in which the people of the days that are gone ate and drank and enjoyed themselves. We are told all about the frugal tavern suppers ate by the learned Aberdeen philosophers of the last century, Drs. Thomas Reid, George Campbell, John Gregory, James Beattie, and David Skene, and of the "Nine Tumbler Club," and "The Bonny Wife's Inn"—both famous houses of entertainment in days of old in the Granite City.

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We have also pictures of the celebrated Taverns of Edinburgh, the convivial haunts of Robert Burns, and also Tibbie Shiel's little Cottage Inn in the Vale of Yarrow, a cosie retreat, on the banks of St. Mary's Loch. Tibbie's name will be handed down in history, because she had the honour of supplying the good things of life to

a galaxy of great men, who all agree that she was the kindest of hostesses, and worthiest of women. Among the many notabilities who patronised Tibbie's humble Inn, I may name Sir Walter Scott, Sir David Brewster, Professor Wilson, De Quincey, Hogg, Lockhart, Aytoun, Allan Cunningham, Scott Riddell, Glassford Bell, Robert Chambers, Alexander Russell, and, in later days, Robert Louis Stevenson. There are many stories told about Tibbie, but perhaps the most unique is her opinion of James Hogg, the poet-shepherd of Ettrick Vale. She said he was "a gey sensible man for a' the nonsense he wrat!"

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The reading of this capital little book on our Scottish Inns has set me a-thinking and further reading on the subject. Montgomery the poet sings:—

> "Hail to the timely welcome of our inn!
> Hail to the room where home and cheer begin;
> When all the frost-bound feelings melt away,
> And soul-warm sympathies begin to play;
> While independence shows her manly mien,
> And sterling traits of human life are seen."

* * * * * *

On one occasion, when Boswell and the great Dr. Johnson were dining at an excellent inn at Chapel House, the doctor expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house (said he) in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody shall be easy—in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests, the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome, and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give; the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing

which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines:—

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

* * * * * *

Nor is the above the only time that the great *litterateur* Dr. Johnson speaks in terms of high praise of taverns. Sir John Hawkins, in his bulky tome of reminiscences, tells us that the doctor once said to him—"In contradiction," says Sir John, "to those who having a wife and children, preferring domestic enjoyments to those which a tavern affords, I have heard him assert 'that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity.'" "As soon," said he, "as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and of freedom from solitude. Wine there exhilarates my spirits and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatise, and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion I find delight."

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Taverns, ale-houses, inns, and hotels, figure largely in the history of mankind; all our literature teems with scenes in, or descriptions of them. In poetry, fiction, and painting, inns are minutely delineated by Shakespeare, Chaucer, Tennyson, and Longfellow, among the poets; Cervantes, Hugo, and Dickens, among the novelists; and by Hogarth, Sir David Wilkie, Teniel, and George Moreland, among the painters. Shakespeare, in King Henry IV., has painted some scenes that will never fade of the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, in which figure Prince Henry, Bardolph, and Poins. It is here that the genial old rogue, Sir John Falstaff, philosophises on men and things, and plays "high jinks" with Prince Henry and his boon-companions. Hear him talk: "You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then I am a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and

one of them is fat and grows old." And then a little further on he crys:

"But, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! what, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?"

* * * * * *

The father of English poetry, old Geoffrey Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," gives us a fine picture also of the manners, customs, dress, and appearance of men and women of the various classes of society in the fourteenth century. As we read we seem to sit in the great kitchen or common room of the jolly innkeeper, and to hear the merry voices of the guests, their loud jests and frank laughter, as they are introduced to us one after another. The pilgrims, as all the world knows, were to start in the pleasant spring-time, when the sweet showers of April had pierced the drought of March to the root, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas-a-Becket at Canterbury. Their place of meeting was a tavern called the "Tabard" (The Herald's Coat), and at that old hostelry had assembled nine-and-twenty guests, all bent on paying their devotions at good St. Thomas's shrine.

* * * * * *

The admirers of Lord Tennyson, our late Poet Laureate, will be familiar with his Will Waterproof's Monologue, in which he sings the praises of his favourite house of call, the famous old chop-house, the Cock—

"For I am of a numerous house,
With many kinsmen gay,
Where long and largely we carouse
As who shall say me nay;
Each month, a birth-day coming on,
We drink defying trouble:
Or sometimes two would meet in one,
And then we drank it double."

. . . . . .

"Head-waiter of the chop-house here,
To which I most resort,
I too must part; I hold thee dear,
For this good pint of port.
For this, thou shalt from all things suck
Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after."

It was well known among his familiar friends that the late Laureate dearly loved to "tipple" sweet old crusty port wine.

* * * * * *

Many of good, mad, old Don Quixote's laughable exploits, along with his fat faithful squire, Sancho Panza, took place in the road-side inns of Castile and Arragon, in Spain, which he imagined to be castles. Some of the best tales told in this famous work of Miguel de Cervantes are those related while sitting around the kitchen fires in the old hostelries. Hugo and Dickens, graphically and grotesquely, give us pen portraits of the curious old Inns of Paris and London. Sir David Wilkie's "Village Politicians" meet in an old Scottish inn to read the newspapers, and discuss state matters over a pipe and a can of ale. Teniel may be said to have spent his life painting Dutch inns and Dutch drinking bouts; and poor George Moreland had often to pay his score to the landlord by painting a signboard for the establishment; and last, though not least, it may be stated with truth that no great painter that the world has seen for the past six hundred years, but has at some time of his life tried his hand at painting the famous historic inn where the Saviour of all the world, the infant Jesus, was cradled in a manger, because there was no room in that inn.

* * * * * *

The accommodation of a Scottish hostelry or inn in the sixteenth century may be gleaned from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lauder, the "gay ostler," seems to have lived very comfortably, and his wife decorated herself in a scarlet kirtle, and a balt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers:—

"Scho cleithis hir in ane kirtil of fyne reid;
Hir kyrtil was of silk, her keyis gingling fyne,
Within ane purs the reid gold did schyne.
On ilkane fyngar scho weirit ringis tuo:
Scho was also proud as ony papingo."

And this gay landlady of the olden time feasted the jolly old Abbot of Berwick on rabbits, capons, partridges and good wine from Bordeaux. If the Scottish inns were not good in the reign of James I. it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature, for it was at that time enacted "that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostelries, having stables and chambers, and provision for men and horse, and, by another statute ordained that no man travelling on horse or on foot should presume to lodge anywhere except in

these hostelries, and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings for exercising such hospitality." But we read that, in spite of these enactments, the Scottish hostels of that time were but very indifferent, and strangers continued to seek and find reception and entertainment in the houses of private persons.

* * * * * *

In a book published the other day we find a graphic description of the ale-houses that at one time were planted all over the country, and afforded refreshment to man and beast. "The ordinary cottage—and country ale-houses were often only ordinary cottages—had two apartments—a but and a ben, or kitchen, and a ben end or *spence*. The passage inside the door connecting them was the trance (Lat. trans, across). The kitchen was the famous ha' where, as at Ellisland, master and servant took meals together, and where the "big ha' Bible" was produced for family worship. The floor was the uneven earthen solum, and the roof showed its open joists, the bauks of cabers, where hung the winter store of the kitchen—that is braxy mutton—with strings of onions:

"He ended, and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frichted rattens backward leuk
And seek the benmost bore.

Here, too, roosted among the peat smoke that followed its own course from the great open hearth, the reek-hens, that paid the tacksman's Kain-rent. They entered by a hole in the thatch over the doorway. In the gable and near the floor was the dog-hole, by which the collie got in and out at will; a wooden bar-block secured the door, and when a neighbour called he "tirled at the pin." The furniture was on a scanty scale. On either side of the fireplace was a small box or "bale," the one for the saut-backet and the other for odds and ends. Near by stood the "let-pat" filled with dye-stuff, and there was one in every house. The large oaken settle was the guidman's seat, and in the corner behind him stood the chicken-cavie or hen-coop. On the wall hung the "haik," an open rack for homely delf-ware, green horn spoons, and a variety of vessels—cogs, bickers, quaichs, frigget caups, cotties, luggies, leggens—and beneath it the deas or dias, a closed cupboard; a box-bed filled up the other parts of the wall. The spence was the

state-room, where slept the master and his wife, but almost as modestly furnished."

* * * * * *

The subject of use, abuse and condition of Scottish ale-houses and inns of the olden times would make a readable volume. One would of course require to go back long before the time covered by Mr. Kempt in his "Convivial Caledonia." There would be no lack of matter, as our inns are often alluded to in all our ancient literature, and much knowledge of them could be gleaned from the books written by Englishmen who visited Caledonia, and wrote accounts of their visits long, long ago. I will note a few of the titles of these old books, as some of my readers, curious in such things, may wish to consult them:—(1) "Fynes Monyson"—an English gentleman who visited the "Land o' Cakes" in the year 1617. (2) "Northern Memoirs," by Richards Francks—written in the year 1658. (3) "Letters from a gentleman in the North of Scotland to his friend in London," by Captain Burts—1730. (4) "Tour in Scotland," by Thomas Pennants, in the year 1771.

* * * * * *

The dashing of a cataract over a precipice, or down the side of a mountain, the roar of a river as it wends its way through green meadows to the mighty ocean, the murmuring music of a running stream, or the noisy gurgling of a little brook in its rocky bed, have each and all charmed the hearts and invoked the muse of the poets of all ages. Burns, in his fine poem Halloween, has an exquisite description of the rivulet where "three lairds' lands meet," to which the wanton widow Lizzie has gone to dip her left shirt-sleeve:—

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel.
Unseen that night.

* * * * * *.

Lord Alfred Tennyson, our late Poet Laureate, also sings, or rather makes the brook sing, in musical measure:—

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river :
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

* * * * * *

My esteemed contributor, J. G. Carter, has sent me three sweet verses, entitled "The Brooklet," which he has translated from the German of Goethe :—

Oh ! silvery, sparkling, little brook,
You hurry on for ever ;
Upon thy banks I musing look—
Whence come or go, small river ?
. . . . . .
I come from dusky mountain fells,
My course is over moss and flowers,
And in my mirror softly swells
Blue sky with imaged cloudy towers.

A dancing, child-like soul I own,
It moves me on I know not how ;
But He who called me from the stone,
He guides, I think, my course e'en now.

Would the close similarity of thought in the above three poems by the three great poets, Burns, Goethe, and Tennyson, be only remarkable literary coincidences ? Surely we could not say that any of them were likely to be guilty of the mean crime of plagiarism Or will the true explanation of the similarity be found in the saying of the inspired bricklayer, Ben Jonson, that "great wits jump ?"

* * * * * *

I think it is Wordsworth who says, when speaking of a character who is void of imagination or poetic fancy :—

A primrose on a river's brim
Only a primrose was to him
And nothing more.

As a slight token that he has not forgot Primrose Day, my good friend, Mr. John Smith (auld C) of Alyth, sings:—

O, the bonnie, bonnie primrose,
Sae fairy-formed an' sweet!
There's no anither flower that grows
Can e'er wi' it compete.
It sweetly blinks upon the bank,
Blooms bonnie in the dell,
An' Spring wid be a dreary blank
Without its magic spell.

Nae wirds can tell the joys sublime
It yields to childhood's eyes;
What ither bloom retains its prime
Till Summer flooers arise?
An' far an' near its clusters spread
Wi' Nature for its guide;
It fills the woodland, lea, an' glade,
An' climbs the mountain's side.

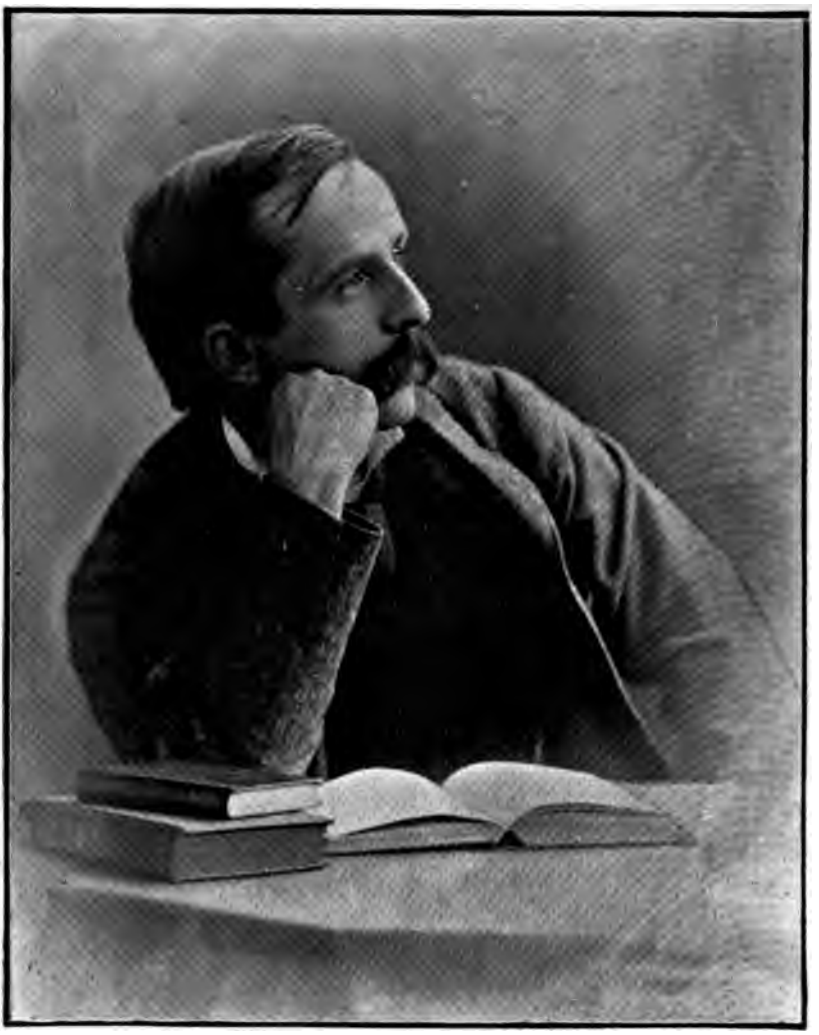
The yellow linnet near it sits
To warble oot its sang;
O, I cou'd lis'en to its lilts,
Nor think the day owre lang.
O, ye bonnie, bonnie primrose!
My heart-strings still you'll thrill;
And till life's day draws to a close,
I'll sing your praises still.

* * * * * *

The common primrose, *Primula Vulgaris*, adorns the woods and groves and umbrageous banks and grassy wastes, and other similar places of most parts of Britain; and is, or ought to be, known to everybody as one of the most charming of our wild flowers. Its root is somewhat fleshy, and has long fibres; its leaves are radical, numerous, obovate—oblong, unequally-toothed, soft, wrinkled, and slightly downy, and stands on short, broad footstalks; and its flowers are generally solitary, but sometimes unbelled, and are large, numerous, and sulphur-coloured, with a darker radiating central spot, and bloom from March till June. The Scottish primrose, *Primula Scotica*, is a native of the lofty

mountains of the Scottish Highlands. It is somewhat akin to the mealy primrose, and quite resembles it in the colour of the flowers and in the time of blooming; but its mealiness is yellower, and spreads more or less over both surfaces of the leaves.

ALEXANDER LOWSON.



J. M. BARRIE. NOVELIST.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

* * * * * *

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;
E'en Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

* * * * * *

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise and our commerce increase;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

A BRAIN FEVER.

(AN EAST COAST EPISODE.)

"Wauken will ye, guid-man. Dawn's abune the brae,
The high dawn that rides upon the wind,
There's a curr'n braw laddies on the bank oot the day
That the morn's mornin will na mind.
Harken till the gurgle and the thunder o' the tide,
It's a groun' swell settlin' to the Sou';
My ain bonnie lad! He kissed me as he died,
Wi' the froth a' frozen on his mou'.

"I dream'd it! I dream'd it an hour gaen by,
And ye snoring like the stirkie i' the shed,
Cud sake! Sandy, dinna let me die
Ere I ken gin my bairn be dead.
Ye'd an ower muckle dram on the Auld New Year;
And I daddled ye, I mind, to get ye hame,
But it's little ye would care for an auld wifie's tear,
Gin anither man would stan' ye the same.

"Ye ne'er had a laddie like the lad that's on the sea;
And there's better men than ye hae the like,
He's your ain: he is mine! he was aye guid to me,
And there's better born than ye i' the dyke.
Listen to the mutter ahint the Northern Light!
Like the ravellin' o' the lass that died at dawn,
Beatin' on the coverin' a' the winter's night,
Till the fruit o' her shame was born.

"Twa bonnie bairnies baith to ye and me,
Wi' the meenister's ban abune our heid,
The ane's gaen awa', ye turned her oot to dee,
And the ither I hae just seen deid.
Awa' wi' ye! Awa' wi' ye! dinna gar me greet!
There was ance that I lo'ed ye weel,
But a time comes to a' ere the day and morrow meet;
It's wi' *me!*—when ye canna feel!"

J. W. DE LYS.

By The Editor.

No. V.

J. M. BARRIE,

NOVELIST.

A Story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new:
And whensoe'er it deviates from these rules
The wise will sleep and leave applause to fools.
—*Stillingfleet.*

THAT our young Scottish novelist, J. M. Barrie, is richly entitled to his place in our little gallery of Twelve Good Men, few, if any, will dispute. His transcendent powers surely cannot be doubted, for has not his praises been chanted even to a fulsome extent by quite a crowd of *litterateurs* in the pages of high-class reviews, and by a shoal of the small-fry of budding journalists in many a weekly religious paper?

Old-fashioned people complain that in their view J. M. Barrie's use or abuse of the word *e'e* in place of *eye*, and *awa'* in place of *away*, and many other instances that could be cited, is absurdly vulgar. He makes his Scotch characters, many of them, both men and women, speak in a manner that no human being would or

could speak. This blot has marred much of his good work, and has in many cases caused the estrangement of the educated Scot, for it is a fact that cannot be gainsaid, that where the pure Scottish Doric is least known, there J. M. Barrie is most highly thought of.

Mr. J. H. Millar, the other day, in a trenchant criticism on what he calls "The Literature of the Kailyard," has some very severe strictures on Mr. Barrie's writings. Yet, although severe, no one can say they are untrue or undiscriminating. He says: "His writings are eagerly devoured in England by people who, on the most charitable hypothesis, may possibly understand one word in three of his dialogue; and to the curious superstitions which the Southron breast has long nourished with regard to Scotland must now be added a new group of equally well-grounded beliefs—as, for example, that the Auld Lichts formed a large majority of the people of Scotland, and that the absorbing interest, if not the main occupation, of nine true-born Scotsmen out of ten is chatter about church-officers, parleyings about precentors, babble about beadles, and maunderings about manses. . . . Yet, after all," he adds, "'twere the merest churlishness to ignore the admirable qualities which distinguish Mr. Barrie's best work."

Local interest seems to be the correct key-note for latter-day fiction. This is beyond doubt so far as the young Scotch school of novelists are in question. Witness the marked success, so far as sales go, and also of being talked about, if such can be called success, of Barrie, Crockett, and Ian McLaren.

James Matthew Barrie was born in "the Tenements"—a vicinity destined through the imaginative pen of him who there first saw the light to attain almost world-wide fame—on the 9th of May, 1860. Mr. Barrie's father, like himself, is a thorough Kirriemarian, and is a member of the South Free Church there. His mother, *neé* Margaret Ogilvy, is of the old Original Seceder stock, and is learned in many of the Auld Licht traditions. Both parents are still alive. The first school young Barrie attended was a private one conducted by two sisters—the Misses Adam—in Bank Street, Kirriemuir. A contemporary remarks "He was the idlest of schoolboys, and seldom opened his books except to draw pictures in them." Even in these early days the bent of his mind was evident, as many of his schoolmates can testify. At the school intervals the laddie was generally to be found with a number of his chums relating to them some thrilling story, or giving them a

recital of some fairy tale he had read in some book perhaps the night before. From the Misses Adams' school he was removed to the Dumfries Academy, where his elder brother was an Inspector of Schools. Here it was young Barrie's privilege to oftentimes see Carlyle, and hear with an eager ear the floating gossip about that venerable Scotsman's sayings and doings. Indeed, in after days, we believe, the influence of Carlyle's writings was very marked in Barrie. It was through the correspondence column of the Dumfries newspapers he first had scope to "air" his literary abilities. Mr. Barrie entered Edinburgh University at the age of 18, took a high place in English literature in the class conducted by Professor Masson, and was also a member of Dr. Whyte's (a fellow-townsman) famous Bible class—meetings of which are still regularly conducted by the revered minister of Free St. George's. He graduated as M.A. in 1882; in February, 1883, found himself engaged as a leader writer for the *Nottingham Journal*. He then commenced to contribute articles to London periodicals, and one of the most important incidents in his career was his introduction to Mr. Greenwood of the *St. James' Gazette*—which latterly led up to the publication, through the columns of that periodical, of the greater portion of his book of "Auld Licht Idylls."

He journeyed to the great metropolis in 1885, and found employment for a time on Mr. Greenwood's *Gazette*. It was also then that he commenced to write to the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. By July, 1887, he had commenced to write his admirable sketches of "Thrums" life and character to the *British Weekly*, above the pen-name of "Gavin Ogilvy." It was an article in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, which Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll of the *British Weekly* had read and admired, that secured communication with the writer—Mr. Barrie—and it was from that time that his well-known contributions to that journal were so much *in evidence*. His first volume was entitled "Better Dead," and appeared in '87. No better criticism than the title of the book could be passed on it—remarked a London Journal. "Auld Licht Idylls" and "When a Man's Single" were both published in 1888, and were followed by his best known and most highly appreciated work, "A Window in Thrums," in 1889. A collection of sketches, under the title "An Edinburgh Eleven," also appeared about this time. In 1890 Mr. Barrie issued "My Lady Nicotine," and during 1892 his first lengthy story, "The Little Minister," was published. In 1892 an

amusing comedy by him, entitled "Walker, London," was most successful at Toole's Theatre—a comedy which has since been followed by another in the same vein, entitled "The Professor's Love Story." He is presently engaged, we believe, on a new novel to appear first in *Scribner*.

A few critical remarks on Mr. Barrie as a Journalist, Novelist, and Dramatist, must be held over until next month.

(To be concluded.)

A LOVE STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY JAMES STURROCK,

Author of "Sketch of Dr. Norman Macleod," "Sermons on Scottish Song," "The Prince's Charm," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

"The pleasure of love is in loving, we are happier in the passion we feel than in that we excite.—*Rochefoucauld.*

WITH the morning came cool reflection, but, happily, not cold indifference. Graham had been in his sober senses all the while—there was no strange illusion to dispel, although quite conscious that his waking moments were not so rose coloured as they were the previous evening. He knew why his spirits were a little flat. Mother Nature is very accommodating, she readily lends her children a liberal supply of emotion, and in due course she appears as a stern creditor demanding repayment of her advances. After sufficient rest, his eyes, again anointed, would be gladdened with angelic visions.

Meantime as he lay awake just before getting up, he refreshed his memory with one or two facts. How did he happen to meet Miss Webster first of all? He remembered well in what spirit he and Marchmont went to the railway station on Hogmanay, and all that took place on the journey up till the very moment when he sat down beside the young lady before leaving Perth. After what had then and now happened, as well as what might yet happen, it looked as if they had been brought together by a special Providence;

for had Marchmont and he left by the earlier train, in accordance with his mother's anxious desire, then they would not have met. Many thanks, therefore, to the crotchety old lady who wished her Will signed before the year expired, for causing them to lose the train.

At length, having dressed, he went downstairs and stept outside for a breath of the morning air. Grandfather was sitting on the garden seat. The old man liked to bask a few minutes in the sunshine before breakfast. It gave him an appetite and a keen relish for the "halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food," in which he still delighted in his green old age.

Graham had not yet made any remarks about his great discovery of yesterday, wishing to reserve such a pleasant and all-important topic till he and the three old people were together in a genial mood at breakfast.

"You would be enjoyin' yersel fine last nicht, Master David," said Sally, "when ye didna come hame in time to get a ballant. But nae doot Miss Mary is a braw, affable lass, an' ye would be sweir to come awa'."

"An' no muckle wonder, Davy. Man, I've kent the day when I wadna gie a crack wi' a bonnie lass by a burnside for a' the ballants that ever wis sung. Is na that the case, gudewife?"

"Ye ken that best yersel', Adam. As for Davy here, puir lad! he's waited sae lang for a wife that when he gets a chance of a by ordinar fine lass, like Mary Webster, there'll be nae pairtin' o' them. Quite richt, Davy, ye've nae time to lose. I canna tell ye noo to gae to Jericho till yer beard is grown—my certie, no!"

"An' are ye gaen to mairry her then? Master David."

"Sally! I wonder at ye. Am I a king? or a pope? or am I a wizard? that you think I have nothing more to do than whistle or lift a finger, and any lady I choose will fly to my arms."

"But surely yer as gude as Mary Webster ony day," said Mrs. Brownlea, "even although she has seen a bit o' the warld, an' kens something aboot gentry life, she's but a schule mistress efter a'."

Graham took a mental note of his grandmother's hint about Miss Webster having travelled and seen some life, with a view to subsequent enquiries; but in the meantime replied:—

"So far as social position is concerned, mine, I daresay, is as good as hers; but it doesn't follow that Miss Webster would take

a chap like me for all that: girls like to aspire; and as she is very good-looking and clever, if not rich, she may have an eye after one of these young ministers who are coming to Linnburn on Thursday. Besides, there's Philip Salmon—he was there last night, too—a weel-faured chield, as you say, with a good farm. And just think, also, how many dominies may be after this by ordinar fine lass, and I heartily agree with you that she is really a by ordinar fine lass. Ah, Sally, it's easy saying—Are ye to marry her? What earthly chance have I against these college-bred gentlemen, with their smooth tongues and their fine speeches?"

"'Deed, I'm sure ye've naething to fear for their fine speeches; —Sall I'll wager onything ye're as glib tongued as the best o' them. Am no verra sure but that Mary tauld me as muckle hersel'."

"Mary told you as muckle herself," said Graham with much surprise; "what do you mean, Sally? have you seen Miss Webster this morning?"

"Na,—an' no for some mornin's. But when I was down by last I tauld her ye was comin'; an' she speer'd a lot o' questions aboot ye, an' what like a gentleman ye was; she was verra curious to ken a' aboot ye, because she thocht she'd mebbe met you afore—an' that if ye was the same gentleman, she wad like weel to hae anither crack wi' ye—for that ye kent fine hoo to use yer tongue."

"Weel dune! Sally; ye hae'm there," exclaimed grandmother; "an' were ye the man, Davy, she was thinkin' aboot?"

"Bide a wee, grandmother," stretching out his hand to betoken silence. "How the dickens, Sally, did you not tell me all this before?"

"So I should—so I should; but my memory's no worth a preen noo. I forgot a' aboot it till efter ye gaed awa' yesterday, when I minded o't a' at ance. Ye maun forgie me."

"Forgive you, of course, a thousand times. But you know all the same it would have been interesting to me—extremely interesting—if you had just hinted that perhaps I had seen Miss Webster before. However, there hasn't been much harm done—but the lady had certainly the advantage of me."

He then went on to explain in what respect Miss Webster had the advantage of him, and all about his meeting her in the train, and of talking with her nearly all the way from Perth to Lochdale.

Next he cross-examined Sally respecting her interview with Miss Webster at Linnburn, and, among other things, he elicited

the very important fact that the lady preserved in her album the sprig of holly which she took down after he left the carriage at Lochdale. It was, indeed, thrilling news to hear that Miss Webster still preserved the holly sprig—thus confirming the statement of Patricia Hammond, who saw her take it down—and kiss it!

After hearing about the sprig of holly, grandfather exclaimed: "Surely the hand o' Providence has brocht ye th' gether again. Man, Davy, its maist wonderfu' that tale o' yours. It wad mak a fine ballant; only ye maun mairry the lassie noo an' put a fine end till't. Man, Davy, if ye'll lat me I'll mak a bargain wi' her father. I'll mak it a' richt for ye."

"Na, na, gudeman; dinna ye meddle wi' them. Lat Davy alane; surely a Glesca merchant can mak a bargain for himsel'."

Graham concurred with his grandmother that it would be best for him to do his own wooing.

After finishing telling them regarding his first meeting with Miss Webster, one of his earliest questions was: How did she happen to be on the Continent? for although her people seemed to be in comfortable circumstances, the "grand tour" was scarcely the thing for a farmer's daughter. The information he received was not only satisfactory, but very interesting.

This was the substance of it. When it had been decided that Helen—Helen emphatically in this relation—should become a pupil-teacher, Lady Rathie suggested that before beginning her apprenticeship, it would, she thought, be a good thing for Helen if she accompanied her and the family to the Continent for a winter. She would be very glad to have her, and she could travel with them as a sort of governess and nursery maid;—the interregnum would be a pleasant change, and could not fail to be profitable to a girl of her intelligence, for her whole after life would receive a colour and a tone from seeing other countries. Such was Lady Rathie's generous counsel. The proposal was gladly accepted. So Miss Webster has to thank the Countess, for the reader knows well that the fact of our heroine having been on the Continent considerably enhanced the romantic interest which David Graham felt in her from the very first.

Breakfast over, David said he was going up to the wood; he would be back in an hour, but he might return sooner in case Thomas Potter should come earlier than he had mentioned. Grandfather knew that Thomas was coming, and told Davy not to

hasten down again if he were enjoying himself, as Thomas and he could easily have a long crack.

In the wood Graham had time for reflection. What was he to think of Miss Webster's preserving the sprig of holly? some one would answer: "Oh, attach no importance to it—sentimental and significant though it seems, girls have quite a mechanical habit of putting everything into their albums." Perhaps so. But he was much disposed to augur favourably from it. "Time and patience," says the Eastern proverb, "changes the mulberry leaf to satin," and he hoped the same marvellous agencies would change the holly leaves to orange blossoms! He was not without his fears, however, for although the lady had always been very polite, her refined manners might be nothing more than the natural expression of her inborn grace and courtesy, and such as she would readily show towards any gentleman worthy of the name. He must not, therefore, build his hopes too much upon her gracious demeanour. And what was he, to aspire to the hand of a lady whose style and culture would be an ornament to any society? How natural, too, for her, who could not fail to be conscious of her gifts, both mental and physical, to put a high value upon herself, and be waiting patiently for a handsome offer. "Well, she may give her heart and hand to another," he sighed, "but she cannot take away from me the pleasure I have in loving her."

CHAPTER XXII.

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn."—*William Shenstone.*

The morning sunbeams rested sweetly on the soft green courtyard of Linnburn, finely checkered by the shadows of the two stately plane trees, and enlivened by a gay turn out of poultry of various breeds, all in the most beautiful feather; the pet lamb was frisking about; the brown mare and foal looked over the fence into the yard; while Mysie, the collie, was squatted on the grass beside the hammock—and for a very good reason—its young mistress was sitting in it—Miss Mary Helen Webster—a precious jewel worthy of such a lovely setting.

Mary had a small volume, bound in red and gold, in her hand, into which she occasionally glanced, and then allowed the book to rest in her lap, as if its pages were suggesting pleasant thoughts sweeter than those in the book. She was not in the habit of going to the hammock so soon after breakfast, but she may have had a purpose in resorting to it early this morning. For one thing, she knew that Thomas Saughie Potter would pass the hammock on his way to Woodbank, to keep his appointment with Mr. Graham, and it would afford her an opportunity to exchange a word or two with Thomas, if that were of any consequence. At any rate, when that worthy emerged from the Honeysuckle gate, she called out to him:

"Well, Thomas, and are you off to Woodbank?"

"Yes, my lady. Can I have the pleasure of delivering a message for you?"

"No, thank you, Thomas; I have no message that I remember of."

Thomas thought her bright eyes were not quite so clear as usual; he might be mistaken, but he fancied her sleep had been disturbed a little—just a little—though still looking radiant.

"Shall I not say you are blooming as fresh as the morning—and that you slept as sound as a top?"

Mary coloured slightly, but quickly answered: "you must use your own discretion, Thomas. Better say nothing about me at all." Then regarding him archly for a moment—"What a happy man you are, Thomas! roving about from house to house, like a bee from flower to flower; leaving when you have got all the sweets you require."

"Even so, my fair lady. And now may I be bold to ask what sweets you are sucking out of that pretty book?"

"'Tis nothing new, Thomas; only 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

Thomas assumed a thoughtful attitude for a few moments, and then smiled; on seeing which, the lady blushed—the colour deepening as his eyes rested on her with a significant gaze.

"Oh, yes, Miss Mary; nothing new: only the old, old story—the love, courtship and marriage of a beautiful lady called Helen, and a noble gentleman of the name of Graeme. Well, I am glad—sincerely glad for your sake, that the young gallant I am going to see is worthy of his famous name-sake; indeed I was greatly pleased with him—such a handsome, manly fellow he is—such a fine, frank, open countenance—and such a pair of eyes!"

'Hem! 'a pair of eyes, with lids to them,' as Viola said."

"Nay, pardon me, I'm not jesting. Mr. Graham's eyes struck me as his most remarkable feature: eyes that see deeper into a woman's heart than the common herd of men. I beg to congratulate you."

"Dear me! Thomas. You are indeed jumping to a conclusion very suddenly. Are you aware how slight—how very slight is my acquaintanceship with Mr. Graham? Why, I have seen him only twice in all my life!"

"But then two such meetings, Miss Mary!

> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs."

Mary held down her head, toying with the book in her lap; her face revealing clearly how Thomas was probing her heart.

"Your first meeting was three and a half years ago, I am told, and now you are brought together again as if by the merest chance; but I venture to say that this second meeting, accidental as it may seem, has been ordered by Providence for a gracious end. There was the good George Herbert, the poet, who married Jane Danvers three days after their first meeting—three days, mark you, not three years. But I must be off;—good-bye for the present."

"Thomas! just a word, if you please. Did you find the 'prophet's chamber' comfortable? it was not so tidy as I would like it."

"The chamber was all I could wish. And how very nice and comfortable are the socks you kindly laid out for me. I don't know how much to thank you for them."

"The socks are a mere trifle, Thomas; I must look out another pair for you—you are such a wanderer—socks are really useful to you."

"Ah! Miss Mary, walking is so pleasant with my new socks on that I am tempted to walk away from you. Well, good-bye again."

He had only taken a few steps when Mary's musical voice called after him "Thomas!" a summons which he at once obeyed, and stood again before his benefactress with pleasure.

While she paused, as if hesitating what to say, Thomas blurted out—"I think you had better go with me. Will ye go?"

"Oh, Thomas! I wonder at you; that would never do. What would Sally think of me for coming between her and the apple of her eye? Poor, dear Soul! how she dotes upon her master's grand-

son; I never knew anything to surpass it. But that is not what I called you back for; I've got a message for you."

"Trust me. I shall be happy to deliver it."

"Well, when you're going that way, at any-rate, I wish you would call at Mrs. Forman's Inn and tell Miss Jessie that I should like very much to see her to-morrow forenoon to spend the day with me. Tell her to put on a pair of strong boots, as it is likely there will be some walking. The fact is, Thomas, as you probably know, two young gentlemen, as well as Mr. Graham, are to be here to-morrow, and we purpose going to the top of Ben Katelow. I thought, at first, of asking Bella Muir to join us—you know Bella, of course—but I met one of her brothers at the ford this morning, and he told me that Bella was not at home. It is rather unfortunate that Bella is not to be had, for I am not very sure how my ministerial friends would feel after gallivanting with Jessie, an Innkeeper's daughter! And then, Mr. Graham, too, the son of a pious elder, he may have a prejudice against the publican."

"But the money! Miss Mary; the money will cover a multitude of sins."

"True, that did not occur to me, Thomas. We sometimes hear of a minister marrying the daughter of a rich distiller, or wine merchant, and, I daresay, the gold puts a fine gloss upon it in the eyes of the world. Well, Jessie, as we all know, is getting a tocher of a thousand pounds; but, indeed, she is herself the best tocher: a very nice, good-looking girl, and well educated into the bargain."

"You express my sentiments thoroughly, Miss Mary. I shall arrange the matter properly for you."

"Please don't say anything to Mr. Graham about Jessie's coming: I should like him to meet her here without the least prejudice on account of her father's calling."

After one or two more hints relative to the execution of his commission, Thomas took his departure.

Mysie rose and trotted after him a few steps, but Thomas turned her back.

"Where were you going, Mysie?" said Miss Webster; "were you also going up to Woodbank to see the stranger? a favourite of yours!" she added in a sweet caressing voice, as the affectionate creature crouched and whimpered fondly at her feet while being patted and smoothed on the head; a pleasant outlet for the lady's access of tenderness at this moment.

"Oh how I wish it might be a fine day to-morrow—a day like this—then—happy, happy thought! we shall climb the hill together. Heigho! John Anderson, my jo, John! I wonder if we shall climb the hill of life together. Thomas the Rhymer hints as much."

Dipping into her book again, she read a few lines which caused her heart to beat with joy; with rapture she recited them again and again, till she was sure the verse was stamped indelibly on her memory:—

> Arouse thee from thy moody dream,
> I'll give thy heart heroic theme,
> And warm thee with a noble name,
> Pour forth the glory of the Graeme.

What a pity the *Lady of the Lake* did not occur to her, she thought, during the parley with her father regarding the name of Graham. It would not be too late yet; and she sighed and wondered if other people as well as the old domestic Sally and herself had such a high admiration of Davy—uttering the pet name with a tremulous, fearful joy—and could join her in exclaiming:

> For of his clan in hall and bower,
> Young David Graham was held the flower.

The flower reminded her of the sprig of holly in her album; so she closed the book and walked slowly into the house and into her favourite room where lay her album. Taking it up she looked into it with glistening eyes at the dried holly leaves, and then with quiet fervour kissed them—once for the sake of auld langsyne, and over and over again for the happy, hopeful present.

Meanwhile Thomas had been wending his way up the braes, and was now at the Golden gate, where he paused to take a breath and look around him. The new socks on his feet inspired a grateful feeling as he moved along over the soft turf, causing him to think most kindly of the fair donor. No wonder that Thomas liked a roving life when he found so much to minister to his fancy. What a privileged fellow he was! He had just been talking with a young and captivating lady, and now he was on his way to enjoy a conversation with a gentleman, whom he shrewdly suspected to be, or at anyrate would very shortly be, her sweetheart. Yes, it was particularly interesting, especially to him, a poet. Burns said he was in the secret of half the loves of Tarbolton, but Thomas Potter's

experience of sweethearts ranged over many parishes, and for a much longer period than the Bard of Coila's.

When he reached the farm road skirting the wood, he saw Mr. Graham approaching as if to meet him.

"Good morning, Thomas. I hope you are very well."

"Good morning, sir. I rejoice to say I am in good health."

"I am glad to hear it—in fact, Thomas, if you will excuse me for saying so, you are looking as fresh as a bridegroom with your 'beard new reaped'—a practice, you see, I don't indulge in now-a-days."

"A beard becomes you well, sir."

"Beware of flattery, Thomas. But let us say no more about ourselves. How are all our friends at Linnburn?"

"All serene and cheerful, sir. Miss Mary—or Helen, if you prefer it—was sitting in the hammock, as I passed just now, beguiling her leisure with a book."

"A very pretty picture indeed, Thomas. And were you curious enough to learn what book was occupying the morning thoughts of the young lady?"

"What would you say to *The Lady of the Lake?*"

"Thank goodness! that is not the latest work of fiction."

"I felt some pride in seeing her with that book, as I did myself the pleasure of giving it to her last autumn."

"In reading it, Miss Webster pays you a fine compliment, Thomas."

"Well, sir, I was laying that flattering unction to my soul until I remembered that the name of the heroine is Ellen, and that she does her best to glorify the hero—the hero—a namesake of yours!"

Graham's face lighted up with a glad surprise while Thomas was speaking, and a flood of joyous hope flashed into his soul. The lady's meaning could not be mistaken. He did not, however, deem it politic to betray his feelings to Thomas, who probably guessed a good deal from his countenance and manner, but simply exclaimed—

"A singular coincidence, Thomas!—a very singular coincidence! But we needn't stand here"—placing his hand kindly on Thomas's shoulder; "let us be moving. Come with me to the post-office and have a talk by the way."

They called in at Woodbank in passing for a few minutes, and promised to return in time for dinner.

Graham was more curious to see the interior of the rural hostelry than the post-office, after what he had heard about the landlady Mrs. Forman; and he thought Thomas would be a pleasant sort of fellow to have a glass of ale with and a crack.

Rathie Inn—or rather, Hotel, according to the sign—was just a quarter-of-a-mile or so from Woodbank, and only the public road to Glen Capel dividing it from the smithy—the "smiddy!" Graham could take off his hat before it. Fondly his eyes lingered about the flowery porch at the smith's house: for was it not recently hallowed by the presence of a gracious being?—truly the saint of his deepest devotion last Sunday evening!

Across the road in front of the smithy Graham noticed a pretty large green closed in by a low beech hedge. "What place is this, Thomas?"

"That, sir, is the piece of ground presented by Lady Rathie to the young men hereabout for recreation and the practice of gymnastics—preparing themselves for the Capel games. It's but a small green compared with your public parks in Glasgow."

"But large enough for the population. What would you say is the size of the green?"

Thomas went close to the hedge and carefully measured the green with his eye: "I should say there's only a rood of ground, or thereby."

"A rood! Quite ample space for the rude sons of the hamlet," said Graham with a lambent smile, but Thomas evidently didn't see the ghost of a pun.

So Graham threw out another feeler.

"Yes, it was very kind of the Countess—indeed very civil of her to give them this *rood* present."

"Very kind of her," rejoined Thomas, at same time looking enquiringly into his companion's face, as if the subdued chuckle in his voice required and expected a further and perhaps a different kind of response; but he divined nothing.

Graham would try something broader.

"They have got two fine cabers there, Thomas."

"Yes, sir; the gift of her ladyship, too."

"Oh, indeed. Then we had better be exact in our measurement, Thomas. You say the Countess tossed these cabers, so to speak, into the bargain—Why, then she has given one rood and two poles."

Thomas saw it and smiled—even broke out into a quiet laugh.

Here Graham turned round and looked at the inn. "Is that Mrs. Forman at the door?" he asked in a whisper.

"It is; and she'll be expecting us. She knows me quite well. I'll go and speak to her till you return from the post-office."

"Capital idea! and then I'll join you and ask Mrs. Forman for two pints of her best."

The post-office was only a stone's throw from the inn. Graham talked for a little with the boy behind the counter, and as there were no letters for him—so much the better—he invested in a pound of sweeties, as if to shew he did not come entirely for letters. The sweeties would be useful; besides, it was absolutely necessary he should spend some of that money he had in his pocket—that round dozen of one pound notes he received as interest from Leadbetter was a trifle too bulky in his purse. Moreover, a holiday without spending is no holiday at all.

The few minutes Graham was away suited Thomas admirably. He advanced to mine hostess of the Rathie Inn, sure of a kindly welcome.

"Good morning, Mr. Potter. Hoo's a' wi' ye? What a stranger you are."

"I'm very well, thank you, Mrs. Forman; and I am very glad to see you are looking fresh and hearty—a sure sign that you are prospering as well as ever. What a wonderful manager you are!"

"Come in, come in, Mr. Potter, and dinna stand haiverin' there," said the landlady, with a blithe voice and a smiling look.

Mrs. Forman led the way into her best parlour and gave Mr. Potter a seat, then immediately said, "You're an auld freend, ye ken, an' maun get a taste oot o' my ain bottle."

To prevent the bottle being brought out, Thomas hastened to explain that the gentleman she saw with him would be here in a minute or two, and he himself had a message from Linnburn to deliver before he came—a message from Miss Webster to her daughter, Miss Jessie. In a very short time he had it all clearly arranged with Mrs. Forman, who, as well as Jessie, was delighted with the proposal—that the latter would be sure to go to Linnburn, and that Mr. Graham, though introduced in the meantime, should be none the wiser who was to be there.

Of course, Thomas explained who Mr. Graham was, and spoke of him in very complimentary terms; whereupon Mrs. Forman protested it would be very shabby of them if they "wouldna tak' a dram oot o' her bottle."

"No, no, Mrs. Forman—some other time will be better. This young fellow is complainin' about no bein' able to spend the money he has in his pouch up here. It'll please him, ye ken, to let him melt a shillin' or twa o't"—slipping into the vernacular to humour mine hostess.

"Weel, weel, Thomas; sae be it; ye ken best."

Before entering the inn, Graham noticed that it was thatched, and like the smithy across the road was cruciform; and as the smithy was used sometimes as a place of worship, he could not refrain from smiling at the similarity of shape of the two buildings, in neither of which one would expect to find an assembly of Christian worshippers. How gladly he remembered that the unexpected had happened in one of the buildings.

He received a gracious welcome from Mrs. Forman; his rich, cheery voice and hearty manner seeming to captivate her completely.

"Ay, you're very like yer grandfather, Mr. Graham—even yer voice is like his."

"Ah, but I don't make such a good use of it, Mrs. Forman: I couldn't sing you a ballant like him."

"Mebbe no, mebbe no; but a Glesca man finds a better use for his tongue than singing ballants wi't."

"Perhaps he does. By the way, grandfather was telling me about the flower-show that is coming off, and I was interested to hear that you are always a prize-taker for some things. What are you to exhibit this year?"

Mrs. Forman mentioned the fruits and flowers of which she had the best expectations; concluding by inviting him to take a step into the garden before going away. She would also open the door and let them enjoy a walk along the den behind the hotel, which Mr. Graham might like to see.

He thanked her, adding, "There is nothing I am fonder of than a garden, and a stroll through the den, which Thomas was telling me about, will be a great pleasure indeed."

She then left the gentlemen to finish the ale which Graham had ordered.

Our friends had been shewn into the best room, and Thomas remarked, after the landlady's exit, that one of the company at least was considered a gentleman by Mrs. Forman, as she reserved that parlour exclusively for the gentry. "Ay, she's a shrewd woman, mind you—she wouldn't have brought me in here if I hadn't hinted you were coming after me."

Graham expressed his surprise at finding such a good-sized, well-furnished apartment in a house of one storey with a thatched roof. "What! a piano, too!—more for ornament than use, I suppose, Thomas?"

"Miss Jessie plays on it, they tell me."

"Miss Jessie! I never heard of her before. Is she a daughter?"

"Yes; an only daughter, and not long returned from a boarding-school in Edinburgh, which may account for Jessie not being known to you."

"Well, upon my word, Thomas, but this *is* an agreeable surprise. The old folks hereabout seem to be dreaming, and have precious little idea apparently of what interests a young fellow. I had a strong curiosity to pay this inn a visit, but I never expected to find such a nice bit of soft goods. And so, Miss Jessie's education being finished, she is now to act the fine lady—play the piano and look out for a husband. Is she anything pretty?"

"You can judge for yourself, Mr. Graham: she is at home, and no doubt we shall get a blink of her in the garden."

"Oh, but give me some idea."

Thomas paused for a few seconds, and seemed amused at Graham's impatient curiosity; no doubt at same time considering what reply to give, for his critical remarks would soon be brought to the test. Happily the young lady's qualities were positive, and Thomas had little hesitation in describing her.

"Well, I think Miss Jessie is a bonnie lass, and she has very pleasing manners. She must be very good-natured, as I never meet her without seeing a sweet smile on her face. These qualities, backed up by a thousand pounds, will bring the fair lady a host of admirers. It is an open secret, I may tell you, that Mrs. Forman is to give her daughter a tocher of a thousand pounds."

Graham remarked that he had been told Mrs. Forman was making lots of money; and that she had even offered the wherewithal to the Earl—or rather to the Factor—to build a proper hotel for her; but he scarcely expected she would be able to give her daughter a thousand pounds on her wedding—country people have such exaggerated notions about a few hundred pounds.

After some further talk, Graham proposed that they should step into the garden to see the boarding-school belle. They could not say for certain that she would be there, but Thomas had no doubt that so clever a woman as her mother would arrange for Jessie

being within easy reach before they cleared off the premises. Sure enough, on their way out Mrs. Forman's quick ear caught the sound of their footsteps, and duly presented herself before them just as they reached the front door.

"Weel, gentlemen, are you ready to have a look at my garden now?"

"If convenient for you, Mrs. Forman, we shall be delighted," answered Graham.

The gable of the inn faced the public road, and the garden was in front; there being space between the house and the garden sufficient for a carriage to get in by to the door and turn.

"We canna keep oor garden sae neat and trim as your grandfather, Mr. Graham—we haven't time. But there's plenty growth in't you see."

Graham liked a luxuriant growth: it was so natural like, and made one feel as if sauntering in a wood. He complimented Mrs. Forman upon her splendid blackberries, as large as geans; and made other flattering remarks as to the rest of her fruit, to which mine hostess listened with much pleasure.

But they had still to behold the crowning attraction of this Eden. Thomas happened to be leading the way, and on coming to a side-walk on the left he exclaimed, "Ha! the Queen-rose of the garden! How do you do, Miss Jessie?"—advancing and shaking that young lady cordially by the hand as she emerged from the bower.

As Graham approached, Thomas, with a wave of his arm, said gaily, "Here, I have brought you a gallant gay this morning, Miss Jessie. Allow me, Mr. Graham, to present you to the best flower in the garden."

After making a polite bow—his face brightening with surprise and admiration on seeing the lovely apparition before him—he paused for a moment, and then almost stammered out, "I fear we are intruding, Miss Forman."

"Oh, no; not at all, Mr. Graham—it is so very quiet here that I am always glad to see a visitor."

This reply completely restored his self-possession. "Thank you. I felt we had come to your sanctum and disturbed you—just in the middle of that very nice story;" and his keen eyes glanced roguishly at the paper she had been reading, at same time catching the title of it.

The lady frankly owned he had guessed correctly, smiled and

blushed, looking down at "Young Caledonia" she was unconsciously twitching in her hand; then with an upward glance at the tall and handsome stranger, said very modestly, "We are so accustomed to being called upon, Mr. Graham, we don't consider any part of the time our own; and, of course, by the nature of our business we are bound to welcome every one who comes. Is that not so, mamma? See! there's a machine with some more coming."

"So it is, Jessie;" turning round and waving her hand to the new-comers. "You'll excuse me, gentlemen. Here, Jessie, there's the key o' th' den; you can open the gate and let in the gentlemen whenever they're ready." And off she ran.

Miss Forman was a truly sweet picture in her hazel-coloured dress, trimmed with scarlet, having a yellow rose on her breast—and so charmingly framed, too, by the green bower. Thomas was right about Jessie's beauty and good nature: her large blue eyes aglow with liquid light: her young, fresh face open and candid as the day; her quiet, simple manners, native refinement, and unaffected speech—all betokened a sensible, sweet-tempered, nice Scotch lassie.

They continued talking for a few minutes after Mrs. Forman's exit, when the gentlemen hinted that they had better be moving, as it would not be fair to monopolize the lady's company, seeing that the others just arrived might be waiting for her; Graham adding with courteous emphasis, "But you mustn't suppose that we are tired of your society, Miss Forman. As a proof of it, I shall be happy—if you will allow me—to drop in again and have some music from you."

"Thank you. I shall be very pleased."

She then led the way out of the garden to the den gate. There was a road through this beautiful den to Rathie Castle, but the Countess wished it to be kept private, and care was to be taken that only respectable people should be permitted the privilege of walking in it. The folks at the inn could use their discretion. So Miss Forman opened the gate, and smiled as she locked her friends in; holding up the key and looking archly at them. "Now, you are my prisoners, and I wish you joy of your den!"

"What will you take to ransom us?" asked Thomas gaily. "Will twenty kisses from this young gentleman not do it?"

"Oh, no! for neither love nor money will I let you out again." Then she smiled bewitchingly at her prisoners, who relished her

little joke very much, and wondered what the playful girl would do next. She did not keep them long in suspense.

"Well, if you manage to escape the lions—there is the key, and you can let yourselves out."

Waving adieus to their pretty jailor, they sauntered off.

At high noon, with the sun shining hotly in the open, nothing could be more grateful than a ramble through the cool leafy shades of that highland den, at once so lovely and aromatic.

In a short time they came to the famous spot where they had a splendid view of the castle. There the castle stood in all its majestic grandeur on a smooth lawn, enshrined among trees, with a range of heather hills in the back-ground. Nature had here received some help from Art: a few trees cleared away at the bend of the river unveiled a scene of surpassing beauty. A rustic arbour graced that striking stand-point, in which one might sit and gaze and dream for hours and hours.

Our friends sat down in the arbour—not without romantic feelings on Graham's part as he beheld the castle, and knew that Lady Helen and the other fair inmates often sat in that same bower. It was simply enchanting. Thomas had promised to give him some more particulars relative to Miss Webster's father and mother—more especially some account of the early life of the father; whose simple, uneventful, yet essentially heroic career was, as Thomas had said, extremely interesting as well as instructive. Where could they find a more fitting place than the charming arbour in which they rested to relate the short and simple annals of a peasant, some of whose happiest days were passed under the shadows of yonder castle?

When Thomas came to the end of his tale, Graham looked his watch and found it was high time they were hurrying home to dinner. But how thankful he felt for the life-sketch to which he had listened! The information he had just received regarding the Webster family, combined with what he had learned from other sources, all tended to greatly deepen his love for their handsome and accomplished daughter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. GRAHAM WRITES TO JOSHUA LEADBETTER.

WOODBANK COTTAGE,
RATHIE, Wednesday, 17th July, 18—.

MY DEAR JOSHUA,

I have the greatest pleasure in writing to you. Already I have spied out the beauties of the land, and, my dear fellow, I wish with all my heart to share with you the joy of my discoveries.

First, I must tell you I have just dined, and that I am sitting in the wood under the patriarchal branches of a spruce fir, finely sheltered from the sun. Please note these facts, Joshua, and then imagine how happy I am. Martin Luther confessed he wasn't much of a saint immediately after dinner, and after a beefsteak Lord Byron felt savage. Thank Heaven! I am not like these men. I have fared heartily on the sweetest of highland mutton, and I never felt more like a Christian than I do at this moment.

Joshua! let me whisper it into your ear. Since we parted I have been the hero of the most romantic incident that ever happened in this world. Of course, you have guessed there is a woman in the case. Pray excuse me saying anything about *her* on paper; my dear fellow, do have a little patience. What I have got to tell you about her—my heroine! bless her a thousand times! is too romantic, too delightfully precious to be recorded with this common Todd's Perth office black ink. No, Joshua, my dearest of chums! you must really wait till I see you face to face—with—yes, with a pint of wine in a silver tassie between us; then, ah, *then* I shall unfold a tale which will electrify you!

Oh! how I wish you were here. And yet it is perhaps better that you aren't! My own thoughts at this moment are such a delicious banquet; moreover, I might be awfully jealous of you, you rascal! you are such a lady killer. Never mind, my boy, I have another revelation for you. Lend me your ear again. I have found a—a sweetheart for you too! (Sensation.) Are you intoxicated with joy? Do you wring your hands in a delirium of pleasure? You would most certainly do it, if I could only paint the pretty charmer properly. Now don't you wish you were with me in the highlands a-chasing the wild *dears*? I'll tell you what it is, Joshua—you might be one of the happiest fellows in creation with this girl as your wife. And I should be proud, immensely proud, to see my bosom friend the husband of so good—so fair—so sweet a creature! Are you not in a perfect frenzy to know all about her? Is she young?

pretty? intelligent? has she any money? you ask me in a breath. Yes, yes, money too—lots of it—with sure prospect of more. Pray calm down, my dear fellow, calm down: the bird is still in the bush.

How and where did I earliest meet her? In her father's garden, in the bower reading. I was greatly charmed with her—no wonder: just you fancy a pretty maiden of nineteen summers, attired in a light hazel coloured dress trimmed with red, having a beautiful yellow rose on her breast. And such a sweet lovable face! the very picture of health and good nature: soft brown hair and large blue eyes filled with liquid light; a serene, playful, happy expression—in fact, Joshua, to any fellow coming from the city tired and wearied with the riotous world, I can imagine nothing more soothing, nothing more refreshing, than to gaze for a few moments upon the extremely pleasant, open, sunny countenance of Miss Jessie Forman. There, now! And let me tell you

She's modest as ony and blithe as she's bonnie.

I am sure you will not be disenchanted though you hear that this paragon is the daughter—the only daughter—of the innkeeper here: more especially when you learn that the Rathie hostelry is highly respectable, and mine host and hostess much thought of. Won't you be delighted, you wanderer! to come and stay here from a Saturday till Monday? I shall undertake that you will be very comfortable, and that you will thoroughly enjoy yourself. Of course, the maid of the Inn would be the chief attraction. Perhaps you think I'm joking in assuming the role of matchmaker; perhaps so, but there is a serious tone in it, you may depend. Just look here. Jessie is healthy and nice looking; and with such a managing, energetic mother, she cannot fail to be exceedingly well trained.

Now, my boy, don't you imagine that she is but a simple country lassie, who has seen nothing of the world, and would not be a fit companion for a man who has, like yourself, travelled a good deal; let me inform you Miss Jessie has been two or three years at a boarding school in Edinburgh, and has seen a little bit of life. "Well, so far good," say you, "but what about her money?" Her money? She is worth a thousand pounds already! Not a doubt of it, Joshua, for what "a' body says ye ken maun be true." And it is easy to believe what the natives say—That the Formans are just coining money. You see they have quite a monopoly: not another Inn within a radius of five or six miles.

To be sure, the tocher is not the jewel for you; and I would never dream of telling you of Jessie if not well persuaded that she is really a fortune in herself. In any event, you must come north. I know you like dearly to spend a quiet Sunday in the country. Ah, you sly rogue!

Well do you know some half-dozen cosy howfs where you can take your Sabbatic rest. But just you try Rathie the first time you come to Redmuir, and all other places will hide their diminished heads. Why, besides the people of the Inn, who will give you the proverbial warm welcome, and something more, if I mistake not, you will have to pay a visit to Woodbank; and more delightful and more romantic than all, you must not forget to go to Linnburn Farm. Ah, Joshua! Joshua! Linnburn is a spot of surpassing loveliness. It beggars description. I cannot, however, tell whether the Queen of Linnburn will be there when you go. She is there just now, she is *there*, my child! And, oh for the eloquence of a seraph to tell you all about *her* when we meet. Joshua, my dearest, confidential chum, all this is *sub rosa* meantime, mind you.

But here's my grandad coming and I must stop, reserving my budget of news till we meet.

Remember me kindly to the old folks, to Marchmont and *all* his family circle near to you—might I not say *dear* to you:

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

DAVID GRAHAM.

JOSHUA LEADBETTER, Esq.,
Commission Merchant,
GLASGOW.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"They were blest beyond compare,
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun."
—*Principal Shairp.*

Thursday morning, 18th July, promised well for a ramble: true, the signs of heat were not the best adapted for mountain-climbing or for a grand view from the Ben. What about that, so long as the sun was shining and the ground was dry. Assuredly David Graham did not repine. Far from it: he thanked his stars for being favoured with a succession of golden days—golden in more senses than one. What cared he for the distant prospect? while the wild flowers and the purple heather formed his carpet, and, beside him—entrancing thought!—the lady he admired more than any other lady in the world! Wherever she walked was holy

ground, and a halo encircled her steps. The distant prospect, forsooth!

> Give him but what her girdle bound,
> Take all the rest the sun goes round.

As they had arranged to start from Linnburn at one o'clock, he was up betimes to breakfast so as to be ready for an early dinner: a fortunate thing, as it put him in capital trim for the journey.

Setting out at half-past twelve, he took the near way along the edge of the wood. He anticipated much pleasure this afternoon, although his feelings were not quite so romantic: to-day he was not to be the only guest of that delightful family from whom he had received such flattering attention, and he must be content with a share of their kindness.

Anon he reached the Golden gate. This is the second gate to be opened before entering the charming valley of Linnburn; and some of you, like Graham, may remember the advice given in an old *Tretyse of Fishing with Angle*—"Take good hede, that in going about your disportes ye open no man's gates, but that ye shet them again." Fortunately the farmer of Linnburn had hung his gates in such first-rate style that it was easy to open and shut them. So Graham closed the Golden gate with care. Pausing for a moment to consider which way he would go down the braes, his eye alighted on a tall fox-glove, standing like a sentinel beside the gate; he stooped to admire it, and there, to be sure, was a busy bee improving the shining hour in the purple bell. He chose the broad grassy path to the right, and moved along it for a bit: then he halted to survey the scene, which he found revealed new beauties every time he gazed upon it. But the scene never before looked so enchanting as it did at that moment when his delighted eyes beheld two ladies sitting in the hammock under the plane-trees, with the collie and the pet lamb beside them. One of the ladies was, no doubt, Miss Webster, but who was the other? Could it be Bella Muir? Possibly. As he drew nearer he observed that one of them had on a light-coloured dress, and, if he were not mistaken, the figure looked very like Miss Jessie Forman's. He hoped he was right—he would be so happy to have a good opportunity of knowing Jessie better.

"But where are the young ministers? No appearance of them anywhere. Have they been listening to the voice of the hermit, with his tempting offers?" sings softly—

"O tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes.

If they have, they are very callous pilgrims indeed, for no lover worthy of the name would linger the fractional part of a second." So Graham thought, flattering himself with the reflection, and anticipating no small enjoyment if he should have the honour and the exquisite pleasure of alone escorting these young ladies to the top of Ben Katelow.

"Hallo! here comes Mysie," he exclaimed, as he saw that affectionate creature scudding up the braes at full gallop to welcome him, having been despatched, no doubt, by the ladies, who were looking towards him and waving their handkerchiefs. The sheep cleared out of the collie's way pretty sharply, and then turned round to see what game Mysie was after next.

"Oh, Mysie, my bonnie, bonnie lass! is that you?"—patting her as she leaped frantically about him. "No wonder the tinker said you were a fine doggie. Ah, I wish your young mistress would welcome me with such signs of affection. Will the time ever come think you, Mysie? Let me caress you again for her sake. Now I shall deck you with flowers for your kindness;" and he plucked a few sprigs of the wild thyme bejewelling the edge of the pathway, and placing them among the glossy black locks of Mysie's neck, beckoned to her to rejoin the ladies at the hammock. And the intelligent creature, quickly understanding the sign, scampered off.

"Good morning!" said both ladies, rising from the hammock to shake hands with Mr. Graham.

"Good morning!" he responded cheerily.

Miss Webster, glancing at the floral decoration of Mysie's neck and smiling, said: "And so you've returned our messenger to let us know you are up to time."

"Yes: 'pun-provoking thyme.'"

"Which means courage, you know, in the language of flowers," said Miss Forman gaily: "and we are pleased to infer from this sign that you are not faint-hearted, and not at all a laggard in keeping your appointments."

Most humbly bowing his thanks, "Miss Forman, you put a very pretty interpretation upon the wild thyme. How quick-witted you ladies are! I assure you the thyme had no meaning—no allegorical meaning to me whatever: it was simply an impromptu decoration."

"Well, at any rate, you are up to time," said Miss Webster

archly, "and we are glad to see you; you are the only faithful swain: the other gentle shepherds haven't come. I had a note from Mr. Stephen saying that he and Mr. Scrymgeour could not be here till six o'clock—too late, of course, to think of Ben Katelow—but that they would be happy to take tea and spend the evening with us. It is a pity, but it can't be helped;" adding with a knowing smile, "Circumstances, I daresay, over which they had no control prevented them."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Graham, smiling in his turn at the stereotyped phrase, and glancing significantly towards Miss Forman, who was patting Mysie, remarked, "Mr. Stephen is very good at scaling mental heights, but I am not so sure of his ability for Ben Katelow on a hot day like this."

Miss Forman laughed at this remark as if it were funny. She had not yet seen Mr. Stephen, but very likely Miss Webster had posted her up regarding the young divine, and something had tickled her risible faculties.

"I thought," said Graham, "that both gentlemen had been taking the advice which a certain aged man and a hermit gave to the pilgrim of love: 'O tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes;' and so they seem to be."

This sly hit seemed to be much appreciated by the ladies: Miss Webster exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Graham, you can't expect the pale student to have the strength and lung power of your famous namesake. If you are 'breathed like the Graeme' the Ben will be child's play to you.

> Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
> And not a sob his toil confess."

"Ah, indeed! How very long-winded that namesake of mine must have been. But then, you see, he lived among the hills and had constant practice climbing them. True, I've had some practice in mounting stairs—a good deal of practice, in fact, as I happen to live in a top-flat; and, besides, there are plenty of stairs in the warehouse to trot up and down: so that after all I should not be so badly prepared for mountain-climbing;" glancing up towards the Ben.

"Oh, you needn't look at Ben from here," exclaimed Miss Forman; "he is not at all gigantic from this point of view. You don't know what a formidable fellow he is until you get up upon one of his shoulders."

"You have been on his head, I suppose, more than once, Miss Forman?"

"O dear no! I've never got beyond the feet of the noble Ben, but I hope to be better acquainted with him to-day."

"Don't you think it will be rather warm, Jessie?"

"What about the heat—we won't melt."

"We won't dissolve into a dew, I hope," said Graham.

"Well, I can tell you I have seen such a mist on the top of the Ben that there would have been some danger of dissolving in it." And Miss Webster gave a slight shudder at the very thought.

"Let us be off at once, Mary," cried Miss Forman, springing out of the hammock.

"Dear me, Jessie, there is no immediate hurry. Sit down, Mr. Graham, and rest you a bit; no time will be lost while waiting till it cools a degree or two."

While the ladies resumed their seats in the hammock, Graham sat down in front of them in a rustic chair, the handiwork of the farmer himself, and copied from one he had seen at Rathie Castle.

What a pleasant wayside inn you have, Miss Forman," said Graham; "and such a picturesque den yon is! I was greatly taken with it; and I thought how very much a friend of mine would have enjoyed the ramble we had yesterday. I was writing to him in the afternoon, just after I returned, and I told him to be sure and stay a Sunday at Rathie Inn the next time he comes to Redmuir or Lochdale. I took it upon me to say that he would be made exceedingly welcome by my friends in this quarter; so I trust you will make room for the traveller and shew him a little attention—for my sake to begin with."

"Certainly we shall be delighted to see him. I have no doubt that any friend of yours, Mr. Graham, would be made welcome even for his own sake." Miss Forman's face glowed with fresh beauty while making that happy reply.

"Thank you very much. Mr. Leadbetter—Mr. Joshua Leadbetter, I may mention, is my friend's name. He is a Commission Merchant in Glasgow, and has occasion to be north three or four times a year. I know he would like much to pass a Sunday at Rathie—especially with the prospect of cheerful company, and if there is music, so much the better; for my friend is very fond of music, and is himself an uncommonly fine singer."

"That would be splendid. Now I do hope, Mr. Graham, your

friend will be sure to come; I shall feel awfully disappointed if he doesn't, after you have raised my expectations. May I ask what like a gentleman he is?"

"Well, I might raise your expectations too high were I to describe Mr. Leadbetter; but this I shall say, you will find him a thorough gentleman, and although not a professed ladies' man, I am sure you will find him entertaining—and I think you will like his appearance."

"Tell Mr. Leadbetter to come by all means. Say how lonely, how *very* lonely we are; and that a visit from him would do us—Oh, ever so much good!"

"If Mr. Leadbetter was in our place just now," said Miss Webster, giving the hammock a swing, "and experienced the luxury of this sort of thing, he would be in no hurry to leave off. It is just on a sultry day like this that the charms of a hammock under the greenwood tree are fully realized. You can temper the heat nicely by a gentle motion; and a zephyr stirs such a myriad of tiny fans overhead, making the air so deliciously cool."

"Hear, hear!" cried Miss Forman gaily, "we, too, must have a hammock, though we haven't such splendid trees to hang it on."

"A capital idea, Miss Forman, and when my friend comes to Rathie he will have a luxury which very few hotels in Scotland can boast of."

"Very good. Don't forget to mention to Mr. Leadbetter about the hammock. It must be got at once."

After some further talk, Graham at length broke out with, "Well, ladies, shall we not be up and doing now? Shall we much longer,

> Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
> Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time?"

No sooner had he uttered these lines than Mr. Webster appeared at the Honeysuckle gate.

"Ay, ay, sirs; an' hae ye no taen th' hill yet? Gude mornin', Maister Graham. Hoo's the fowks up by?"

While Graham made answer, he observed that Mysie had risen and was hovering about her master, eyeing him intently as if waiting for orders, or to be taken notice of. Graham remarked about this loyalty of the collie to its master.

"Yes, I sometimes wonder mysel' at the cratur. I niver mak' a fuss wi' 'er, like you fowks, an' she disna' get her meat frae me

either, an' yet she'll trot efter me th' haill day an' show perfect obedience. But she winna do onything for the mistress, she'll no turn the sheep for her, an' yet she feeds th' cratur! Hoo's that Mysie, lass? Hoo d'ye differ frae a lion or a teeger in that respeck?"

"Fine question that, father, for the Zoological Society," said Miss Webster playfully. "But we must really make a start if we are to go."

Mr. Webster jestingly remarked that he would bring his long pole and help them safely across the ford.

"Oh, there is no danger to-day, father, all the stones are visible. Even Jessie will be able to skip across herself."

"Skip across!" exclaimed Jessie at the riverside, "easy for you, Mary, with so much practice. If it weren't for that ugly stone in the middle, I wouldn't be a bit frightened."

"Why, you needn't be afraid, Jessie," taking her by the sleeve, "you won't sink, cream always comes to the surface,—this"—alluding to her cream coloured dress—"this will float you like a cork jacket."

"Ay, its all very well for you to make fun of me, you who could skip across on one foot. I believe I could cross quite easily, if it weren't for these new boots."

Mr. Webster, who had come to the ford with the party, asked them to "hover a blink," and he would fetch his long pole with which he was in the habit of helping old and nervous women over: and turning on his heel ran off for it.

"Oh! don't mind it," cried Miss Forman. "Hey! come back: I'll get across quite well."

Returning, Mr. Webster eyed the frightened damsel with a comic twinkle. "I'll carry you over, Jessie, as I used to do; but sall yer no sae licht noo, an' it would be mair becomin' if this young gentleman would undertake the job."

"Oh, no, no. I'll manage fine. I'll take off my boots, and then there will be no danger of slipping."

Miss Webster started with affected alarm, then laughingly exclaimed: "Don't take off your boots, Jessie, or you'll make it a more *bootless* task than ever," quickly touching her shoulder to prevent her.

"By all means keep on your boots," urged Graham, joining in the merry laughter, "You know there is nothing like leather."

Immediately after this humorous counsel, and without the slightest hesitation, Miss Webster ran across the stepping stones and back again, just to shew her friend, Jessie, how easy it was. And then she led the way again, standing triumphantly for a few seconds on the doubtful stone to dispel Jessie's fears. In that way her courage was brought to the sticking place, and she stepped across with little difficulty.

This coquetting episode with the stepping stones, by keeping our friends at the river-side for a space, enabled them to inhale the fresh breeze off the water, and gave them a stimulus for the journey. Still, they could not help feeling that the "best and master thing" to do on such a hot day would be to linger by the shining river; Graham remarking that it would be the height of bliss to place a camp stool on the flattest stone near the middle, and sit there facing the stream. "Oh! it would be so refreshing to breathe an unlimited quantity of cooling draughts."

As they walked over the soft turf of brightest emerald on the other side the most fragrant odours filled the air, as if pressed from the wild flowers and the grass by their feet. "What a splendid show of ferns, queen of the meadow, forget-me-not, and fox gloves," Graham was remarking, when Miss Webster said softly, "Here comes Charlie Samson, our man-servant, if you please, a very obliging fellow he is."

As Charlie approached he glanced modestly at our party.

"Warm day, Charlie," said Miss Webster kindly; Miss Forman also giving him a friendly salute.

"Do you think we shall see anything from the top of the Ben this afternoon?" asked Miss Webster, smiling at the evident absurdity of the question.

"No verra muckle I'm feard," answered Charlie, solemnly shading his eyes with his hand and looking up and round about: "but mebbe th' mist 'ill clear awa' afore ye get to th' tap."

At Millburn Cottage (Charlie's house) they had to cross a tiny wooden bridge spanning a picturesque burn, running at right angles into the Rhymen, and then a gate to open; thence the ascent of the Ben might be said to begin.

No sooner had they passed through this gate than two ladies appeared, both of whom accosted Miss Webster and Miss Forman very cordially. The ladies were Mrs. Gray, the Factor's wife, and one of her daughters.

Miss Webster made anxious inquiries regarding Miss Ella, an invalid daughter, at home; and also about Mrs. Laing, the game-keeper's wife, who had been ailing for some time, and on whom she intended calling on their way up the Ben.

Meanwhile Graham, who was a stranger to the ladies, passed up the road a few paces, stopping to examine a yellow flower growing beside a tangled mass of broom and whin.

"Mr. Graham," called a clear musical voice. He looked round with a slightly startled air. Miss Webster smiled and beckoned him to approach. So he doffed his hat and advanced towards the ladies.

After being introduced, Mrs. Gray explained that she knew Mr. Brownlea, his grandfather, very well, and that she could not think of allowing his grandson to pass by without showing him some courtesy. She also mentioned the great interest which Mr. Brownlea was taking in the forthcoming Flower Show at Rathie, not forgetting to speak about his wonderful pansies; and asked particularly whether Mr. Graham expected to be present at the show.

He replied that unfortunately his holidays would be over before the day of the show. He would have liked very much indeed to see it, especially the grounds and gardens of the castle, which were open to the public that day.

"It is a pity you cannot come to the show, Mr. Graham; as for the grounds and the gardens, my husband would be glad to take you through them any time, although you would prefer to see them on the show day, when there will be an instrumental band present, and the Earl and Countess with their family moving about." Mrs. Gray wound up by inviting them all to Craighill on next Monday afternoon, to have tea and a little music. They could then also arrange for a visit to Rathie Castle.

Graham and his companions, having no other engagements they knew of, gladly accepted the kind invitation.

Resuming their journey, Miss Webster remarked: "This we may say is the first winding stair leading up to the Ben, Mr. Graham, and a pretty stiff pull it is to begin with. But one does not weary on the way with such a wilderness of wild flowers to delight the eye."

"It is indeed a highly ornamental stair-case. By the way, can you tell me the name of this?" plucking the yellow flower he was examining when called away.

Miss Webster smiled. "Oh, that is Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon; you see it is closed, and the sun is not far past the meridian."

"Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon," said Graham, laughing, "what a funny title. Is not Jack a wise gentleman of the oriental type, closing his eyes under this broiling heat? having in fact his siesta, like a sensible fellow of the olden time. I shall not forget about Jack."

When they reached the level highway, where they could breathe more freely, Graham, turning to Miss Webster, said: "Mrs. Gray is a pale-faced lady, and rather a striking contrast to her blooming daughter."

"Yes, so she is. The one who was with her has got her father's complexion; but poor Ella! who has long been an invalid, seems to take after the mother in every way—complexion, form, and disposition. There never was a more angelic creature than Ella Gray. Poor, dear Ella! she has not known what it is to be free from pain or uneasiness of some kind for the last dozen years. And yet what a model of patience and gentleness she is." As they walked along Miss Webster gave Mr. Graham some further details regarding her friend Ella, proving the girl to be singularly amiable in spite of her chronic ill-health.

Before climbing the Ben they had to walk along the road leading to Rhymen Kirk for nearly a mile, under the shade of fir trees, some of them the old Scotch kind, or bonnet fir; the quiet saunter westward with the valley spread out before them was most pleasing. The ascent began at the end of this strip of firs.

They had not gone far up the hill when they reached the game-keeper's house, and as Miss Webster had arranged to call and see his wife, they all stept in by to it. John, the husband, was out in the court-yard splitting fire-wood, and he at once invited them all to come in. As Mrs. Laing would likely be in bed, Graham hesitated about going into the house, making some excuse that he was a stranger and it would disturb her. But John would not hear of it, they must all go in and rest them awhile. Miss Webster, with ready womanly tact, solved the difficulty: she would go in first and prepare Mrs. Laing.

When the others entered, Miss Webster was sitting on the side of the bed holding the invalid by the hand, and with looks and words of tender womanly sympathy was doing her best to comfort her. Miss Forman, who also knew Mrs. Laing, advanced to the bedside and spoke to her in subdued kindly tones; but neither her

attitude nor her words were charged with the deep natural feeling manifested by Miss Webster. When the latter spoke, she bent forward and brought her face into a line with that of the sufferer; reminding one of the words of the Psalmist: *My heart said unto thee, Let my face seek Thy face.* Graham was touched by Miss Webster's expression of countenance and by the altered tones of her voice. What a surprising change! The gay and sprightly lady of a few minutes ago transformed into a perfect sister of mercy. Nor was it in kind words alone that Miss Webster's sympathy expended itself: she had brought with her some needful medicine, a fresh smelling bottle, and a packet of cough lozenges; assuring the grateful patient, before leaving, that she would take the chance of the first one crossing the ford for the Ben, to send her another supply, besides promising to come back soon again.

"What a motherly person she is this young lady," said Graham to himself, "and if she is so kind to one of her own sex, having no special claim upon her, how will she feel when the rich golden shaft, &c., &c.!"

While resting halfway up the hill and chatting pleasantly together, Miss Forman abruptly observed, "I fancy you must be a poet, Mr. Graham—you have such a pretty way of expressing yourself. What do you say, Mary? Will you second me if I move that Mr. Graham recite to us one of his own poems?"

"I shall be very glad indeed if Mr. Graham will favour us so highly"—supporting her words with an eloquent glance.

"Many thanks, ladies"—raising his hat; "you make a very flattering request. But I must tell you frankly that I am not a poet—not a professed poet, anyhow. If I were, I should, like the rest of them, be only too eager to read a production. I am unknown as a poet, I repeat, but it so happens that I have a short versified piece which must possess some merit, for it actually appeared in a local paper in leader type." He went on to explain that the poem was the only one he had ever sent to the press—or at least the only one that had ever been published; narrating also the circumstances which gave rise to its composition—thus briefly stated: There was to be a great Demonstration on the battlefield of Drumclog on the anniversary of the "famous victory," and as his friends Marchmont, Leadbetter, and himself had arranged to be there as spectators, he thought he would refresh his memory with the incidents of the battle: moreover, he found these so

spirit-stirring that it was a comparatively easy matter to throw them into verse. This poem he now carefully took from his pocket-book, remarking that he felt all the more disposed to read it seeing that they had been talking about the Covenanters. After unfolding the printed paper and bowing to the ladies—fit audience though few—he recited as follows:—

VERSES

Composed to be sung on the Battlefield of Drumclog.

Tune—"Scots wha hae."

Nigh two hundred years ago,
On this field the Victor's blow
Struck our country's direst foe,
Made him turn and flee.
Calm and fair that Sabbath morn,
Holy prayers on high were borne,
Came the twang of martial horn—
Came the hireling slaves.

Sad and moving was the sight
When the Watchman from the height
Fired a shot and ran with might—
Cried, "The foe has come."
Douglas told them Self-defence
Lawful was in highest sense,
Sanctioned by Omnipotence—
Justice to themselves.

And their burning sense of wrong
Made their arms feel doubly strong,
Made them pant to rush along—
Made them do or die!
Old and weak were brave and calm,
And they sang a cheering psalm,
Begged of Heaven the sacred palm—
Righteous victory!

Here our Sires with strength and skill
Fought with all their heart and will,
Dearest blood did nobly spill
For our Liberty.
Let this great and mighty throng
Shout a grand and solemn song
To commemorate the strong
Martyred on this field.

Celebrate the joyful hour
Crushed to earth the tyrant's power,
Reared a part of Freedom's tower
Guarding Church and Home.
Glory to our gracious God!
By whose aid our foes were trod,
Slain or routed on this sod,
That we might be free!

"Splendid!" cried Miss Forman, the moment the recital was over. The elder lady, however, who had been listening with rapt

attention, did not find utterance all at once; but when the author meekly turned his gaze to her the glowing face he beheld was far more eloquent and flattering than her spoken compliments shortly afterwards. She also begged to be allowed to shew the poem to her father—a lover of poetry, and one who had always taken a deep interest in the struggles of the Covenanters. Graham readily assented; stipulating, however, that the verses were not to be exhibited to the young ministers they were to see in the evening.

He then took out his watch, and, on seeing the time, gave a low whistle of surprise. "Well, ladies, if we are to go up higher, we had better not stand upon the order of our going, but go at once: there is no time to be lost if we intend to join our ministerial friends at tea."

"Oh, we must really finish our journey," cried Miss Forman, springing to her feet: "it would never do to go home and say we weren't able, or were too lazy to go to the top. What do you say, Mary?"

"Well, you know, Jessie, it is no object to me to get to the summit; I would rather leave you and Mr. Graham to decide."

"Very good. Then, as Mr. Graham is a stranger in these parts, I move that he be our umpire."

Graham humorously accepted office, and forthwith began to deliver his judgment:

"Ladies, I presume that our chief object in wishing to top the Ben is in order to get a grand view. Well, the mist will not permit of that. We are all agreed on that point. Shall we, therefore, make a toil of the journey for the empty boast of saying that we were at the top? I think not. Had we arranged to meet our friends there it would have been our duty to fulfil our promise, notwithstanding the heat and the mist; or had we been very curious to examine the soil or the plants on the highest peak, there would be some reason for prosecuting the ascent. But our friends are to meet us at the base of the mountain, so to speak, and what do we care for the geology or the botany of the summit? Not much, I suppose. Our prime object, in addition to the pleasure of the walk, was to get a glorious view. I, for one, would be very glad indeed to look down on Lochdale and The Haws—and even cast my eyes as far as the sea at Montrose"—(Miss Webster blushed a little at the mention of Montrose). "But it's no use, ladies, in this hazy atmosphere: so, in my humble opinion, we should postpone the ascent to a clearer day."

"Agreed," said both ladies.

On their way down the mountain side Miss Webster promised them some recompense for leaving the Ben thus early: they would just be in time to gaze on Millburn at the very height of its beauty. Wishing her friends to feast their eyes on this lovely scene, bathed in the golden rays of the westering sun, she had deferred calling their attention to its various charming features until their return journey.

After hearing that, Miss Forman (what an impulsive lassie!) proposed a run down the hill with a view of getting to Millburn as quickly as possible—they must not lose the bewitching scenery by being too late for the proper sunlight. So off they scampered right merrily.

They had lingered by the way on the upward journey; now they lost no time in returning. Before long they were on the steep, winding pathway leading to the river—a very appropriate entry to so romantic a place as Millburn you would think, when you beheld the wilderness of bushes and wild flowers adorning the high and rugged banks of the burn rushing towards the Rhymen past Charlie Samson's cottage.

The gate is closed behind them—again they are within the charming enclosure of Millburn. Standing on the wooden bridge, overhung with clusters of wild roses, they watch Charlie's children paidlin' in the burn, trying to catch wee minnows with their hands.

"Now, is this not a lovely spot?" exclaimed Miss Webster with enthusiasm. "I may be ultra-patriotic, or home-sick, or whatever may be the reason, I tell you frankly there is no place in the wide world—excepting Linnburn—that I love and admire so much as this sweet spot. It is no poetical license to sing—

> Here Simmer first unfaulds her robes,
> And here she langest tarries.

It is the fact—the real, simple fact. The opening in the hills yonder"—pointing with her finger—"and the deep ravine leading down to our farm, allow the earliest sunbeams to gild Millburn; and"—turning round—"observe how the ground has sloped gently down on this side, permitting the setting sun, as he now does, to flood the scene with golden radiance, while poor Linnburn, as you see, is steeped in shadows. Is it not singular how Nature has lavished her favours on this humble dwelling? Look! how sweetly the sunbeams sleep on the thatched roof of the cottage, and how

these lordly ash-trees spread their arms tenderly over it as if breathing a benediction!"

"It is indeed a very sweet idyllic scene," said Graham with quiet rapture.

"I was sure you would agree with me. I cannot imagine a happier playground for children; and these bairns, mark you, have a monopoly of it, with nothing to fear—well," smiling, "unless, perhaps, that restless stirk of ours when it casts an envious eye on this rich pasture, and dashes across the river to steal a bite of it."

They next walked up the side of the burn a few yards, to where it emerges from the rocky defile overhung with brambles, rowans, and wild-roses, Miss Webster leading the way as descriptive guide. Pointing to the focus of greatest beauty, she resumed, "Quite a fairy grotto, is it not? lit up with rose colour for our special benefit! How lush and green the ferns are! and how fresh the moss on the boulders where the big speckled trout play hide and seek. I remember with what pleasing awe I used to peep into this twilight gorge when the sun went down, or perhaps not shining at all. One would not expect to find a rocky gorge like this so near a shallow burnie, and it is so hidden by branches that only the enterprising explorer finds it out. So you are all the better of having a native with you to exhibit the lions."

"Very much the better, I am sure," said Graham with a grateful look.

"Come now, please, and I'll shew you the well." So they walked along the meadow till near the centre, and there they beheld a sight for a painter—the perennial fountain at the breast of the brae, shaded by a silver birch.

"Perhaps you think our mossy well, gemmed with violets, prettier than this. And so it is—just now. But in very dry weather, where is our sparkling water? Echo answers—'where?' This, I repeat, is a perennial fountain: when the stream at our pipe is a mere thread, here the water is plentiful. When all around is parched and dry, this bonnie wee well is indeed the 'diamond of the desert.' So you see what rare privileges and advantages our friend Charlie and his family enjoy in their miniature castle and grounds."

Graham cordially endorsed every word. But indeed it was impossible to do otherwise after listening to such a speaker on scenes she loved with all her heart and soul. At that witching

hour of roseate sunlight, not only Nature, but Nature's darling masterpiece—lovely woman!—shone resplendent. While Miss Forman may have smiled at her friend's enthusiasm, and perhaps, also, at the unconscious air of the schoolmistress she had assumed in her capacity of guide, Mr. Graham was deeply touched by the revelation of a noble soul. To his love-lit eyes all the movements of its fair owner were the perfection of grace—to his ear all her words the most enchanting music. While the sun gleamed on her beautifully inspired face,

> Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say her body thought.

SKETCHES FROM IRVINESIDE.

By JOHN MUIR, F.S.A. Scot.

"Irvineside! Irvineside!"—*Burns.*

III.

THE seven ages of the ordinary man, as acted on the little stage of this village, are hardly what one would term Shakespearean. Not because the ordinary man does not sufficiently violate the unities, which Shakespeare, dramatically, knew so well how to set at naught; but because the factors that go to make up the striking features of the ordinary man's existence do not lend themselves to dramatic representation—at least, not on paper, which is the only medium we can command here. The ordinary man, in some instances as I have known him, could violate more unities in the space of a single day than Aristotle and his learned successors at Alexandria could invent in a month. The life of this type of ordinary men is one long drawn discord grating on the ear of everybody within hearing of it, and intolerable to live with even for an hour, unless you are able, as some appear to be, to pretend not to hear the discord, or in reality to be so dull as actually not to hear it. Of ordinary men like this, there are, unfortunately, too many. He sings the Psalm of Life to the wrong tune pitched on the wrong key; and with his wife and children singing the same wrong tune on the same wrong key, with the additional disadvantage of being out of harmony with each other, the result is a combination of screeches and unmelodious noises and wailings enough to enkindle the rage of gods and men alike.

The transplanting and dibbling of leeks, for example, is not a very tragical occupation, even for a man whose nervous system is more susceptible of the subtle influences of life than the ordinary man's. Neither is coal digging anything of a comedy as the miners would be glad to tell us, could we spare the time, which, unfortunately, we cannot, to listen to their plaint. We need not unnecessarily open the flood-gates of centuries of pent-up feelings, grievances unheard of in the annals of industrial history; and some things perhaps calculated to disturb one's vanity, of which

most people now-a-days have enough and to spare. Weaving, again, is perhaps as little conducive to poetry as building dry dykes, although Shakespeare thought differently, when he wished to be a weaver that so he might sing. But then Shakespeare never was a weaver; and that, believe me, makes all the difference. John Wright, the Galston Spencer, as I like to think of him, was a weaver; but neither his weaving nor his singing brought him much good, although his contemporaries have told me that his abilities as a wabster were unquestionable; and his *Retrospect* gives evidence of more faculty, in the musical way, than the half-dozen volumes produced by his townsmen and successors. But, alas! for the anacreontic flavour of his lyrics. The goblet may have been of gold, but there was death in the liquor for poor Wright.

On many a winter evening by the fire, the red flames dancing fantastically and repeating their capers on the dark walls of the kitchen, have I heard McSpurkle remarking that "Weavin's din, man; clean din."

"Aye, an' dyke biggin's no muckle better, if no waur," has McCroudie answered, emphasizing his observation by taking the pipe out of his mouth, which was never otherwise removed, not even to expectorate, except when it required to be replenished. On these occasions I was an attentive listener. It is worth while hearing what a man has to tell who has been travelling along the path of life, say, forty years in advance of you, and who has laboured during the best part of his life at an occupation entirely foreign to you, and in a part of the world with surroundings wholly unfamiliar to you. It is like exchanging experiences in a mountaineering party with one of the number who is a long way ahead, and on a different part of the hill. For there is not a man living who has not some knowledge to communicate if he or we could only get at it. But this is precisely the ticklish point. We are so little interested in each other, and so wholly absorbed in our own concerns, that we cannot afford the time to give our fellows a fair hearing. Before we have done more than merely exchanged the usual civilities, we have to separate; and brief as the interview has been, we have probably succeeded in giving mutual offence and are consequently further from understanding each other than if we had never met. One man wished to thrust on you an obligation, which you refused. Hence your pride, which it was predicted would bring you to the dust. Another would have liked

to do the cheap patron. Him you repelled, as Johnson did Chesterfield. Therefore you are a saucy fellow, whom it is no use trying to push forward. A third invited you to his table, but the invitation took away your appetite, and you stayed at home. It is evident that you are too big for your boots, and that these are wearing out rapidly. A fourth may have thought his table a great attraction, and the chief reason for your visits, and that any little thing you could do would help to keep the debt within reasonable bounds. Him you cut off as unworthy of your friendship; but you have not starved since, which we shall be very glad if you will kindly explain.

In the battle of life you are bound to give and to take blows. You cannot escape, even if you would. Were you but the most insignificant drummer-boy your duty compels you to protect your person and your instrument; and your life is as precious to you and as dear to your kindred as the General's to his Duchess-mother. You want to meet natural men, but you will not find them. They are simply not to be found outside the region of Sunday School literature, search as you may. Every man is cased in armour, so that you cannot feel his heart beat, even were you sure that its action denoted anything but the propulsion of the blood.

Under ordinary circumstances a miner's calling is the least engaging of all the occupations followed by men. Dangerous and unhealthy in the extreme, and not without a demoralising tendency, his whole life is spent in grim wrestlings with a black, treacherous monster, which he hardly sees through the thick atmosphere of smoke and dust pregnant with pollution and disease, faintly illuminated by a tiny lamp which he carries hooked on to the front of his cap. A dull grey and olive haze encircles him for days, until he is forced to retreat from the struggle with a pneumonial complaint, if not previously laid aside with rheumatic cramp, brought on by working daily in several inches of water, with the same element raining down on him from the roof, and spouting out from the sides of the coal seam.

Many thousands of tons of coal the miners have wrung from the niggardly grasp of Nature; but these bear a small proportion to the ship loads lying unclaimed in the back parlour of the Sparrow-hawk Inn, Penny Wheep's public. I never tasted Penny Wheep's beverages, but I have heard them described as "unco guid" by one whose judgment I would not care to put to a practical test. Penny

Wheep, as becomes his profession, is a considerate man, and so long as his customers respect his plaster he is indifferent about the quantity of coal dug, so long as it is moderately well moistened, "jist to lay the stour a wee." Inspired by bold John Barleycorn, the miner for the time forgets all about black and choke damp, and the other fiery and throttling giants, the dread of his work-a-day life. Throwing every consideration to the winds, he will produce during the consumption of a little liquor sufficient coal to outlast most strikes; and it is not until the following morning that the muddled condition of his head reminds him that he dug and dipped not wisely but too well, and that the dust and smoke he created sufficiently account for his empty pockets and parched tongue.

Most of my readers have heard of Tam Glen. Ask any schoolboy the question and he will answer with a ready affirmative. He will tell you that Tam Glen is the hero of one of Burns's best songs bearing that title. This is true enough, but my Tam Glen was a more substantial man than any of the shadowy heroes that flit intermittently across the Elysian fields of poesy and romance, for he was none other than Thomas Glen, pit-headman at No. 6 pit, belonging to the Coalgum and Riddlings Colliery Company, Ltd., and lived in a little house near the banks of the Irvine. His duties as pit-headman occupied that portion of his time not spent in his small garden, or in wrangling with his guidwife, a woman with whom it was almost impossible to live in harmony, unless you had infinite good humour, or could frustrate her erratic movements when these threatened to come into collision with your own mode of existence. Unluckily, Tam was woefully deficient in these qualities. Hence he was driven to adopt what he fondly hoped would prove to be remedial measures, but which, ochon! proved quite the reverse.

Mrs. Glen was perhaps twenty years younger than her husband, to whom she had been married for about five years at the time the incident took place which I shall relate. She was a good enough woman, according to her lights, only that these were, like the will-o-the-wisp, zig here, zag there; leading her into all sorts of bogs and marshes, ending in trouble to herself and annoyance to everybody concerned. The good woman, in short, was afflicted with a mania for practical joking. Not that she was inattentive to the duties of her home or its head. By no means. But her time not being fully occupied, and being of a sprightly nature, she contrived

to leven the staleness of existence with a spice of humour, which took a turn that only can be pleasing to one party—that is, the humorist. Her jokes, when successfully perpetrated on some unsuspecting neighbour, were much appreciated by Tam; and he and his spouse often chuckled in secret over the success which attended her *canards*, and the discomfiture of her victims. But when Tam himself was victimised by his spouse his wrath knew no bounds.

Matters had gone on in their course for five years: Tam attending to his work, and filling up his spare time by attending to his garden. Mrs. Glen looked after her domestic affairs, but found time to develop the faculty which was the sole cause of all their strife and bickerings. Tam grew daily less and less inclined to relish her jokes. In short, with the aid of a neighbour to whom Tam related his grievances over a tappit-hen in the Sparrow-hawk, our hero had conceived a plan against the approaching first of April which he fondly hoped would be the means of curing his spouse of her eccentricities.

"Man, Tam," said this neighbour, Baldy Bane, as they sat smoking their pipes in the back parlour of the Sparrow-hawk,—"Man Tam, I wud droon mysel in the big watter afore I wud alloo ony wife to cairy on at sick a rate. My certy, if she had me to dale wi' she would fin' a michty difference. But I'll tell ye whit," continued Baldy, who took the little black cutty he was sucking out of his mouth to spit, at the same time emptying the beer-pot—"gif ye tak my advice, I wud say: pay her back in her ain coin, and that 'ill sort her." Here Baldy very sturdily rapped the table with his horny fists; in response to which the landlady's niece, Christy Swagger, having replenished the source of inspiration, the rustic oracle continued: "Try this plan, Tam. The nicht afore Hunt the Gowk gang tae yer bed at yer usual time, merely saying, in a kin' o' indifferent way, 'I dinna jist feel athegither weel the night.' Keep waking till its Tuesday mornin, and then let on that yer unco din, and groan like a bear wi' a burnt fit, and cry out for the doctor. When the mistress gets up and gaes awa for the doctor, rise and bar the door and keep her out a' nicht, and see hoo that 'ill dae." Here Baldy burst into a loud laugh, as he finished the recital of his rudely concocted plan.

"I'll dae't, Baldy! I'll dae't! sure as death I'll dae't, man!" cries Tam, whose eyes gleamed with the certain triumph he anticipated.

Monday evening the 31st of March came, and with it Tam's

resolve was firmer than ever to try the experiment which had looked so plausible through the media of Barleycornian fumes. He went through his usual Monday evening routine; delved a bit of his garden; read the *Weekly Mail;* smoked his pipe, and interchanged the gossip of the hour with the innocent Mrs. Glen. About nine o'clock, Baldy, on his way home, looked in upon his neighbour. "And hoo dae ye think yer noo, Tam," Baldy enquired in his careless way, leaning his shoulder against the door-post, as he held the door half open and looked in towards the inmates who were sitting at the fire—Tam in his big chair, and his wife on a stool. "Lod, man," returned Tam, "I think I'm gaighlies." "An' whit's wrang wi' ye," interjected Mrs. Glen, who heard of his illness for the first time. "O jist a bit pain in the stamack, I dinna think it's worth bothering about" added the heroic Tam, who certainly bore up bravely under his load of imaginary affliction. He continued: "I'm jist gaun to my bed as soon as I finish this smoke, an' nae doot it'ill be a' richt in the mornin',"—with a significant wink to Baldy, who, feeling that all was going well, shut the door, and made for his own home, which was about a quarter of a mile distant.

About one o'clock on Tuesday morning Mrs. Glen was rudely awakened from her slumbers by Tam, who, uttering a most unearthly groan, and giving his bed-fellow a punch on the arm, caused her to rise on her elbow and exclaim: "Whit's wrang wi' ye, Tam! Whit in a' the worls wrang wi' ye!—Is yer stamack waur?" "Aye! aye!" groaned the poor, afflicted sufferer; "rin an' get the doctor or I'll dee!" and he threw his arms about in an agony of despair, which plainly indicated that he would be as good as his word. He had scarcely given this muscular proof of the intense pain he was suffering, when his wife was on the floor; and in less than half a minute afterwards was hurrying on her way to the house of Dr. Druggs, one of the two practitioners of the Æsculapian art in the district. Leaving her message, she ran home at a trotting pace; for, besides the urgency of the case, the night was cold, and a drizzling rain was falling, making the air feel raw, conditions least of all favourable to a person hurriedly and scantily clad, who a short time before was lying snugly in bed.

Returning to her house, she made to open the door, but in vain. Thinking that she had perhaps locked it, she applied the key, which she turned and returned in the lock, but without effect. Then she

tried the window, but it also refused to be moved. She was therefore reluctantly compelled to call upon Tam to try and muster as much strength as to relieve her from the predicament in which she found herself. No sooner had she made known her request, than Tam, with a long pent-up laugh, cried, "Hunt the Gowk!" The whole situation flashed on her at once, and she inwardly cursed herself for having been so easily duped; and after expressing her outraged feelings with her voice, emphasizing her remarks with her hands and feet with which she battered on the door, she was reduced to a women's extremity. But the tears which have been known to trickle into the hardest heart, melting it with the dews of human pity and sorrow, causing a responsive stream to well up and bubble over with the tiny rills which set it in motion, produced no effect on our hero, who, although he could not but hear his wife's piteous sobs, did not see the copious flow of tears by which these were accompanied. And it would have mattered little even if he had. Tam, with a nonchalance which suited his unemotional nature, smoked his pipe, cosily enjoying himself and grinning from ear to ear with unbounded satisfaction.

After a lapse of half-an-hour, Mrs. Glen went away in the direction, and for the purpose of asking a night's shelter from Mrs. Baldy Bane. She had not taken many steps before a brilliant idea struck her. Why not pretend to commit suicide by throwing into the water a log of wood that chanced to be lying on the bank? A satanical smile crept over her face as she stooped to raise the end of the log and throw it into the stream. Uttering a farewell cry, she hid behind the gable of the house to observe what the result would be. Tam heard the splash. In an instant a shiver crept over his frame, and the cold sweat started from his forehead like pearl beads. His brow assumed the colour of the pale grey ash which flew from his pipe as it fell on the hearth in a thousand pieces. Without thinking what he did, he rushed from his chair. One bold leap carried him through the window, and another, with a desperate plunge, into the river, which was considerably swollen with the recent rain. He struggled lustily in the direction of the figure floating on the surface of the water a few yards ahead. Just as he, in breathless agony of despair and joy, clasped the log in his arms and pressed it to his panting breast, his better half, coming out from her hiding place, saluted him with "Hunt the Gowk!" adding, with biting irony, that she hoped his bath would do him

good. Hearing the doctor's hasty footsteps approaching, she flew into the house by the ingress Tam had made in his hurried exit, leaving our worthy to explain to his medical adviser how he came to take the treatment of his "awfu' sair stamack" into his own hands.

The Brownie of Blednoch.

BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

ANNOTATED BY J. G. CARTER, F.S.A. SCOT.

THE "Brownie of Bednoch" first appeared in the *Dumfries Magazine* for 1825, and soon spread the fame of Nicholson far beyond the bounds of his native Galloway, and secured for him that wider recognition which Dumas considered the test of true genius, and which M. Renan has called "the glory that is not altogether vanity."

There cam' a strange wight to our toun-en',
And the fient a body did him ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glare like the glow o' the west
When the drumlie cloud has it half o'ercast;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest—
O sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape and a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak',
"Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?"

O! had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight
As he stauket in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, "Aiken-drum!"

"Sauf us!" quoth Jock, "d'ye see sic een?"
Cries Kate, "There's a hole where his nose should hae been;
And the mouth's like a gash which a horn had ri'en;
Wou! keep's frae Aiken-drum!"

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brack as he men't the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted hair on his breast did rest,
A lang blude beard wan'ered doon like a vest;
But the glare o' his e'e nae bard hath exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
And his knotted knees played aye knoit between;
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain,
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasped her wane,
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canny auld wife cam' till her breath,
And she deemed the Bible might ward aff scaith,
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it fear't na Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld gudeman;
"What wad ye, where won ye, by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye—speak—by the Beuk in my han'!"
What a grane gaed Aiken-drum!

"I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by;
But I'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

"I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,[1]
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
An' baa the bairns wi' an unken'd tune,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirn the kirn and I'll turn the bread;
And the wildest fillie that ever ran rede
I'se tame't," quoth Aiken-drum!

"To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell—
To gather the dew frae the heather bell—
And to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

[1] On one occasion, Brownie had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bucht at an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them. Upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, Brownie exclaimed, "Confound thae wee gray anes! they hae cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them."

The Brownie of [illegible] and dark

By WILLIAM N[illegible]

ANNOTATED BY J. G[illegible]

THE "Brownie of Be[illegible] Aiken-drum."
Magazine for 182[illegible]
far beyond the [illegible]skirled, "He's no be here!
for him tha[illegible] gars us swarf wi' fear,
the test of true g[illegible]ane will the hoose come near,
that is not alto[illegible] think but o' Aiken-drum."

The[illegible]d and a stalwart ghaist is he,
A[illegible] sits broodin' aboon his e'e-bree,
[illegible]hancie to light o' a maiden's e'e
[illegible]s the grim glower o' Aiken-drum.

[illegible]pair slipmalalves! ye hae little wit:
Is't na hallowmas now, and the crap out yet?"
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit:
"Sit yer wa's doon, Aiken-drum."

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune,
By the streamer's gleam or the glance o' the moon:
A word, or a wish—and the brownie cam' sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade ay awa' ere the sun was up,
He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup;[1]
They watched—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

On Bledloch banks, and on crystal bree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he:
While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

[1] A communion cup, belonging to Macmillan, a well-known ousted minister of Balmaghie, and founder of the body lately known as the Reformed Presbyterian, now in union with the Free Church of Scotland—a church in Castle Douglas bearing his name. Mr. Macmillan was minister of Balmaghie for more than two years, and was deposed for his nonconformity to the Established forms of Church Government in December, 1703. He died 1st December, 1753, at Broomhill in Lanarkshire, at the venerable age of 84 years. This cup was treasured by a zealous disciple in the parish of Kirkcowan, and long used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons. If, on taking the precious relic into his hand, the person trembled, or gave other symptoms of agitation, he was denounced as having bowed the knee to Baal, and sacrificed at the altar of idolatry; and it required through his future life no common exertions in the good cause to efface the stigma.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' frippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

He learned decide, when they convene,
Spell was him an' the breeks between;
That day forth he was nae mair seen,
And sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,[1]
Crying, "Lang, lang now may I greet and grieve,
For alas! I hae gotten baith fee and leave,
Oh, luckless Aiken-drum!"

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pros and your cons wad ye decide
'Gainst the 'sponsible voice o' a hale country-side
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;[2]
And mony a wife and mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe and sneer
At spiritual guests and a' sic gear
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
And looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

And guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set and the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

farm in the parish of Penninghame, belonging to William Dunbar of Mochrum.

t is a curious fact worth notice, that in the neighbouring parish of Whithorn, west of the Burrow Head within the tide-mark, there is a large flat stone, on the prints of human footsteps of all sizes are plainly discerned; they are ılly known by the name of the *Deil's Fitsteps*, and have the appearances as if niscuous multitude of barefooted people had trodden on a bed of soft clay.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

"Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman."—*Burns.*

I.

THE aroma from a newly turned divot of earth lying by the gateway is refreshing and sweet to the nostrils in the springtime of the year. Soil thrown up, the weeds dug and buried, their rootlets left to dry in the sun. Moisture unearthed, rising as the team drags slowly along, "feering" the meadow. On the surface of the lea, long glossy black lines mark out the boundaries for the ploughing. The plough-board leaves a smooth face upon the mould, and the sun reflects from its plained surface. The jackdaws come from the towers, and the rooks from the mansion-house woods. Starlings and finches run over the earthy billows. Gulls from the seacoast ten miles away scream above the ploughman's head. Jackdaws are not so numerous in the shires as they are about the towns, but the finches and linnets make up the deficiency. All are eager for the worms and grubs thrown up by the plough. Starlings especially make good their foothold, although the true tenants of the fields—the rooks—work the ground in a more masterly fashion. An early lark rises over the meadow and sings. In an hour a score are vocal in the sky. 'Mid the songs of larks and the chattering of starlings, the caw of rooks and the whistle of the ploughman, the team work pleasantly, and feel the awakening spirit that is abroad. The team top the brae, and the ploughman bends as he swings round at the head rig. The earth is warm—a stream of heat from horse and earth floats aslant.

A ploughman behind a team of horses considers himself the one great object on the landscape. It is good that it is so, for this simple fact redounds to his own satisfaction and his master's benefit. It is innocent self-importance. The farmer gets his work accomplished expeditiously and conscientiously. It is to the worker's

credit that he gives of his best, for his very heart is in his duty. The satisfaction of doing his work well recompenses both the employee and employer. The greatest ambition of the ploughman is to be what his name implies. His desire is so to work that the exhibition of his talent as a hewer of the earth's crust may find his name and fame held in high esteem by his fellow-labourers. The appreciation of his kindred is dear to his heart, and their applause finds a warm corner in his affections. The work directly connected with byre, stable, and cattle-courts he by no means regards with favour. Even carting is performed with a certain degree of careless repose, as if the man had ample leisure and played with his work. Had he the arrangements of the day in his keeping he would relegate all those minor duties to another, and yoke his team to the plough. This department of field labour is the very cornerstone of his ambition. It is no child-play with the worker. It is a real abiding love for the work.

Nowhere on the face of the globe is the tilling of the soil so carefully and deliberately performed as in Scotland. The Continent of Europe has not to be considered, neither the extensive wheat lands of America. In Scotland there is no scratching of the surface of the earth, nor leaving of wracky divots as great blotches on the leaves of nature's book. A Scotsman ploughs, grubs, harrows, rolls, and ploughs again, gathering the weeds and carting the wrack to the lime-heap. The field is one broad plain of pulverised mould. There is no half measure with the Celt. If the land be dressed for turnips the work is always of the highest order. No rule of thumb exists. Every movement is duly reasoned out, and from the first step of the horses "feering" the meadow until the thinning of the turnips, everything is done in the most orderly fashion. Every furrow the ploughman makes he turns at the head rigs to criticise his own handiwork, and to note any inaccuracies existing. Uniformity is the desired end. Even in the sister country there exists a crude and ready style of farming that could and would not hold its own in Northern Britain. The English neglect of farming, considered from a Scottish ploughman standpoint, is a direct slur on the business as a commercial pursuit. And yet the Celt is not so much of a market gardener as his southern brother. Were the English farmers to apply their energies in the direction of their fields, in place of limiting such to the boundaries of their garden hedges,

they would be nearer the Scot in their system of agriculture. The Scottish farmer walks over his fields and neglects his garden, while the Englishman digs and smokes in the latter, leaving the fields to the care of others. The Scot is broader in his commercial arrangements, and performs his farming operations on a more extensive scale. Both the English and Irish nations look upon the Scotsman as a hard-headed, providential being of luck, but it is only the result of well-applied mental and physical labour that turns his farm into a successful venture. If agricultural depression is to be solved, it will be the work of a Scot. No other nation owns the stamina—the force of character—the evolved experiences of years—to enable it to successfully work the problem out. And there is no class of men equal to the ploughmen of the Scottish shires for the special work allotted them. There are certainly degrees of perfection in the ranks of the ploughmen, but, speaking generally, there are no workmen who fit in, and perform their duties so well as Scottish ploughmen.

A man to be looked upon as a "guid hand" seldom finds any difficulty in feeing on the best terms his district acknowledges. A good ploughman is always a careful horseman. The difference noticeable between a tidy and a slovenly ploughman is a most striking characteristic of rural life. A ploughman who is attentive to his personal appearance and that of the horses under his charge may be reckoned a man of superior calibre. The charge of horses in itself is a responsibility that the majority of ploughmen seldom give serious thought to. In all my wanderings I am constrained to give the palm to the north country ploughmen in this special line. Aberdeenshire men appear to have a greater love and admiration for their horses than many who live in other shires. They seem to get much nearer, and appear on more friendly terms with their horses. The sympathy between man and horse is more defined, and the latter act much sweeter at their work. To know the wants of a horse, and to give ungrudgingly the time and labour requisite to the demand, is in a manner a strong test of love and sympathy. Many ploughmen turn in their horses as if they were mere machines. The feeding, watering, and bedding are done as a piece of mechanical labour. In health or disease the horse is treated to the usual routine of labour and stall, stall and labour. Farmers themselves are in a measure to blame for this want of sympathy. It may be the result of a closer

communion between master and servant that gives this trait to the more northern portions of Scotland. Whatever be the fundamental cause, the relationship existing between the dumb animal and his driver is one of the commendable features of rural life in the counties beyond the Esks.

Cutting and laying the earthy billows with almost mathematical precision may seem an easy task to the untutored hand and eye; yet many a man spends a great portion of his life between the handles of the plough, and dies without being considered a ploughman in the deeper sense of the word. To be recognised by rustic critics as a "guid hand," the man must possess no ordinary precision, combined with a true knowledge of the principles of the craft. The ploughman steps between the handles, and gathers up the reins. The plough-line vibrates along the flanks of the horses, as he quietly speaks to his horses and grips the handles of the plough. The horses move forward to their collars, and a tremor passes along the tightening chains, and the coulter digs into the mouldy earth. There is no hurry, no jerk—only a slow, steady movement of man and horses. The art of moderating the draught is acquired from years of practice. A light hand on the plough makes a comparatively light day's work for the horses. This perfection is not attained without its initial stages, its hard work, and direct application and study. Speak well of a ploughman's furrows, and you get straight to his heart. No greater honour falls to his share than to be selected as the representative of his employer at some neighbouring Love-darg. A Love-darg is one of the best of rural scenes. It is a vinous offering of friends to the esteemed one—a love token of help—a poetic tribute 'mid the rough prose of daily toil.

The sons of the soil extract from the special section of ploughing far more healthful enjoyment than can possibly be procured in most other branches of industry. Every ploughman criticises the work of his fellow-labourer. Men who have trod the furrows in early life and adopted other professions retain during their lifetime a vivid interest in the lines cut upon the sward. Many labourers will travel miles on Sabbaths and other off-days to examine and compare decisions relative to the merits of the various fields that may be favourably spoken of during the preceding week.

And yet, with all this, a ploughman's existence is in many

respects not an enviable one. The moment he passes through the field-gate and feels the hard macadamised surface beneath him, he becomes quite a different being. He is at home 'mid the riggs and grasslands, but so soon as divorced from the pastures he becomes awkward in gait and manner. Accustomed to feel the mould slide outwards and kindly encompass his hard shoe leather before the particles become solid and arrest his weight, he finds the roadway plain and smooth, with no earth to cling around his feet in friendly pressure. The road is free and open, and no mud settles upon the soles of his heavy boots. This puts him out, and he feels unsettled. He plants his feet upon the turnpike as if his frame moved on stilts. There is no grasp of earth, no sinking before he gains bottom. It is too glassy and smooth—too free for his stride. Used to holding the plough and treading always the soft land, his leg goes forward a good pace before it reaches *terra firma*. Freed of the plough, he yet relies on its support. Being accustomed to its movement, and to feel himself carried forward without much exertion, he brings his field lessons to the turnpike. With stiff joints, like most outdoor labourers, he bounces, rocks, and swings, bending far forward in his walk. His left shoulder is high set compared with the other, while his arms sway wildly with every movement of his body. Thus he "danders doon the road."

II.

Realising that farmers and field-labourers depend on the vicissitudes of the seasons, it is a remarkable fact that very few of them know very much about the sciences pertaining to the atmosphere and its phenomena. It is only of late years that the younger generation have gleaned a few fragments of knowledge of the very soils they work. Although both farmer and ploughman are in daily contact with the beauties of Nature, they seldom see or heed the spots of interest set upon the landscape, or note the minor touches painted about the hedges and waysides. Just as a fisherman knows nothing of a seascape—only the winds and tides for the purposes of his vocation—so in like manner the people bred and reared in the shires look upon the months of the kalendar in the light of commercial gods. Doubtless it is only human nature after all. The proverb "Familiarity breeds contempt" is ever receiving due homage. Tourists and holiday-makers see far more of the country

than the natives do in most instances. March goes out and April showers soften the rolled corn-fields—they come and go as if previously arranged at the Farmers' Association Dinner. The seasons have no curve, no angle marked upon the plan, no lines drawn across the map of the year. Spring draws nearer almost unknown. The greenness intensifies, and the buds break from the dull colour of the tree bark. Summer floods the land, and autumn finds the beech-nuts falling, and the bramble-berries ripe, while their branches are bare of foliage. Frost grips the highlands, and sends its breath towards the seashore, thinning the blood of shrub and paralysing the growth of herb and flower. Heat and cold, green and white dress the living and the dead. There is indeed no definite stop, no printed period on nature's page to tell the ploughman that spring is ended and another chapter of summer begun. The cold simply recedes and the vegetation gains fresher vitality—the meadow flowers arise, and the white wind-flower in all its beauty clothes the wooded heights and spreads its snowy petals around the anchorage of fir and sycamore. Visitors from town and city only look upon the full-stored period of the year. They see the ploughman in a niche at the flush of the year. He is knee deep in clover, with the corn ears topping the dry dykes. He is designated the son of freedom, dwelling in Arcadian realms. But the honour is delusive, the hypothesis deceptive. The working of a team of horses involves heavy labour under all conditions of weather. Ploughing and reaping are no parlour pastimes, and the tone of hilarity pervading the person of the horny-handed Scot is in a great measure the emulation of the beholder brain. The mind meets an unrelenting rival when it endeavours to decipher the seasons and place the tillers of the soil in their respective positions. There are the uncounted and unaccountable fractions that go to form the fulness of the landscape, which if unlinked cannot be tied again as a chaplet. The garrulous chatter of the starlings gathered upon the elm-tops mimic the tiny rivulets and waterfalls formed 'mid the pebbles in the burn. The waters flow ever onwards by the field edge and by the farm orchard. In heavy thunder-storms the adjacent fields are flooded—cooled by the volume of "snaw bree" from the hills on the northern skyline. The nature of a burn, and the history of its revolutions as it works in harmony with the demands of the seasons, can only be learned by a residence near its banks. It may be very interesting to a

stranger to discuss the magnitude of the mountain-torrent, and conjecture the amount of debris annually washed down the hill burns to the lower valley. It is well to be a geologist, and with hammer tap the muricated face of the glen, and chop the sandstone croppings in the ditch. But the natives have no heart for either geology or kindred sciences. A year in the fields to many would be utter misery. The dulness and depression would prove too heavy a burden to those who have sipped of the sweets of the city —and loved them. This dulness is ever present unless the mind can rise higher than the low, misty, floating clouds. Yet it is actual—realistic—ever present. Generations have come and gone, and all the while this mental derelict has floated over the shires. The spirit has passed over the land and permeated the pores of the mind. The landscape is still covered as by the curse of listless inactivity. The people are moulded into stolid hewers of wood and drawers of water. The spates in winter do not open the book of science to the ploughman, nor the farmer. The reverse is the case. It is a question with them whether the bank at the dam-head will keep the rush off, or if the rumbling boulders, sand, and rubbish will gain entrance and silt up the pond. The miller rises at midnight to lift his sluice until the flood abates. But there is no lesson culled, no knowledge stored by the mental parts. Dog-rose and nettle float atop the stream, and are sucked under the eddy at the bridge. Hemlock wands are broken with a hollow crack; bundles of thistles and dry dock leaves are washed from the banks, and go down under the arches in company with a moor-hen's empty nest. But to the ploughman this is uncongenial. He wants to see the pounds, shillings, and pence, and feel the weight of the gold in his open hand. It matters not although the flowers are blooming, the throstle singing on the high fir top, but it is of vast importance that the wheat value is nearing his idea of visible profit. To him the squirrel's brown body swaying on the beech tree arm is of no importance, unless he knew of anyone who would buy the animal of him if he caught it. The scraich of the partridge in the quiet of the eventide he does not note, although there is nothing so soothing to the ear of a wearied toiler from the city. The ploughman lacks sympathy with the environments that nature has framed for him. Hard work to a certain extent has encrusted his nature that he only toils to live, and to live by the "dour" sweat of his brow. Yet Scotland's Burns was nursed in

the lap of the earth, and many other good and true men date their start in life's race from the rigg-head of the fields. But the exceptions only prove the rule. The average ploughman, when you cross his path, proves conclusively that his sentiment might be greatly strengthened and his ideas broadened of men and things. If a pheasant be lying in the scroggie as he passes he will confiscate the game bird, provided he runs no risk of being seen by the keeper. At anyrate he will kick the bird out if he passes that way. He will not accept the game laws as a wise piece of legislation, and indeed ignores them so intensely that he declines to take mental note of the dates when animals and birds may be captured. The bothy hands sniggle the hares in midsummer, and rustic philosophy pushes the game laws out of mind, while the poacher guesses the weight of his capture and takes a bye-road for home. It is not an ideal world of beauty and play with the man who whistles at the plough, but rather a life of labour and wages.

At "The Shaws"—a place meaning a small wood in a hollow—the ploughmen of the countryside nightly congregate. It is a portion of the road where the carters and vanmen slacken the reins and allow their horses to slow before taking the brae some little way ahead. This is the open hall where the questions of the hour are discussed. Looking at the assembly, one would imagine that the grievances of farm servants and the vexed crofter question might be settled speedily and amicably without the aid of agitators and St. Stephen blue-books. If it be true that sixteen per cent. of the inhabitants of the British Isles exist directly by agriculture, it seems passing strange that ploughmen should be so obtusely slow in the march towards the elevation of their aspirations. Taking the mind back to the date when our forebears simply scratched the upper mould of the ground with a rudely pointed tree bough, and comparing that state of things with the agricultural industry of to-day, it really seems the ploughman has only moved a few paces in the interval. To-day the steam-plough leaves the horses in their stalls, and the reaper and binder has sent the harvest hands home. The old thrashing mills, driven by horse-power, have in a great measure given place to steam. From the time of our forefathers, with their wooden, clumsy ploughs, to the introduction of steam as an agency on the land—even unto the present hour, one might write the history of Scotland over again. But the ploughman would only appear on the page as an illustra-

tion, to give life and human interest to the work. It would be progressive in itself, but its pages would at times miss out the people of the shires, and whole chapters would be given up to steam and the genius of invention.

It is a sign of the times that farmers themselves appear to advance in so far as modern appliances may be noted. This is all the more astonishing when it is seen that they tenaciously cling to many old, antiquated forms in their business relations. It seems almost a remnant of the feudal ages to stubbornly refuse to grant the ploughman his wages as earned. There may be difficulties to be overcome—difficulties, perhaps, that have special bearing on the question in its connection with the land; but personally I can point to trades where the system of weekly payments works admirably, while the material under process of manipulation is of far more perishable a nature than crops of grain and turnips. Again, the absurd notion of feeing for a range of months seems to me to be working its own destruction. The men who are known as "guid hands" are gradually being invited from the fields to posts where their talent is more appreciated and recompensed. The farmers will shortly learn they have been their own enemies; and it matters little whether they realise the position or not, weekly engagements and weekly payments, and also a set range of holidays, must be printed on the ploughman's programme. The law of labour is not yet drafted, but as the years pass on the mute inner workings of progress will unroll a scheme whereby the ploughman will be enabled to throw off his serfdom and to clothe himself in a more manly independence. The united front of gold and talent cannot and will not stay the wave. It comes and flows over, increasing with the days.

The pigeon is cooing to its mate in love.

A. NICOL SIMPSON.

REMINISCENCES
OF
AN OLD COMMERCIAL.

No. III.

THE WRAITH OF TUMMEL BRIDGE.

"Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Doon by the Tummel an' banks o' the Garry?"

MANY years ago I had occasion to visit Tummel Bridge Inn at least thrice a year. I have driven the district in all seasons, and seen this wild and romantic district in all weathers. In the autumn of 1868 the shadow of Schiehallion was thrown o'er the valley of the Tummel, one evening, ere I left the village of Kinloch Rannoch for Tummel Bridge Inn. The sun had disappeared behind the high and rugged western hills of Rannoch, leaving its gloamin' gloom on Dunalister's birken shaw. Business for that day was at an end, and I leisurely allowed my horse to climb at walking pace each snag and steep brae. After passing Dunalister the road slopes and winds in keeping with the tumbling river. The road at that period was very narrow and winding, and in many parts very steep. With a mind at ease, a landscape unlit, the noise of the river and the whirr of the startled grouse, I was contemplating a happy evening with my friend the host of Tummel Bridge Inn.

In this mood, and giving my horse rein, who knew his journey's end was near, I espied a form in flowing robes on the road before me. At first sight I imagined it was a gipsy—one of that tribe of wanderers to be met all over that lonely district. I was a little astonished, however, at the figure keeping the same distance in front, although my horse had increased the pace. The form kept ahead, and finally vanished from my view on a sharp turn of the road where a clump of natural birches grew on a small knoll.

The incident would in all likelihood have passed unheeded from my recollection had not the following incident occurred that same night, and which has cost me not a little thought, and to this day I am unable to unravel the mystery connected therewith. Fifteen minutes or so from the time that the female form had disappeared, I had arrived at the inn of Tummel Bridge. The horse was unharnessed, stabled, and made comfortable for the night. The landlord and I had supper, and giving and getting the news of the district, newspapers at this period being very few and far between in that quarter. In this manner we sat discussing the affairs of trade, of Church and State, and in a happy, brotherly, and friendly manner spending the night. Not a sound save the sough o' the Tummel disturbed us in our conversation, till we were preparing to part for our respective apartments. All on a sudden the barking and howling of dogs took place, of which there were, with collies and terriers, at the very least half-a-dozen in connection with the establishment. "What is the row?" I enquired of the landlord. The landlord, whose face I observed grew very pale, although usually sunburnt and ruddy, muttered some sentences or other in Gaelic, of which I knew nothing, and said to me in English, "Will you put on your boots and go out and see what it is?" The dogs still continued to bark, and when we got to the door we found manservants and maidservants with lanterns lit searching the farm-steading and outside premises. Nothing was to be seen, and no one could account for the disturbance. The servants and others gave their impressions expressed in Gaelic, and the dogs got orders in the same language to cease their noise. The landlord, taking a lantern from one of the servants, asked me if I would accompany him, which I did. He then told me that his servant informed him in Gaelic that it was a wraith he had seen. It had appeared in various forms of late, but to-night it came in pure white, and made straight for the Free Church Manse. The dogs had followed it to the door of the Manse, and the minister, who was a very old man and a bachelor, was away from home. The landlord had charge of the premises in his absence, and having the key in his pocket he went away, although drawing near the hour of midnight, to inspect the house. There was no roadway proper, merely a grass-covered path with tufts of heather and bent that led on to the manse, which proved to be a lonely, dreary abode, about two hundred yards distant from the inn. On reaching the

manse and gaining an entrance, I remember of observing all the doors, windows, shutters, and floors being patched and pasted over with old newspapers to keep out the wintry winds and mountain blasts. There was not a vestige of life to be seen, and collie and terrier failed to trace the cause of the disturbance, from anything we could scan, within the walls of the old manse. We returned, as wise as we left, to the hotel, but before going to sleep I remembered the form that I had seen vanishing from my view at the foot of Dunalister brae. Neither then nor at any time have I ever believed in wraiths, witches, or warlocks, and it was with mixed feelings that I read of the old minister's death before I again had occasion to visit Tummel Bridge. The wraith had been seen again after that time, but led to a house at a good distance, and on the opposite side of the river. On being told this circumstance I again threw off incredulity, and had little difficulty in my own mind of making light of the wraith. Alas, however, death came and carried off one in the prime of her life—the summons came with suddenness—with startling effect on the neighbours in that quiet and secluded spot. Within a year the landlord himself was overtaken by death, and in a very sudden manner. Mr. James Menzies of Tummel Bridge Inn was a comparatively young man, not over forty years of age. He was strong, well-knit, agile, and a thorough highlander, as his name implies. He was taken ill at Kenmore one afternoon, with great difficulty was able to be driven home, and in a couple of days breathed his last. His sister, who conducted the hotel till about ten years ago, rehearsed all the circumstances regarding his death, which coincided in every detail with his own belief in the wraith, while he was in life and the best of health. I had my own thoughts then, and allowed others to form their own impressions of the wraith said to have been so often seen at Tummel Bridge. The most difficult part to understand was the part played by the dogs—their wild howling and barking. I could only account for this by their having an enemy in the mountain fox, by no means a stranger in those wilds. It is now a good many years since I last visited the locality, but I have often thought of the incident. So far as I am aware, not one is now alive at Tummel Bridge, when the wraith was said to be seen in 1868. The only links that go to make up the chain of evidences for the wraith at Tummel Bridge are the weird, wild, lone, and homely homes of a warm, affectionate, kind, true, but illiterate people. They found

their faith in the supernatural through the Gaelic. Theirs is the gospel of witch and warlock, frets, dreams, and every form of ancient superstition. They live, move, and have their being and belief in the unseen, with as firm a faith as that which is seen through the eyes of sense.

Burns and Beggar-Life.

"I have seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar."—*Shakespeare.*

ID Burns, the national bard of Scotland, to whose name every Scottish heart warms as it warms to no other, contemplate being reduced to beggary? Did he whose talent for scattering money, or rather lack of talent for saving it, which he thought would leave him unprovided for in old age, contemplate spending the evening of life as a beggar? There is, alas! only too much reason to fear that he did, prior to his appointment as an exciseman at least. The prospect that so much worth should ever have been reduced to contemplate such straits is to us very unpleasant. To think that the man whose ditties and odes enhance our pleasure and condole with our grief, who touches the heart as no other ever did with his songs of love and tenderness, or sends the hot blood coursing through our veins with the fires of heroic patriotism, should expect to ultimately become a beggar! But the beggar of Burns's time, be it remembered, was different from the beggar of to-day. He expected to merit his quarters and alms by something more than the mere exposition of his distresses. Scott says: "He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of an ancient jester. To be a *gude crack*, that is, to possess talent for conversation, was essential to the trade of a 'puir body' of the most esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of becoming one day or other a member of their itinerant society." Then there were such documents as begging licences, which still further enhanced the position of their possessors in the ragged ranks. Witness how Burns commences his fourth epistle to Graham of Fintray:—

"Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg."

The life of these olden time beggars was, as we have said, very different from the beggar-life of the present day. A lodging, generally in some outhouse, was readily granted them, and an "awmous" of a "gowpen" of meal was never denied them even by the poorest. At gentlemen's houses they had much better fare; there they got numerous scraps of broken victuals, and often a coin or two besides. "In fact," says Scott, "these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want of food than the poor peasants from whom they received alms."

In 1785, while Burns was yet in his twenty-seventh year, we find many references made to beggar-life. In his "Epistle to Davie, a brother poet," he says:—

"Mair speir na, nor fear na,
Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg."

Then come the following lines on the vicissitudes of aged beggardom:—

"To lye in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress."

But even then such a life he considers would not be altogether devoid of its pleasures:—

"Yet then *content* could make us blest;
Even then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness."

Then the Poet proceeds to draw comfort from the fact that once reduced to that state they would be freed from apprehensions of falling any lower. Then, like "commoners of air," they would be free to admire and revel among the beauties of Nature—a by no means slight consideration to a mind like his. In summer their life would be of the most enjoyable order.

"On braes when we please then
We'll sit and sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae dune."

That Burns viewed the life of an aged beggar with horror is beyond doubt. In September of the same year he says:—

"But see him on the edge of life,
With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want, O ill-matched pair!
Show Man was made to mourn."

That he dreaded a similar fate might be his own is borne out by the following written in October:—

". . . I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear,
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear."

In the same year—in the same month, we believe—Burns wrote the "Jolly Beggars"—that inimitable description of a certain phase of beggar-life. "His early associates, James Smith, John Richmond, and William Hunter," says Wm. Scott Douglas, that prince of Burns's editors, "used to tell that in their company, the poet incidentally dropped in, at a late hour, to the humble inn or beggars' lodging-house kept by Mrs. Gibson, *alias* 'Poosie Nancy,' at Mauchline, and there witnessed scenes very similar to that described in the poem. The most important person in this strange drama is undoubtedly the bard," says the same authority, "and there cannot be a doubt that Burns took an inward glance at himself when he sketched the character."

In March of the preceding year the following remarks on such vagabonds as are described in the above cantata occur in his first "Commonplace Book:" "I have often observed in the course of my experience of human life that every man, even the worst, has something good about him; though very often nothing else than a happy temperament of constitution inclining him to this or that virtue. For this reason I have often courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of 'blackguards,' sometimes further than was consistent with the safety of my character. Though disgraced with follies, nay, sometimes stained with guilt, I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues—magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty."

Though the above references were all written mostly within twelve months of each other, and before the Poet had completed his twenty-seventh year, we find that he had gloomy forebodings at a much earlier date. In a letter written to his father, William Burness, in 1781, he says: "I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them." A truly remarkable reflection for a young man who had not yet attained his twenty-second year—a period of life

when "vaulting ambition" is buoyed up by the strongest hope, and everything appears bright and beautiful.

Two years later he thus wrote to Mr. Murdoch: "If I have to answer for the present hour, I am very easy with regard to anything further. Even the last, worst shift of the unfortunate and wretched does not much terrify me: I know that even then my talent for what country folks call a sensible crack, when once it is sanctified by a hoary head, would procure me so much esteem that even then I would learn to be happy." Viewing beggar-life in this, his lighter mood, in his "Dedication to Gavin Hamilton" he says:

"And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit! I can beg."

And again—

"But by the Lord, though I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!"

In even lighter vein is the following verse—

"And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me,
A lee dyke-side, a sybow tail,
And barley-scone, shall cheer me."

But gloomy forebodings again supervened, and in a letter to Miss Chalmers, written in December 1787, he says: "I can't say I am altogether at my ease when I see anywhere in my path that meagre, squalid, famine-faced spectre, poverty; attended, as he always is, by iron-fisted oppression and leering contempt; but I have sturdily withstood his buffetings many a hard laboured day already, and still my motto is—I DARE." There is, however, a vein of hardihood and bravado in the foregoing extract which may be said to fling the gauntlet to Fate. The following extract is also marked by a degree of consolation: "I was born a poor dog; and however I may occasionally pick a better bone than I used to do, I know I must live and die poor; but I will indulge the flattering faith that my poetry will considerably outlive my poverty."

Perhaps the worst phase of the hardships of beggar-life is contained in the following fine verse from "A Winter Night"—

"Oh! ye who, sunk on beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!

Ill-satisfi'd keen Nature's clam'rous call,
Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!"

But, as if in compensation for such a gloomy picture, Burns, in another effusion, after setting forth the total inability of riches to serve the wicked worshippers of Mammon in the life beyond the grave, says—

"The cave-lodged beggar, with conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven."

How ubiquitous is the pen of Burns! What is the matter, substance, or feeling it has not delineated! In what sombre colouring has he arrayed the Workhouse—that bugbear of the poor!—

"A Workhouse! Ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my racked repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep;
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies littered heretofore."

We find that Burns gave expression to almost all his fears respecting ultimately becoming a mendicant while in the enjoyment of single blessedness. It must not be supposed that he left his sorrows behind him when he entered the married state. On the contrary, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, he says: "There had need to be many pleasures annexed to the state of husband and father, for God knows they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious, sleepless hours these ties frequently give one." No; his fears of ultimate penury were only removed by his obtaining a position in the Excise, the emolument connected with which he regarded as a safeguard against utter destitution. True, after his appointment as "gauger" he made mention of semi-begging, semi-hawking professions in a poetic epistle to Dr. Blacklock, but there is nothing to indicate that he then seriously feared being reduced to these vagrant occupations.

"I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is:
I needna vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want."

Poor Burns! the companion of the peer as well as the beggar—what feeling or phase of life was unknown to your giant mind? You had your joys and you had your sorrows: if the former were many and sweet, the latter were your constant companions, looming up in front of you when least expected, and strewing your path with thorns and briars. The dread of ultimate want was never far distant from you, and the thought of leaving your wife and children totally unprovided for must have caused you many a keen pang at the end. We cannot do better than close the above brief and disjointed remarks by an extract from a letter of the Poet to Mr. Peter Hill, written in 1791—about five years before his death—which for sublimity of language and depth of expression can scarcely be equalled:—

"Poverty, thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell! where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancient, grown hoary in the practice of every virtue, laden with years and wretchedness, implores a little—little aid to support his existence, from a stony-hearted son of Mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud; and is by him denied and insulted. Oppressed by thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence and melts with sensibility, only pines under the neglect, or writhes in bitterness of soul under the contumely of arrogant, unfeeling wealth. Oppressed by thee, the son of genius, whose ill-starred ambition plants him at the tables of the fashionable and polite, must see, in suffering silence, his remarks neglected and his person despised, while shallow greatness, in his idiot attempts at wit, shall meet with countenance and applause. Nor is it only the family of worth that have reason to complain of thee; the children of folly and vice, though in common with thee the offspring of evil, smart equally under thy rod. Owing to thee, the man of unfortunate disposition and neglected education is condemned as a fool for his dissipation, despised and shunned as a needy wretch when his follies, as usual, bring him to want; and when his unprincipled necessities drive him to dishonest practices, he is abhorred as a miscreant, and perishes by the justice of his country."

D. G.

John Morrison,

POET, MUSICIAN, AND TRAVELLING SHOWMAN

BY

DONALD J. JOLLY.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVE THE ENCAMPMENT—TAKE UP MY POSITION IN THE WOOD—SOLILOQUISE—NANCY MEETS ME—INTERRUPTED BY THE GIPSY BAND—THEY DRAG NANCY AWAY—BIND AND GAG ME.

ASTONISHED, astounded, my self-esteem deeply wounded by the deep scorn and contemptuous manner of my reception by the gipsy king, Nancy's father, I felt greater mortification than I ever experienced either before or since. So long as I was within earshot, I heard the passionate tones of the old fellow's voice wildly vociferating and cursing, and although I was soon at too great a distance to catch the sense of his words, I was well aware they were condemnatory of myself and denunciatory of my impudence in daring to aspire to the hand of his daughter.

I swiftly traversed the pathway by which I had reached the camp, and on arrival at the point where I had tied the young gipsy to the tree, I found that he had either been unloosed by a passing friend, or that on recovering consciousness he had managed to extricate himself from the leather thong. He had likely, when released, taken a near cut to the encampment expecting to find me there.

I hurried along, crossed the bridge, and was soon in the centre of the wood, where I expected Nancy Faa would meet me. As I said before, it was a beautiful day for the season, and as I rested on a mossy bank in the centre of an open glade my mind, which up to this point had been in a turmoil of anger and indignation, began to regain its equanimity.

"What," I said to myself, "is this old tinkler after all but a member of the despised tribe of Zingaries, whose name in itself is a reproach and a byeword, being synonomous with rogue, thief,

and vagabond. Were it not that his person was sacred to me, because he is Nancy's father, I would have struck him down like a bullock where he stood."

Nancy's name brought tender thoughts to my mind, and I at length began to realise the wisdom of old Simon's words—"that my love escapade would never bring me happiness." But when was love, particularly youthful love, ever wise? or when did it ever study consequences or contingencies. It looks on everything connected with itself as bright, and glad, and happy?

Musing thus I heard a light footfall crackling the withered leaves and twigs. The foliage was so dense that I could see little distance into the wood, so that a few minutes elapsed after I first heard the rapid footfalls before my love, Nancy, her hair dishevelled, her eyes red with weeping, and her cheeks flushed with exertion, burst into the glade.

She gazed round her with a look of alarm, and bursting into a flood of tears rushed into my arms and nestled her head on my breast.

"My darling love," I cried, "your father's command! no, nor the arms of a thousand gipsies will separate us. Cheer up your heart and we will fly together where they cannot and dare not follow."

Scarcely had I spoken these words when ten stalwart gipsies appeared at various points of the glade, completely surrounding us, so that escape was impossible. Among the number I recognised my late adversary, Reuben Faa, and the old gipsy king, Nancy's father.

They at once advanced and tore the dear girl from my arms. I denounced them as cowardly villains, cut-throats, and blackguards; I offered to fight them all one by one if they had the real stuff in them, and gave me fair play, and said they would do this if they were men and not cowardly poltroons, but without speaking one word, three of them laid me on the sward, slipped a gag into my mouth and bound me firmly to a noble oak tree in the middle of the glade, and then without even giving one look behind they disappeared as silently as they came.

CHAPTER IX.

BECOME UNCONSCIOUS—RECOVER—AGONISING THOUGHTS—"BOATSWAIN" TO THE RESCUE—SIMON PROUDFOOT—END OF LOVE ESCAPADE.

It was a happy thing for me that shortly after I was bound to the oak tree in the centre of the glade, as detailed at the close of last chapter, that I became unconscious.

Whether it had been the intense excitement through which I had passed on that day, or the tightness of the thongs with which I was fastened to the tree, that had caused this unconsciousness, I cannot tell; but I thought at the time, and I have often thought since, that it was a merciful intervention of Providence to relieve me from much pain of body, anxiety of mind, and probably madness.

When I recovered my senses a heavy dew was falling, and through the light mist which enveloped the earth I could see that the sky was lighted up by the rays of the moon. This told me that I had been many hours in my peculiar and unpleasant predicament, for the sun was little past the meredian when the woeful incident of Nancy being dragged from my arms took place.

Fever was in my blood, my throat was parched, and I really think if it had not been for the dew that was falling on my face, of which I could sip a little to cool my parched tongue, I would have gone mad.

My thoughts were those of a demon. I thirsted for revenge on the scoundrels who had bound me so securely to the tree, and my thoughts then wandered back to the days of my childhood. I thought of my father and mother. It really is a very peculiar phase in human nature that we never feel remorse unless when in trouble. I now bitterly regretted my conduct, and made the usual promises to myself—which are never kept—that if ever I was relieved out of my present strait I would do everything I could to atone for my misbehaviour in the past. I then thought of poor old Simon, for I knew he would be in a great state about me, and I cursed myself as an unlucky fool, who had not only brought misfortune on myself, but also brought misfortune and trouble on those with whom I was connected, or took an interest in me.

I twisted, I struggled to break the thongs that held me; but they resisted all my strength and struggles. I gained nothing by

my efforts but increased pain, for my exertions made the thongs sink deep into my flesh. I would have howled, but the wooden gag in my mouth prevented that process, and I was just ready again, from sheer disappointment and despair, to sink back into unconsciousness, when a large black object came leaping towards me, but not before he had placed his two paws on my shoulders and was kindly licking my face with his soft tongue did I recognise my friend "Boatswain," Simon Proudfoot's Newfoundland dog.

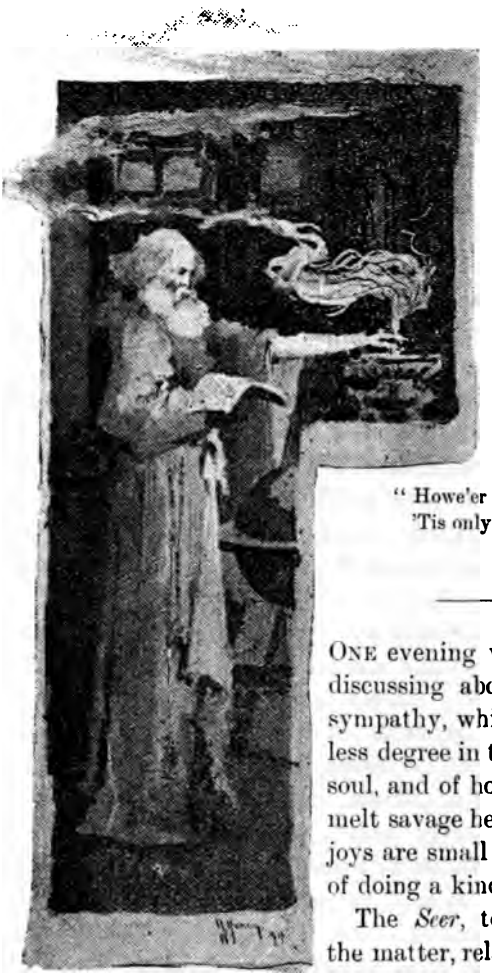
The old chap, who had more intelligence than the majority of human beings, after the first ebullition of his delight was exhausted, examined me carefully all over, whimpering like a child, and I could see from the look in his eyes that he was very much disappointed that I did not speak to him in terms of endearment as was my wont.

I, however, shook my head, and poor old "Boatswain" appeared to realise what was the matter for his deep voice gave vent to a number of quick sharp barks; not barks of anger but rather barks of joy which had the effect of bringing old Simon Proudfoot on the scene, who had too much sense to express any astonishment or to then ask any frivolous and unnecessary questions, but proceeded at once with the aid of his jack-knife to cut the thongs which bound me.

My limbs were so stiff that when released I staggered and fell, but from the spring on the roadside which I mentioned before, Simon brought in his hat some nice cool water of which he told me to drink sparingly. I did so, and a sweeter draught never crossed my lips, and with the remainder he bathed my temples and soon had me so far recovered that I could limp slowly along with him on our way back to Keith.

I may say at this point that from that day to this, although I have oft looked for her on the lonely hill road, in the streets of the crowded city, in theatre, circus, or show, in market, fair, or racecourse, I never again saw or heard of the gipsy girl who first awoke the love-passion within me, through whose influence I had the startling adventure I have but feebly attempted to recount, and so completely and unaccountably did she disappear from the horizon of my life that, looking back through the mists of the past forty-one years, I find it difficult not to imagine that it was all a dream.

(To be continued.)



Highland Seer Series.

No. IV.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."
—*Tennyson.*

One evening we had been engaged in discussing about the golden chord of sympathy, which is fixed in a more or less degree in the heart of every human soul, and of how kind deeds can alone melt savage hearts, and that all worldly joys are small compared to the one joy of doing a kindness.

The *Seer*, to illustrate his view of the matter, related to us the story of—

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE ROCK.

"About two hundred years ago, in a lonely pass in Perthshire, near the Highland border, where stands a craggy knoll termed 'The Blue Rock,' a labourer on an estate near by on passing it one morning found a collie dog howling in a pitiful, distressed manner. He did his best to soothe the animal and get it to follow him, but his artifices were of no avail; he had to leave the animal

on the spot, and go on to his day's work. On returning that way in the evening, he found it still there whining piteously, but it still refused to leave the spot. He accordingly gave it the remains of his dinner, and left it on the ground. Next morning it was still there whining and howling. For some days the labourer sent some of his family with food to it, as it for some unknown reason refused to leave the spot. What was the reason of such conduct no one could tell or form the least idea. The dog was a strange animal in the district. No one had the least knowledge where it had come from. After some weeks' absence, on passing the mound one morning on his way to his work, the labourer found the poor dog lying at the side of the mound in a dying condition. It had only strength left to show that it recognized its benefactor by wagging its tail and licking his hands when it expired. In the evening, on returning from his day's work, the labourer sent some of his family to the spot, who buried it. It was afterwards learned that the dog had been in some Highland district to the northward, having been seen on a main thoroughfare to the Highlands, some distance to the north of 'The Blue Rock,' on its journey north and south. Nothing more was learned about it, and the affair fell out of the public attention.

"A number of years passed away. Some agricultural operations by the proprietor of the ground were leading to some alterations on the surface of the 'Rock,' when one day all engaged were startled by coming upon the body of a man dressed in tartan, the checks of the tartan being still plainly discernible. The tartan was identified as being the Gordon pattern, and from the quality of the cloth the man had evidently been a person in affluent circumstances. The body was carefully lifted and taken to a residence near by, where every care and respect was given to it, and a messenger sent to the districts inhabited by Gordons to make inquiries if any one had been missed from them of late years. The dog's conduct had come up again in the public memory, and the finding of the body now afforded a probable solution of it. There was no doubt now but that the murdered man had been the dog's master, and that, missing him, the dumb animal had been mourning his loss. The messenger had this narrative, as a foundation upon which to make inquiries. He learned that, some time before the dog made its first appearance in his district, a wealthy farmer, a Gordon, had gone to the south on business, and had never

returned; and that, some time after he had left, his dog had come back alone, and had tried to get some one to follow it, but getting no attention paid to it, had after some days disappeared. His description of the dog in question agreed with that of the missing man's dog. Friends accompanied the messenger south, but they could not identify the body as being that of their missing relative. There being no doubt whatever but that the unfortunate person had belonged to their clan, they supplied the funds necessary, and saw it honourably interred in the cemetery of the district. No trace having been got as to who the man really had been, no further public action was taken in the matter; but dark hints were quietly exchanged as to a family not originally natives of the district, who had been known to be in embarrassed circumstances about the time of the dog's death, and yet a short time afterwards paid off all claims and purchased their farm, without the least information coming to the public of where this sudden acquisition of wealth had come from. Could some member tell more about the murdered man's death than would be agreeable for him to disclose? It was surmised that such could be done, and that their wealth would not last the third generation. This family were now living in a princely style. Originally simple farmers, they were aiming to be considered as being landholders of ancient descent, and living up to the style of expenditure adopted by those who were really such, and had the prestige of an honourable ancestry. Unqualified to fill with credit the position to which they were aiming, rebuffs were given them on every hand by all parties, checking and impeding their progress in further accumulating of wealth. At length, as a high style of living had been adopted, their income failed to meet their expenditure. Appearances could not be lowered—grandeur must be kept up at any price, in the expectation that before the evil day arrived something fortunate might take place, and so restore them to their old position. Mortgages were taken up upon their estate, and the glamour of outward show maintained before the public, but at the *fireside* it was a life of genteel poverty.

"On the old man's death there was very little left to the family. The eldest son succeeded to the proprietorship of the estate, but it was a barren honour. The others had to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and in the troubles of the times were in various ways cut off, meeting with ends of a violent description. The young heir, in

order to gain the means to live suitable to the manner expected from persons in his station of life, did his utmost to ingratiate himself with all and sundry, and by so doing earn money, by assisting them in their business transactions. He succeeded for a time, and earned a good income independent of the profits of his estate. The utmost confidence was placed in his business abilities, and he got ample support for his own private transactions. A sudden and unexpected reverse involved him and his supporters in heavy losses. A feeling of bitterness against him arose in the district. Cateran bands got every assistance in secret against him —repeatedly his estate was swept of cattle. The old style of mortgages used by his father was resorted to, but the repeated *creachs* which were made upon his grounds at last ruined him. He was compelled to sell his estate in his old age in order to meet the claims against him, and after wandering about a few years in great poverty, died a beggar. The great wealth once known to have been held by the father had not seen the third generation. Fighting in the Government Army as a common soldier, the grandson fell at the battle of Killiekrankie. How did the family acquire the wealth of which they became so mysteriously possessed? Had the murdered man requested hospitality from them for the night, and the money which he carried being observed, the sacred name of *guest* violated for the purpose of possessing themselves of it? It was an unsolved mystery, but as the wealth once held by the family soon left their possession, leaving them in the lowest scale of life, it was considered that they had acquired it by some wrongful action, and that it was another proof of the truth of the old proverb, "Riches gotten by wrong, and not by right, take to themselves wings and fly away." Their riches had left them in a manner as sudden and calamitous as if they had taken wings, and the end was the extinction completely of the family. The labourer, however, who had shown a kindly disposition to the poor collie whilst it was in its distressed condition, sorrowing for its unfortunate master, met with a very different fortune. In various ways parties of influence paid kindly attention to him afterwards—he got every chance to rise in the world, qualified to fill every position to which he rose with credit. He accumulated wealth, and before his death had become a landed proprietor in another district, and there died, leaving an honoured name behind him, respected by all who knew him. His descendants still hold the estate which was

acquired by their ancestor, and have not disgraced the *name* once honourably acquired. The same charitable disposition which prompted their ancestor to feed a strange dog which he had found starving is still manifested by them in their dealings with the humble poor—and their circumstances allow them to exercise it to a large extent.

"'Kindness brings its own reward.'"

PROF. BALDWIN BROWN has been elected President of the Scottish Art Club, in succession to Sir G. Reid, P.R.S.A.

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In a side chapel of St. Giles', Edinburgh, a beautiful mural monument to the Marquis of Argyle is about to be erected. The memorial consists of a full size recumbent figure of the Marquis, carved in white alabaster by Mr. C. McBride. This is enclosed in a very elaborate frame of Renaissance design, which will be worked in various coloured marbles and gold by the same artist. The designer is Mr. Sydney Mitchell of Edinburgh.

This memorial is being erected by the Presbyterians; the Episcopalians erected a similar one to the Marquis of Montrose in St. Giles' some years ago.

* * * * * *

Mr. J. A. Buist has presented a landscape, by Horatio McCulloch, to the permanent Gallery, Dundee. It is a picture of a Border Keep, and is considered a good example of this Artist's work.

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But a few years have elapsed since the time when we read any notice of the Art Exhibitions in London or Paris much in the same spirit as we now read reports of war in the east. It was something removed from us—something we all read about, but few of us saw. To-day, through the medium of photographic reproduction, to a certain extent, "nous avons change tout cela." We are not carried to the spot to view the wonders we read of, but for

the modest shilling we can have a pretty good copy in Black and White of all the principal pictures in more than one of the London Galleries. True, that in these we miss the all-important factor of colour, but herein lies the vocation of the local critic. With a copy of the "Pictures of the Year," or any of the kindred publications, and his glowing descriptions, one can form a fairly accurate idea of the Exhibitions, and that too following close in the opening days. Thus everyone is able to discuss the useless and silly question, "Which is the picture of the year?"

* * * * * *

Yet, as before, the privileged individual who can travel south and feast his eyes on the actual works is to be envied, that is to say, if our interest in a picture extends beyond the story it tells or the incident depicted. To him whose tastes are more artistic than literary, who thinks more of the Artist's work, and the manner in which it has been accomplished, than in the subject, study of the pictures alone will suffice. To him, then, comparison with the black and white translation becomes odious, and he will change his ideas considerably.

In speaking of these souvenirs, I cannot help comparing the catalogue of the Salon at Paris with our Royal Academy pictures, much to the disparagement of the former. The French, ever more mindful of technique than of subject, makes but a poor show in the small reproductions. Here the Englishman scores. His love of subject, and the ultimate end of many of the best pictures being reproduction by photogravure, they are admirably suited to the Art of the process man, who at this time must reap a rich harvest.

* * * * * *

This leads me on to the consideration of illustration. At present it is rampant, and many authors are beginning to feel that they are over-illustrated. Like other blessings, process engraving has brought a train of evils in its wake, and it is very apparent that in many ways it is overdone. Its cheapness and facility has brought upon us a fearful amount of poor mediocre work by hand and camera, and eccentric rubbish that bears the usual label, "The New" Art.

The latest suggestion comes from America, and is worthy of that wonderful nation—authors are now to become their own illustrators, and the *modus operandi* this: He selects his models, drapes and

arranges them as per recipe in his written chapters. They are then photographed, and the plate is sent to the *process man*, who makes a block for him ready for printing in his book. Ingenious, isn't it? Every man may yet become his own washerwoman.

I do not know if the authors are dissatisfied, but if so they shall remedy the defect by using more discretion in the selection of an Artist. A glance at the average magazine story or article will easily show that in many cases he has sufficient reason to be offended, but often the opposite happens, and we see illustrations that far surpass the writings they illustrate, and which very often are the only means of bringing about the sale of such a work. It stands to reason that the author who would have his works properly illustrated must select an artist whose tastes are similar to his own, and whose technical ability in Art is not inferior to his own in literature. To find one qualified in the latter sense will be easy enough; a man with similar tastes and equality of thought is not so easily got. Hence, I think, the reason for our present-day illustrations that cleverly depict the actions described by three or four words from a sentence, but would be equally suitable for a hundred others in the same or any other story. However, these things will in time remedy themselves. At present the attitude of the British public towards illustrations is one of indifference to quality so long as it gets plenty of it. There are signs already of the turn of the tide, and authors will rather forego the accompanying pictures than risk the fall.

They have realized that the thing *called* an illustration is easy and common enough, but the thing which is an illustration is rare.

JOHN YOUNG.

Echoes from the Sanctum.

NOTHING gives me greater pleasure at this season of the year than to take a walk in the cool of the evening over the crest of a high hill that stands a little to the south of the small town in which I dwell. One night not long ago I was standing near the top of this hill. The still beauty of the lovely scene moved me. I recalled the words of a well-known local poet, who, when he composed them, had more than likely been standing on the same spot where I stood:—

"The sky was clear, the air was still,
Calm silence slept upon the hill;
Sweet balmy sleep, dull care to droon,
Had hushed the hum o' yonder toon."

What made the scene more weird was the fact that the moon was then at its full. As I gazed on the lady queen of the heavens, Milton's lines came from my lips:—

"The moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Baldarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe."

The words of the poet were hardly out of my mouth when I saw a man standing just beside me, whom I knew at once to be *Julius Cæsar*. I had so often seen his head in books and prints that I knew I could not be mistaken. At first I felt my limbs trembling under me, but he had so kind a look on his face that I soon became quite at my ease. Still, as I gazed on the great warrior, historian, and statesman, I could not help a feeling of awe creeping over me. He began to speak in English, and as he noticed that I looked surprised, he laughingly informed me that he could speak all the languages under the sun.

"I have been permitted," he said, "to rise from the grave, and to again revisit the earth and see with my own eyes what condition society was in towards the close of the nineteenth century."

I looked bewildered, and was about to speak, but as he continued to address me, I held my tongue and listened attentively.

"I do not wish to astound you," he said, "but rather to give you some instruction. Human nature has been the same in all ages, and I fear will always be so. I find you in Britain almost in the same state that Rome was in when I took all the power into my own hands. Rome was corrupt to the heart at that time, and long before that time I saw all that clearly, and so I knew I could lay her prostrate at my feet. I fixed the attention of the people on outward show and glitter, so that they could not closely watch my actions. I undermined all the power of the people, increased the military forces of the state, bribed the magistrates to sell their country, and then I held all the power of Rome in my own hands."

After saying this he stood silent for some time, and seemed in deep thought, and then he spoke again.

"You are going downhill to despotism in exactly the same way that Rome did of old. The central Government is slowly but surely sapping the foundation of all your municipal institutions, and at the same time greatly increasing the military forces year by year. Your rulers seem to be as ignorant and unprincipled as they were in Rome, and a country in such a state is sooner or later doomed to despotism."

"Will the education of the people have no effect," I ventured to say, "in preventing such a consummation?"

"No; it will only," he replied, "make the job more easy; for, you see, the Government will yet take all educational matters into

its own hands, and by that means it could form the public mind to its will, and thereby corrupt the very heart of the nation at the close. After a time I found the bribery of the educated Roman easy. Education has never made a nation free, and never will. Look at Germany and Belgium. They are the most enslaved nations in Europe at the present time, and yet it is said they are the best educated. Your central government can prove at any time that your school boards are a body of men who know nothing at all of education, and this will be the excuse made when the time comes for the government to take all that power into their own hands."

"It was the educated class that corrupted Rome and brought her to the dust, and it is the very best educated that have corrupted all nations, and government and powers."

"I see you have mills, factories, and public works in your midst, and you have to pay a very heavy price indeed for them.

"In the first place they are dwarfing the frames of your people, and that, bear in mind, is the greatest loss a nation can endure. Your people are not so stout and hardy-looking as they were when I invaded the country, and no increase of riches can make up for this want. This system of labour in mills and factories will throw all the wealth of the nation into the hands of one class, and all the poverty into another class. You have, I see, in their extremest form, the Patricians and Plebeians, the two classes that hastened on the ruin of Rome. You are a vain people, like what we were; you have all our faults and not many of our virtues. You call yourselves Christians, but if Christianity means leading a noble life, I see very little of such among you. Are you honest in your dealings with each other? Do you lead chaste lives? And why does so deep poverty dwell beside so great riches? Do you respect the good man? Do you lie and backbite, or speak scandal of your

"brother man
And gentle sister woman?"

Do your magistrates deal out justice to the rich and poor alike? Do you keep the marriage vows pure? These are a few questions I would put to you and to your society, and I doubt much if the replies would be at all satisfactory."

The great Roman stood silent again for a few minutes, and then he began in a more animated tone than before.

"What is civilization?" he said. "It is only comparative, and

none of it in the world as yet has been of a high order, and, I fear, never will. Greece produced a few great poets, orators, and statesmen, but her people were never civilized at all. She kept slaves, and her petty states were often fighting and quarrelling with each other. Your own poet, Byron, truly painted their down-fall.

> "Yes; self-abasement paved the way
> To villain bonds and despot sway."

Rome was never well civilized, no more than Greece. I lived in the palmy days of her greatness, and often came in contact with her learned men, and I can assure you that their morality was low."

"What would you call true civilization," I asked. He shook his head and replied:

"Honesty may broadly be said to be the corner-stone of all true civilization, and not learning at all. Men may be great poets, statesmen, and orators, and yet be the very worst of men. How often has the tongue and the pen, like the sword, led nations to destruction? Try and count up the good and evil they have done, and you will find the evil far surpasses the good. There was slavery in Greece, slavery in Rome, and you have also much slavery now. The slavery in the olden time was chiefly in the open air, but now it is in the mill, the factory, and the mine, and in many respects yours is the worst of the two. In your case the taskmaster has the poor slave more in his power than we had. Slavery in the country has never been so hard as slavery in the cities and towns. In the cities and towns men and women are more closely huddled together, living from hand to mouth under the eye always of the oppressor, surrounded by soldiers and police ready to shoot them down if they refuse to obey their masters. All your land is in a few hands, as well as all the property and capital of the nation, and what can your Free Libraries—and your so-called Free Press—do against all this? When the factory whistles are blown in the morning you have often to run through frost and snow to your work. We had not to do this in Rome. The whip of starvation flogs you in, and you cannot stay its scourge; when you are old you have only charity to fall back upon; and this is all your boasted civilisation can do for you."

"Could not the government," I said to him, "do much to make this state of things better?"

"Very little," he replied, "a government may do much evil to a country, but alas, it can do very little good. Are you weak enough to suppose that the subsidies a government gives come from the pockets of the government? Not one penny of it. The money is all your own, and that so-called free education grants, and the police grant, and the like, are just the flood-gates of corruption opened upon you to drown you all the sooner."

The old Roman now looked towards the west where the moon was just beginning to set.

"All nations," he said, "have had their rise and fall; the life of some of them has been far longer than the life of others, but fate has pronounced the sentence of death upon them all. Look on yon setting moon how she goes down and down until she sinks altogether out of sight, but she will rise again in all her glory; but a nation that goes down rises no more for ever. Some of the nations have been better than others, but none altogether good. I intended to speak to you about your literature, your pulpit, and your press, and some other things, but the night is getting late, and time presses. I will perhaps see you again soon."

He gave a gentle wave of his hand, and the next minute I was left standing alone on the crest of the hill. I took my way to the old town in the valley, pondering deeply on all I had seen and heard.

* * * * * *

Thomas Hood, in his inimitable history of the famous "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg; a Golden Legend," after he fully describes her christening, her childhood, her education, her accident, her fame, her fancy ball, her courtship, her marriage, her honeymoon, her misery, her last will, and her death, closes with his moral:—

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd!
Heavy to get and light to hold!
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled!
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould!
Price of many a crime untold!
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!

How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary."

* * * * * *

What has called to my mind this golden poem of the wit, Tom Hood, the elder, is the re-opening of the gold-fields of the El Dorado of Scotland, Kildonan in Sutherland. Gold-finding in Scotland is not of yesterday. A writer in the first volume of *Hogg's Instructor* (1853) says: "When gold was first used in Scotland, the fashionable equipment for a warrior consisted of bow and arrows, the latter having heads of flint, a spear similarly shod, and probably a stone hammer, for use when an enemy closed with him. The Scottish aristocracy of that day dwelt in holes dug in the ground, and slenderly roofed with branches. Our streams 'rolled over sand of gold' at a time when the bear and the wolf and the wild horse drank of their waters in the deep stillness of the primeval forest. Ages before our earliest written record—in the dim antiquity whose single ray of light gleams from the graves of the dead—we know that our savage ancestors had learned to prize ornaments of gold. And as they had then little or no intercourse with foreign countries—certainly none which would attract the precious metals to their shores—we have no difficulty in concluding that their gold was native. Many graves have been discovered belonging to what archæologists term the Stone Period, and in these, massive bracelets of the purest gold have been found encircling the neck and arm of the mouldered skeleton. It was the custom of the time to bury with the dead the things which they prized most in life, and these seem often to have been their ornaments. And thus it is that the scanty history of the men of those far-off times is written mainly by their vanities and love of little distinctions. Their courage, their kindness, all their nobleness and their strength, have left no traces so legible as one of their weaknesses."

* * * * * *

In the twelfth century we are led to recognise the Kingdom of Fife as a region where gold was certainly obtained. There is a charter of David I. granting to the Abbey of Dunfermline one-tenth part of all the gold found in Fife and Forthrif, a district to

the westward. This is that David who is known to history as "a sair sanct for the crown." His extreme liberality to the church, together with the circumstance that Dunfermline was the favourite residence of his mother and the abbey of her foundation, afford a strong probability that such an amount of gold was then found as to render the benefaction a respectable one.

* * * * * *

The sixteenth century abounds with evidences that the production of gold in Scotland was very considerable. James IV. worked some mines at Wanlockhead with decided success. The extensive and valuable lead mines near this little village in the parish of Sanquhar are said to have been discovered by some Germans in the pay of the King, searching for gold.

* * * * * *

Sir David Lindsay, in his loving recital of the advantages which his country possessed, but which were rendered unavailing by bad government, enumerates the following:—

> "Of everilk mettell we have the rich mynis,
> Baith gold, silver, and stanes precious."

During the reign of Sir David's master, James V., the search for gold was actively prosecuted. James coined into what are called bonnet-pieces the gold which he obtained at Leadhills, and at his marriage-feast in France he caused a vessel containing these coins to be set before each guest, telling them these were the fruits which grew in his country.

* * * * * *

There is a book written by a Mr. Bulmer, who lived in the times of Queen Elizabeth, on "The Mineral Wealth of Scotland," in which he gives the following list of stones and metals which he had found: "Gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, marble, alabaster, amethyst, and pearls." So you see gold in Scotland is an old, old story indeed.

* * * * * *

There is no doubt whatever that gold does exist in the Kildonan, Saisgill, and Torrish burns, and the only problem to be solved is whether it exists in paying quantities. During the past twenty years scientific experiments have been made, and they went to prove that the yield would not defray the cost of the work. The County Council of Sutherland has now obtained permission from

the Duke to make a three months' test on the area of the Saisgill farm. We should be thankful if this experiment should prove a failure, for it would not be desirable to attract the vagrant blackguardism of the world to our shores. Goldfields in any country may be looked upon as a perilous distinction it would be far better without.

* * * * * *

I was very much pleased to receive the following letter from the United States, not only for the valuable information contained therein, but also as a proof that we are read and appreciated in the land of the west:—

No. 210 West 103rd Street,
NEW YORK CITY, *March 23rd, 1895.*

MY DEAR SIR,

In the March number of "Caledonia" you make inquiry for a short sketch of the life of the Jacobite Ballad Singer, Charles Leslie. I have a work entitled "Jacobite Songs and Ballads," edited by Gilbert S. Macquoid, published by White and Allen, New York and London, the frontispiece of which is a woodcut of Charles Leslie, or "Mussel-mou'd Charlie," as he was commonly called. It represents a very tall, thin man, leaning on a staff which he holds in his right hand, and in his left is a book. Underneath is printed "Charles Leslie of Aberdeenshire, who died 1782, aged 105." Among the Notes to this book is one giving a short sketch of this man, which I here give in full:—

"Mussel-mou'd Charlie, like Homer, composed and sung his own compositions for his daily bread. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as 'an old Aberdeenshire minstrel, the very last, probably, of the race who, according to Percy's definition of the profession, sung his own compositions, and those of others, through the capital of the county, and other towns in that country of gentlemen.' The man's name was Charles Leslie, but he was known more generally by the nickname of Mussel-mou'd Charlie, from a singular projection of his under lip. His death was thus announced in the newspapers for October, 1792 (1782). 'Died at Old Rain, Aberdeenshire, aged one hundred and four (five) years, Charles Leslie, a hawker or ballad singer, well known in that county by the name of Mussel-mou'd Charlie. He followed his occupation till within a few weeks of his death.' Charles was a devoted Jacobite,

and so popular in Aberdeen that he enjoyed in that city a sort of monopoly of the minstrel calling, no other person being allowed, under any pretence, to chant ballads on the causeway or plainstanes of 'the brave burgh.' Most of Mussel-mou'd Charlie's songs were of a jocose character. The following account of him is taken from a letter written by Mr. James Troup (who knew him personally) to Alexander Irvine of Drum: 'Sir,—Enclosed I send you "M'Leod's Defeat at Inverury;" allow me to also send you some accounts of Charles Leslie, the last of the Sennachies or old Scots bards, who, I believe, made the first eight lines of the song, or at least some of them.

"'Charles Leslie was a natural son of Leslie of Pitcaple, in the Garioch, an old family on Uryside, commonly called Mussel-mou'd Charlie. He was a remarkable, thin made man, about five feet ten inches high, small, red, fiery eyes, a long chin, reddish hair, and, since I ever knew him, carried a long pike staff, a good deal longer than himself, with a large harden bag slung over his shoulder before him to hold his ballads, and a small pocket covered Bible, with a long string at it.

"'About the year 1780, Mr. Wells, painter, took his likeness. The last time I saw Charlie was in Marischal Street, led by a woman, carrying some milk in his hand. I suppose he was blind. The Magistrates of Aberdeen were very ill-natured to him: they often put him into gaol for singing, and asked him what for he did it? "Why," says Charlie, "for a bit of bread." "Why," says the Provost, "cannot you sing other songs than those rebellious ones?" "Oh ay," says Charlie, "but they winna buy them." "Where do you buy them?" "Why, far I get them cheapest." He was in gaol when the news of M'Leod's defeat came to town, and a great many more townsmen, until it could hold no more. Mr. Alexander Macdonald, Merchant, Broadgate; Mr. Francis Rose, in the Green; and a good many more were put into the guard-house. Mr. Rose was put in for lending Troup, the dancing master, a pair of pistols to go to Inverury. However, next day the accounts came of the defeat, and they were all liberated, and the prisoners from Inverury put in. Charlie was no sooner at the cross than he began to sing "Come, countrymen," &c. This I had from an old lass when I was a 'prentice in town. She was a servant in a gentleman's house—I believe Mr. Turner of Turnerhall—who sent her every day with victuals, &c., to Charlie, who sung the whole daytime to plenty of

company; and she and Charlie had the pleasure of standing in the crowd, and saw some gentlemen and Provost James Morison mount the cross, and caused him to take off his hat and drink a glass of red wine to the Prince's health, and proclaim him Prince Regent.'"

I have no doubt you will receive from antiquarians in Aberdeen, his native place, better and more complete accounts of Mussel-mou'd Charlie than the foregoing, but if you should not this may prove of use. It certainly is very interesting, so far as it goes, and is undoubtedly an authentic account.

I was very much pleased when I discovered on the counters of a news company the first issue of "Caledonia," and particularly when I noticed the proposed scope of the magazine, for surely no country presents a richer field than Scotland for traditional and antiquarian research. I have been much pleased with each number issued.

Might I suggest that the District of Athol, in Perthshire, is one of the most interesting districts in Scotland, historically and otherwise, and I think if the inquiry was made some of your readers from there might furnish a sketch of that country, or give some of their many traditional stories. The people of this district distinguished themselves particularly during the wars of Montrose and Dundee, and, seems to me, have received very scant notices in the histories, etc., for their devoted loyalty, for which they suffered most severely.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY C. STUART.

* * * * * *

Apropos of my remarks of the use or abuse of dialects is the following from the *Daily News:* "All dialect is wearing; German- or English-French is wearing in a French novel; French-English is as bad, anywhere but in Thackeray. English-Scotch is absurd; so are English-Irish and English-American. . . . The marvel is that English people read Mr. Barrie's Forfarshire Scots." Of course the *Daily News* people do not know, but it is a fact, that Mr. Barrie's words, which he puts into the mouths of his characters, is neither Forfarshire Scots—or anything else.

* * * * * *

W. B. Harte says, "The vulgarisation of literature as merchandise made to tickle fools is complete in our day. . .. . It outlaws all thinkers who recognise the sanctity of words."

* * * * * *

Three things, which at first sight do not seem to have much affinity with each other—to wit, Fate, a new Act of Parliament, and a public appointment—have rendered it expedient that I should cease being Editor of "Caledonia." I am glad to be able to say that a far abler hand than mine is to take the helm, to steer the good little ship past the rocks and shoals and quicksands that abound in the sea of literature. I have to thank the whole Scottish Press for their kind comments on my humble labours, and to tell them that in six years or so I will again have the pleasure of soliciting their kind applause—till then, *vive, vale.*

ALEXANDER LOWSON.

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TALES & LEGENDS OF FORFARSHIRE

BY

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Mr. ALEXANDER LOWSON, of Forfar, already favourably known as the author of a well-written historical romance, "John Guidfollow," has now given us the first of a series of tales and legends connected with his native shire. The tales in this volume connect themselves chiefly with the famous castles of the county, and are told with no little skill. The book deserves to be widely read.—*North British Daily Mail*, Glasgow, 14th Dec., 1891.

Mr. Lowson has been an industrious and careful gleaner, whether in the field of pure legend and tradition, or in that of real life, and his book is deserving of wide appreciation. There are a number of interesting illustrative sketches, chiefly of old castles.—*The Daily Free Press*, Aberdeen, 14th Dec., 1891.

The genial and gifted author of "John Guidfollow," a most admirable historical romance of Forfarshire, illustrating life and character in the age of superstition and lawlessness, has here supplied an important addition to the literature of our county. The tales show matured thought, strong and lively imagination, as well as careful and laborious research.—*Brechin Advertiser*, 17th Nov., 1891.

During the long winter evenings, a better and more interesting companion for the "ingle's cheery neuk" I could not recommend to my readers.—STROLLER, in *Kirriemuir Observer*, 13th Nov., 1891.

It is to be hoped that before long Mr. Lowson will present us with a few more gleanings from such a harvest as appears to be stored in his old grandfather's chest, or perhaps from what we are inclined to think a far richer storehouse—his own brain. We are very much mistaken if before long the work does not rise in price.—*Forfar Review*, 13th Nov., 1891.

A Copy of the above Work will be sent Post Free to any address on application to Mr. W. SHEPHERD, Bookseller, Forfar, containing Postal Order for 2s. 6d.

"RASHIEBOG"

DAUVID OGILVY.

There was once a day—but auld Time then was young—
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine!).
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godhead to warrant it good.

* * * * * *

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore;
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

* * * * * *

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run;
For brave Caledonia immortal must be—
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse—
Then, ergo, she'll match them and match them always.

Scotia's Relics.

Descendants of the noble dead!
Sons of the brave and true!
Whose foemen oft have heard with dread
Your fathers' wild halloo;
Shield from the ruthless spoiler's hand
Those landmarks grim and old;
And unmolested let them stand,
In honour of the bold.

Those ivied walls of old withstood
The brunt of shot and shell;
On them the cream of Scottish blood
In crimson showers fell.
In freedom's cause those ramparts stout
Have oft and well been manned;
They've echoed the victorious shout
Of many a dauntless band.

Staunch scions of a valiant race,
Protect your crumbling towers!
Let vandalism ne'er deface
Your hero-haunted bowers;
The prowess of your hardy sires
Each ruin grand recalls;
The cadence of a thousand lyres
Still vibrates through those halls.

Those stones have heard the warrior-wight
And aged minstrel tell
Of clansman stern, and fiery knight
Who fiercely fighting fell:
Each lowland strath and highland glen
They stamp with lasting fame;
The doughty deeds of daring men
They sound with one acclaim.

They grandeur lend to scenes sublime,
They link you to the past;
Down through the corridors of time
They echo war's wild blast.
Like decorations proudly borne
By veteran victors hoar,
Those heirlooms gracefully adorn
Our land from shore to shore.

Heirs of the deathless in renown!
Sons of your fathers true!
Those ruins dear are handed down
With reverence to you!
Then while on Scotia's mountains grand
Her hardy thistles wave,
See that unscathed and sacred stand
Those relics of the brave

D. M'Nicol

No. V.

J. M. BARRIE,

NOVELIST.

A Story should, to please, at least seem true
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new :
And whensoe'er it deviates from these rules
The wise will sleep and leave applause to fools.
—*Stillingfleet.*

(*Concluded.*)

"WHAT we lack now-a-days is a school of sound, fearless, and vigorous criticism. The public, who—in things literary and artistic—largely resemble a flock of sheep, know not where to look for guidance. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed—unless it be with the shrill piping of rival log-rollers. Scribblers and poetasters strut and peacock across the literary stage, and each one tells the other what a fine fellow he is. Brown, who is himself a writer of verse, thinks that Robinson's poetry unites the majesty of Milton, the myriad-mindedness of Shakespeare, the music and idealism of Shelley—all within the covers of a single diminutive volume. . . . There is nothing new or remarkable in extravagant or wrong-headed laudation."

The above remarks apply in trumpet tones to the many criticisms I have read of "that most gallant and ambitious failure," as Mr. J. H. Millar not inaptly calls Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister."

A literary friend of mine wrote an exhaustive critique on this novel when it first appeared in the pages of Donald Macleod's Magazine, *Good Words*. I may say that his estimate of the work so exactly coincides with my own in every particular, that I gladly endorse every word:—

"After reading 'The Little Minister' we felt some like the boy when a speaker began to moralize after telling a story, 'never mind the moral,' cried the boy, 'gies anither story.' And yet we have heard of two or three who started 'The Little Minister' and soon laid it down with disgust—to them it seemed such a ravelled affair. Whilst others, not given to novel reading, but allured by the title, tackled the book and persevered until they were shocked by what they deemed its awful profanity and declined to proceed further. We don't belong to either class. We perused every page carefully, skipping nothing, not even the foot notes. We expected a rich literary treat and we got it. Whilst saying so we are not praising the construction of the story, which is far from perfect, nor approving its many glaring improbabilities and inconsistencies, but we yield to none in our admiration for the author's rich vein of humour and pathos. There we stop. From what we know of the Auld Lichts of Thrums we fully expected to find a nobler hero than the Reverend Gavin Dishart, surrounded by characters of greater moral grandeur, together with happier and more edifying scenes both in domestic and public life. Clearly the author has allowed his love of the ludicrous and the sensational to overbalance his judgment. For the grand essential virtues and characteristics of the Auld Lichts, he has given us chiefly their prejudices and their failings, their oddities and their eccentricities, clothed, however, it must be admitted, in so fascinating a style that we can hardly stop to quarrel with the writer or differ from him in his fanciful representations. But therein lies the danger of all fiction.

"That is why we have a crow to pick with the author of 'The Little Minister.' Such is his fame, he has made Kirriemuir and Thrums virtually synonymous, so that all he writes about the Auld Lichts and their ministers is apt to be regarded as veritable history;

thus producing most erroneous impressions, which it is desirable to guard against.

"Gavin Ogilvy, the dominie of Glen Quharity, the pretended historian, has much to answer for. An Auld Licht himself, a bird of the same feather, and reared in the same nest, surely he ought to have remembered a certain homely proverb before putting pen to paper.

"*Look first at history.* There was James Aitken, the father of the Auld Lichts. Why not choose him for the hero? a man of prepossessing appearance, whose gait was dignity; a man who had the rare virtue of being contented with a stipend of forty-five pounds a year: a man who preached three times every Sabbath for nearly thirty years, not for his own gratification, but because he was earnestly solicited by all classes to do so. And the result was a great moral reform among the people. After him came the Rev. James Anderson, author of the "Ladies of the Covenant"; next followed the Rev. Mr. Brown, a popular preacher. Then came the Rev. Mr. Paxton, perhaps the greatest orator the Auld Licht body ever produced. When he left Kirriemuir, a large number of the congregation accompanied him to the outskirts of the town, where they reluctantly parted, amid sobs and tears, with their much esteemed pastor.

"To these poor people, with their scant and humble fare and few pleasures, religion was of paramount importance. Narrow their creed might be, but how intense! and their lives, how good and true. Within their plain, almost rude, Kirk they enjoyed exercises that were heart moving and soul stirring. For these divine services what does the story present us? A mere travesty! very clever, no doubt, but none the less a travesty; and like Lord Macaulay's "Restoration of the Clergy," set in diamonds, and Sir Walter Scott's "Covenanters," painted in the wizard's own magic hues, destined, we fear, for many a day to supersede the true facts of history.

"*Look now at the Romance.* The Rev. Mr. Paxton we take to be the original of "The Little Minister's" predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Carfrae, a man who 'came to Thrums narrow and left it broad; a paralytic tottering old man, in whose countenance the light of heaven shone.' With such a saintly pastor (to say nothing of the able and pious training of his predecessors) might we not reasonably expect the sheep of this little flock to be patterned after their

shepherd? at all events the members of the Session ought to be something like him. But what says Gavin Ogilvy of the chief elder, Thomas Whammond, better known as lang Tammas, who boasted that he was an elder of twenty-six years standing. 'He was the dourest and most unlovable man in Thrums, from whom the children ran off.' Lang Tammas was also the precentor. The more was the pity. Before entering his box he regularly clinked his halfpenny into the plate. Tammas was a fierce uncompromising bigot, too. He would not sing, he, the contemptible bawbee contributor!

> Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small,
> Love so amazing so divine,
> Demands my love, my life, my all.

Catch him! that was a human hymn, and like a paraphrase would mount no higher than the ceiling. So he would say. We doubt much whether the Psalms of David, when sung by him, would mount any higher, notwithstanding his abnormal height. So much for the chief elder. Spiritually the other members of session and the rest of the flock are pretty much on a par with Lang Tammas.

"Gavin Dishart is elected by this small congregation as their minister, and, as such, conducts himself in a manner altogether different from the traditions of the Auld Licht Kirk of Thrums. A young man in his twenty-first year, an only son of an illiterate mother and she a widow (shall we say a grass widow?) little of stature and juvenile in appearance, in spite of his tall silk hat: fresh from college with a smattering of languages and some practice in the writing of moral and theological essays; fed, too, during these hard days of struggle, on salt fish and potatoes—is it not taxing our credulity too much to believe that this raw stripling becomes all at once a man in virtue of his ordination as a minister? Our common sense won't take in all that is recorded of the Little Minister's power over the Auld Lichts. The late Dr. Candlish had a salutary fear of men of the Thrums sort. He would preach before the Lords of Council and Session without being put the least about, but he could not face the Newmilns weavers from the pulpit without fear and trembling, such was the extent of their Biblical and Theological knowledge. When the Thrums boys said to each other, as Gavin Dishart walked up the Roods, 'I'm sayin', isna that *loon* the noo minister?' is it likely their fathers had any

veneration for him? 'No,' they cry, 'Dagont! is he to lord it over us on the street as he does in the Kirk?'

"After the manner of all newly placed ministers of the right sort, how many religious, philanthropic, and educational agencies does Mr. Dishart set agoing? None! What is his record for the first year? Chiefly his escapades with Babbie, the Egyptian! Once, too, he preached impromptu for an hour and twenty-five minutes on the Fall; telling them that "Adam was an erring man, but beside Eve he was respectable;" 'fair riddling the women,' as Waster Lunny said, so that 'he was ashamed he was married.' After this rousing discourse the Little Minister 'staggered, damp with perspiration, to the vestry, where Hendry Munn wrung him like a wet clout.' And then the preacher (for reasons known to readers of the story) tore the eighth chapter of Ezra out of the pulpit Bible and threw it into the fire.

"This mannikin could perform prodigies of valour. He made short work of the drucken weaver and poacher, Rob. Dow, that day when he cried, 'I'll step down frae the pulpit and turn you out of the house of God'—and this to a man as big as three of him! And during the riot the minister threatened to throw the war-like Andrew Struthers over the stairs! It is simply ridiculous the posturing of this boy minister, and the homage and obedience said to be rendered to him: even religious devotees are not such fools.

"The boy is father of the man. That was a sad day to his mother when young Gavin told her that he would rather be good at the high jump than the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' And this tingling desire for leaping had not forsaken him notwithstanding all the grave anxieties and responsibilities incident to a minister during those trying and stirring times, both in the moral and material world. He would jump over the gooseberry bushes in the garden, although he reddened on noticing once while in the air that his boyishness was observed; and he also cleared Nanny Webster's garden gate at a bound. These saltatory exercises are recorded, we suppose, to indicate a dominant feature in the Little Minister's proclivities, and to foreshadow and prepare us for that famous leap of his to save the life of Lord Rintoul. Besides showing the supreme value of athletics, that perilous and successful leap was intended no doubt to mark the Christian magnanimity and heroism of the Auld Licht pastor in risking his life to save his rival. But if this feat was a crowning proof of Christian bravery,

what can be said of drucken Rob. Dow, who dared the same hazardous jump and lost his life in doing it? The whole of this highly melodramatic scene is evidently painted to reveal how a Christian minister can behave in the most imminent peril and in the immediate prospect of death. Was there ever any event, as described, so unreal and theatrical? Instead of shedding tears over it we laugh outright. Surely never was an impending fatal calamity so grimly and profanely burlesqued.

"In the Kirk, too, a spirit of unseemly levity is manifested where one ought to find impressive and edifying services, according to Auld Licht traditions. Waster Lunny makes a windmill of his Bible when the text happens to be one of the minor prophets, remarking that 'Genesis was easy to find, but it takes an able-bodied man to turn up Ezra.' And Meggy Rattray could watch as well as pray, for she saw who put the threepenny into the plate. One candidate, in his confusion, after giving out the 119th Psalm, and reading a verse or two, said 'We shall sing the whole of this Psalm!' Another during the praise did not sing continuously but only a 'mouthful' at a time. And while the people are waiting in the Kirk on a week night for the minister to come and pray for rain the whole affair is quite a comedy.

"The Auld Licht manse fares little better. Somehow we always regard a country manse, surrounded by its garden, as an ideal abode of love and peace, and sweetness and light—a centre from which radiates every Christian thought, feeling, and action. In the manse in question, we have as mistress, first, the minister's mother, a kindly well-meaning woman, but one otherwise poorly qualified for the post; next, we have Babbie, the gipsy he married in a storm over the tongs, of whose house-keeping qualities the less said the better. And the doings of Jean, the servant, allowing the devotees of her master to try on his hat and to examine the handle of his umbrella, as well as other vagaries of hers, are all amusing enough, but at same time they dispel some of our poetic illusions. As for the garden and the summer-seat, to every pure spirit a minister's Eden, why, the Egyptian is like the trail of the serpent over it all.

"Who is responsible for 'The Little Minister,' the Author, the Public, or the Publishers? Let the following facts speak for themselves. The editor of *The British Weekly*, after it had been started for six months—so he tells us in an extra edition specially devoted to J. M. Barrie—was looking *gloomily* about for some one

who could write in a *lively* way on ecclesiastical affairs. Anon his eye alighted on a *burlesque* report of the Free Church Assembly, then sitting at Inverness, and he lost no time in securing 'Gavin Ogilvy,' the writer of it. Mark well the italics, and remember that *The British Weekly* is a religious paper!

"Evidently, too, in the same spirit, the Editor of *Good Words* also booked this brilliant entertainer, with good commercial results, we will not doubt, but otherwise we question very much. Verily times are sadly changed. About thirty years ago, as all may read in the Life of Dr. Norman Macleod, the Publishers of *Good Words*—all due honour to them and the magnanimous Norman, the first Editor, for doing so—nobly forfeited five hundred pounds to a celebrated novelist for refusing to publish a story which they had arranged with him to write for them rather than compromise their magazine and cause grievous offence to their evangelical readers. Are we not all on the down grade now-a-days, when we culpably allow a comic genius, like a court fool or a spoiled child, to cut any capers he pleases so long as it simply pays or amuses us?

"The Auld Lichts of Thrums may feel flattered at being made so famous by their fellow-townsman, but they certainly can hardly thank him for treating them in the way he has done in the pages of 'The Little Minister.' Errors in the dialect, and in the construction of the story, which others have pointed out, are trifling indeed compared with the heinous sin of making a burlesque of religious character and history."

Thus far my friend's strictures on what may be called Mr. Barrie's only book—for his "Auld Licht Idylls," and his "Window in Thrums," can only be regarded as preliminary canters to try his wind for the great run, and it is sad to think that this young genius of so much promise—has run and failed.

Some may ask—If the above view be sound? why, in the name of common sense, has there been such a run on the book? Why so many editions sold, both in this country and America. Why have editors and reviewers, and Ministers of the Gospel, waxed eloquent in trumpeting the merits of "The Little Minister?"

You may well ask, and I also ask—Why does an intoxicated public, year after year, indulge in the thousand and one gyrations in the worship of the fetish of the hour? This fetish for the time being may be a vulgar preacher, a ranting demagogue, a Music Hall dancer, a light or heavy comedian, a charlatan mounte-

bank, a famous murderer, or a novel. After a time this enthusiastic admiration dies of its own fervour, the object of so much mad laudation is forgot, and some new fetish set up in its place and the abandoned favourite not having in him or her that sterling stuff that can alone last through the ages, posterity shall only hear of them—if she hear at all—in the form of a very feeble echo.

"The currency and popularity of certain books is explicable only on the principle that explains the spread of contagious diseases. The book has run, not according to any merit or demerit, but on a certain wave that runs through the community, as a chance boat might come in on a tide. A solitary reader, remote from this contagion, would not perceive anything extraordinary in it; but scarcely any person who is in the social influence—the miasma of the hour—escapes reading the book or being affected by it. The wave passes, and in a few months, or it may be a year or two, everybody wonders what it was that excited them, or what it was in the book to account for its currency. We can all recall books in years past that ran over the country like a fire, which now nobody honours or reads, and which no amount of advertising could force into general public admiration.

It is difficult to say what starts the eddy about a certain book. It may be its title; it may be some indiscretion in it; it may be a lucky notoriety given it by the remark of a conspicuous person. The eddy gathers force and becomes a whirlwind, which creates other movements in wider circles, and the disturbance increases until there is the appearance of a cyclone about the book. This mental storm may exist in one country and not in another; it may prevail in the United States, while in England the book is a pleasant calm—liked in a sane way by many people, a matter of indifference to others—judged, at any rate, apparently on its merits. In the excited community where the infection temporarily rages there will turn up now and then a solitary reader, who—perhaps comes late to the perusal of the work—cannot understand why the furor exists, and he seems to himself for the time being to be in the position of a sane person visiting a lunatic asylum—a mild lunatic asylum—where the patients are not violent or dangerous, but only under a gentle sort of delusion, which will die out when it has run its course, like measles, or scarlet fever, or anything of that sort. This can hardly

be called an epidèmic of opinion—such as frequently runs through a whole people. It is rather an epidemic of feeling or emotion, such as sometimes attacks a flock of sheep which tries to pass through a narrow gap in the fence all at the same moment. This phenomenon has no relation to that slowly settling concensus of public opinion which many believe makes the lasting reputation of a piece of literature. This reputation rests ultimately upon a majority of individual judgments, whereas this phenomenon is not explained by any undisturbed individual judgments, but by the curious influence of one mind upon another, which we see in any panic or epidemic."

The history of the rise and progress of that body of rigid Calvinists, called *Seceders*, and which, after they had split into *Burghers* and *Ante-Burghers*, were nicknamed "Auld Lights" and "New Lights," is a subject worthy of the artist, the novelist, or the poet. I am sure if the shades of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, of Stirling, who originated this peculiar people in 1730, were to be consulted, they would both frankly tell us that no genius as yet has done them justice.

A LOVE STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY JAMES STURROCK,

Author of "Sketch of Dr. Norman Macleod," "Sermons on Scottish Song," "The Prince's Charm," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Jolly shepherd, shepherd in the shade,
In the shade so merrily,
In the shade so cheerily.
Joy in thy life, life of shepherd's trade,
Joy in thy love, love full of glee,
Both sing and say—sweet love for me!"

John Wooton.

OUR friends were glad they did not go to the top of Ben Katelow, for it was a quarter of an hour beyond the time when the young ministers were expected ere they reached Linnburn. Before passing through the Honeysuckle gate, Miss Webster cast her eyes up the braes, and, seeing two dark figures moving away from the Golden gate, suddenly exclaimed, "See! there they come. Isn't it delightful we are back in time to give them a welcome."

As the visitors wended their way leisurely down the broadest pathway—walking very circumspectly, as became gentlemen of the ministerial cloth, Miss Forman became rather impatient of their slow progress. "Poor mountaineers these! Why don't they copy

Roger and Patie and come brattling down the brae when they see ladies waiting for them."

"It is pretty clear, that *we* cannot lend the swiftness of the roe to their tardy feet"—taking out her handkerchief and waving it—"but let us do our best to hurry them down. Meantime kindly run into the house, Jessie, and tell my mother they are coming."

Miss Forman did not require to go. Mrs. Webster having appeared at the Honeysuckle gate, the signal was given to her, and she hastened away to infuse the tea.

Mysie came trotting in by and began leaping upon Mr. Graham as if quite an old friend: a kind attention he cordially reciprocated.

"Run now, Mysie—run up the braes and fetch the strangers," said Miss Webster, pointing towards them, but only half in earnest. The sagacious creature wagged its tail and fawned on its young mistress, but seemed to feel no real call to bound for the newcomers. The lady smiled significantly. "It does seem as if Mysie had some respect for persons after all: she readily bolted to meet you to-day, Mr. Graham."

"But then I was not a total stranger to Mysie, which makes some difference."

"Oh, no! not at all!" cried Miss Forman, laughing: "the fact is, Mysie is not accustomed to bring black sheep from the hill. She has no liking for the blackcoats, any more than I have."

Miss Webster turned and walked towards the hammock. "We may as well take a seat till they come: it will make them feel more at ease to see us resting."

So the ladies sat down in the hammock, while Graham seated himself in the rustic chair beside them.

"And so you don't like blackcoats, Jessie?" said Miss Webster.

"I have a prejudice against them."

"Do you mean the coats or the men?" asked Graham.

"Both! I can't help it; and there's no use asking me why."

"Well, Jessie, you know as well as I do that black sheep make the sweetest mutton; and may not the best of men have black coats?"

"I agree with you about the sheep," said Graham gaily: "the butchers in Glasgow take good care to keep on the heads of the black sheep they hang up in their shops."

"You might treat us to something more poetical, Mr. Graham," objected Miss Forman.

Luckily at this moment that gentleman heard the song of the lark. Looking up contemplatively at the quivering speck, he replied: "You don't think of the colour of the lark just now, fanning the purple clouds and flooding the glen with delicious melody. Ah! Miss Forman, you must not forget that our sweetest singers are very modest and sombre in their plumage: and that the black-coats you so dislike are often transformed into singing robes, while hundreds, ay, even thousands, are entranced by the heavenly music of the wearers."

Paul Stephen and James Scrymgeour had forgathered with John Webster at the foot of the braes; they paused for a few minutes while John talked to them and pointed out several places of interest. Our friends in the hammock and Graham had thus leisure for this little by-play.

When the new arrivals were half-way up the avenue, accompanied by their host, Miss Webster advanced to meet them.

Graham looked intently at the visitors as they approached—more especially at one of them, whom he thought he recognized: and then turning sharply to Miss Forman said, "If I am not mistaken I should know one of these gentlemen—the younger of the two—Mr. Scrymgeour: yes, to be sure"—stepping forward eagerly to meet him.

"How are you, Mr. Scrymgeour?" he said joyously, without waiting to be introduced to Mr. Stephen. "Who would have thought we were to meet here of all places in the world?"

"Very strange indeed, Mr. Graham. We have come from Dunoon to-day, and very glad we were to leave behind us the crowds of Glasgow Fair people. What a contrast Dunoon is to this quiet glen."

Then followed the introduction to Mr. Stephen of Mr. Graham, who at once made enquiries for Mr. Marchmont and his circle, presently living at Hunter's Quay, in a villa charmingly situate in front of the Hafton woods. Miss Dallas, however, was not there, which no doubt accounted for Mr. Scrymgeour having no reluctance to tear himself away from the enchanting shores of the Holy Loch.

Graham felt it comforting to believe that, handsome though Mr. Scrymgeour was, he would not likely be his rival while striving to

gain the affections of Miss Webster. As for Paul Stephen, he knew next to nothing about him. But it was abundantly clear from the first sentence he spoke that he was no ordinary man: indeed, the rich sonorous voice and the sprightly manner would have struck despair into the bosom of a faint-hearted wooer.

Paul Stephen was a Licentiate of the Church, but neither a placed minister nor a probationer. Now over thirty years of age, outsiders wondered why Stephen did not try to get a church. He had passed through the College with distinction, and the very few pulpit appearances he had made were so promising—why did he hesitate about being a minister? For this reason—as his intimate friends were well aware—he was halting between two opinions: not whether he would serve God or Baal, but whether he should become a litterateur or a minister.

The first pause made by him in his ministerial career was caused by the state of his health, just as he was finishing his curriculum; the family doctor having advised him to travel abroad for some time to strengthen his constitution, and at the same time enlarge his knowledge of the world and his views of life—an advice which Stephen, with his father's concurrence, readily adopted. Fond though he was of study and preaching, young Stephen did not take kindly to the idea of settling down as the pastor of a congregation, so that he was well pleased with the doctor's wise recommendation. The "grand tour" on the Continent would just suit him; and as his father—a prosperous florist and seedsman in Glasgow—was quite able to afford the expense, Paul had no compunction whatever in starting.

Shortly after his departure—his new departure, it might be termed—he noticed in one of the Glasgow papers, daily sent to him, an intimation offering valuable prizes for the best two stories, not to exceed a given length, and to be ready by a certain time. *There* was a chance for a clever young fellow, like him, to make a name at a bound. Well, he entered the list of competitors, and gained the first prize. In due course the stories were published, and Paul Stephen's name was noised abroad as the rising Scotch novelist.

Greatly strengthened by his sojourn abroad, Paul did not mind obliging the best of his would-be patrons by partaking in their social cheer; but as for preaching—why, his literary success had

caused the pulpit to recede farther and farther into the dim distance. Clearly literature was his forte. By-and-by, however, he discovered that the literary profession did not afford him all the satisfaction he longed for, and again he seriously thought of looking out for a church. His father had never ceased expressing his desire to see his son a minister, and as many other esteemed friends joined him in his persuasion, assuring Paul that when it became known that he was a clerical candidate, half-a-dozen churches would be trying to get him, he felt as if the oracle, *vox populi vox dei* were being sacredly whispered to his soul and conscience.

Possibly, too, the conversations he had with Miss Webster during the past winter—a lady who inherited the parental admiration for the preacher's calling—may have had something to do in deciding Stephen to don the ministerial gown. What will a man not do to please the woman he loves?

Already two calls had been presented to him. He declined them both—neither being suitable. What he wished was a church, "not in the busy world nor quite beyond it," and he would just wait a little.

Meantime he was delighted to come to Rathie for a few Sabbaths; perhaps to no place in the world would he have gone so eagerly—at least during the summer vacation, when a certain charming young schoolmistress would be one of his most intelligent hearers.

James Scrymgeour was a cousin of Paul Stephen's; a fact which accounted for their being together now, for beyond the other fact of their professional studies being similar there was little more than the accident of kinship that made them sometimes companions.

He was the eldest son of the late John Scrymgeour, of the firm of Dallas and Scrymgeour, Warehousemen, Glasgow: nothing, therefore, could be more natural than the friendly relations existing between James and the Dallas family, as well as the probable closer relation which some people were prophesying.

Scrymgeour had not the mental gifts nor the fame of Stephen, but he was considerably younger—only twenty-three—and had a much finer personal appearance, which, combined with ordinary abilities, a very good voice, and pleasing manners, would very

likely procure a church for him in good time. Ladies would take very kindly to such a candidate, and readily vote for him. The acute observer, however, did not quite like the self-satisfied look and air always beaming on Scrymgeour's countenance, nor the lofty way he carried his head and tossed it back, as if he felt himself superior to everybody. Such a demeanour did not harmonize with the thoughtful humility so becoming in a divinity student. For all that, it does not follow that Miss Dallas saw anything but love and manly beauty in Mr. Scrymgeour's bright blue eyes, fresh complexion, and handsome form: on the contrary, the haughty airs to her gaze may only have increased his patrician aspect, just as the erect bearing and proud dignified carriage seemed to add to his middle-sized stature. Such an eligible young man, whether engaged or not, could hardly fail to have a special interest for Miss Webster or Miss Forman.

At the tea-party, Paul Stephen, as the oldest guest, sat at Mrs. Webster's right hand; Mr. Scrymgeour was placed beside Miss Webster; Mr. Graham supported Miss Forman; while Mr. Webster and his young son, Andrew, were the croupiers, so to speak.

Mrs. Webster was unusually proud and happy presiding over her present company. She felt highly honoured in having Paul Stephen at her table, and could not help paying him very marked attentions, which had the good effect of opening his heart and the floodgates of his vigorous mind.

Mr. Webster was rather quiet at the beginning; casting a sagacious look across the table from time to time, as if taking in the measure of the talented young minister who had already distinguished himself as an author, in what unco guid folk would term profane literature; but now that he had taken holy orders, he might yet make his mark as a sacred writer, and rank with such divines as Bunyan and Baxter. Indeed, Mr. Webster could not refrain from gazing at Paul Stephen with a certain feeling of awe when he contemplated the possibilities of his future career.

Andrew, as became his years, kept silent, gazing with reverence and admiration on Mr. Stephen, as an intelligent schoolboy: for how could he regard with indifference the author of a famous prize story?

They talked lightly and pleasantly at first on various topics,

dwelling a good deal on matters pertaining to Glasgow, and, in particular, the humours of Glasgow Fair, then in full swing, but more especially the Fair of the olden time, when Paul Stephen—not to go any farther back—was a boy. From the foot of the classic Saltmarket, where the annual Saturnalia was held, to the Green—the people's forum—was only a stone's throw. What scenes were to be witnessed on the Green on summer nights! Stephen graphically described the discussions and preachings which took place there, but chiefly on Sabbath nights; addressing himself mostly to his host, as he appeared to take the deepest interest.

"Weel, Maister Stephen," said Mr. Webster, "I maun say, ye hae been at mair colleges than ane, an' I hope we'll get the benefit o' yer learnin' an' experience the short time ye're to be i' th' glen. We had a meenister body a' th' wey frae Edinboro this summer. I expeckit great things frae him, as they said he was an able man; but O dear me! he had sic a peekin voice the hauf o' th' fowk—especially them a wee thing dull, like mysel' —could mak' neither heid nor tail o' him. Noo, what is th' earthly use o' a preacher if he canna mak' himsel' be heard? O Sirs, I loss a' patience wi' thae peekin billies. If sic men hae learnin' an' abeelities, let them use the pen, or teach, an' gie the poopit to men that can speak wi' some pith."

Paul Stephen, conscious of his powerful voice, felt somewhat flattered, but interjected, "Men that can 'ding the guts out of the Bible!"

"Na, na, sir, I dinna mean mere pheesical force, though I like plenty o' that too. I generally find that a preacher who has life an' energy is practical an' to th' point: th' very opposite to thae preachers wha sing awa' to themsells, for a' th' warld like a laverock up i' th' cluds—no sae bonnie, tho'. Noo there, when I'm gaun aboot th' braes amon' th' sheep, dronin' or singing to mysel', the sheep nibble awa' an' pey nae attention to me, but the meenit I gie th' word o' command their heids are up in a jiffey. That's the wey you meenister chaps should speak to yer flock if you want them to gie ony heed t'ye instead o' fa'in' asleep."

"I thoroughly agree with you," said Stephen with energy. "I always notice that the preachers on Glasgow Green who gather the largest crowd are courageous, bravely outspoken men—men who speak with a will and to the purpose—men who fire off shot-like

sentences that thrill the multitude—every word like the dunt of a hammer and a 'trumpet call to action.'"

"Fine, min! Ah, sir, that's the richt kind o' preachin'—action, obedience: not hearers of the word only, but doers. The man that can fire us to do and obey—that's the proper man for the poopit."

"Decidedly!" cried Stephen with emphasis. "We don't want long dry discourses; we have no patience with displays of learning—what we hunger and thirst for is the revelation of a noble soul and a heroic life, breathed to us warm and musical from the burning lips of a true Christian."

"Hear, hear! Man, I'm richt glad to hear you speak that wey, an' I only wish that a' th' young preachers were o' th' same wey o' thinkin'. I often think what puir deid craturs we are compared wi' th' preemitive Christians, or even wi' th' hearty, generous people of Ezra's time. Ye mind o' Ezra? Fetch me th' Bible, Andrew; I would just like to refresh yer memory wi' a verse or twa."

The Bible was brought from a side-table and passed by Andrew carefully with both hands to his father. After adjusting his spectacles, John Webster turned up the desired place with ease: indeed the book opened almost of its own accord at the eighth chapter of Nehemiah. Then he read aloud in a sonorous voice: "And Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people (for he was above all the people); and when he opened it, all the people stood up." O sirs, isn't it grand to see the reverence which the fowk in thae auld times had for God's Word? I've read somewhere that th' Mahommedans 'll no haud the Koran below their girdle. I honour them for that."

Graham remarked that he had seen a small Testament—an old one—supporting one of the legs of a piano.

"Weel, sir, I wadna gie muckle for the music that comes oot o' that piano: no that th' piano itsel' may be a bad ane, but there could be nae richt music i' th' souls o' them it belanged till. Assuredly *they* hadna the speerit of Ezra. Verse aucht, 'So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.' Now, hoo mony o' you meenister billies o' th' present day can read like Ezra? It maks me jist wild when I hear a man read a chapter in a cauld wey—and in a sma' whisper—so as, forsooth, to keep a' his energy for his ain puir bit sermon. Nae wonder, I say, that there's sae

muckle speeritual deidness i' th' warld. Let's see what was the result of Ezra's readin'—verse twal: 'And all the people went their way to eat and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth' (to mak' great mirth, mark you); 'because they had understood the words that were declared unto them.' They didna come awa' yawnin' an' wi' lang faces, nor were they glad because the readin' was by, an' they could now play themsells like bairns. No; they rejoiced because they understood God's precious word an' loved it—they were made happy when they learned all that their Heavenly Father had promised to them that love Him."

Then followed a lively discussion relative to shepherds, pastoral and spiritual. Mr. Webster stoutly maintained that a minister's life was a very easy and comfortable one; while Mr. Stephen, with much force and eloquence, denied that such was the case—especially the life of a city minister. But he had always regarded the care of sheep on the hills as a most healthy and sweetly idyllic occupation. Whereupon mine host mentioned two or three things which opened Stephen's eyes, and took not a little of the Arcadian poetry out of the shepherd's fancied existence. In short, some of the facts put forth on both sides were striking and new to each of the speakers, so that their opinions regarding the assumed unalloyed ease and comfort of their respective vocations were very considerably modified; and the argument ended as it began, with the utmost good temper.

Mrs. Webster's face was a study during this discussion. Sitting back in her chair, her folded hands resting on her lap, it was evident she was taking the liveliest interest in the conversation. She dearly loved to see her husband engaged in vigorous talk. Often she thought what a powerful man he would have been with a college education; and every such reflection strengthened her resolve to supply that much felt want to her only son. But indeed her feelings during the dialogue — or duologue rather — were various: while her husband was listening eagerly to Mr. Stephen, absorbed entirely in hearing his statements or in framing a reply, Mrs. Webster at one time would be lost in admiration of her husband's eloquence, and at another would be watching with tender interest to mark how Andrew was enjoying the intellectual contest; picturing, too, in her mind's eye, that proud and happy day when her darling boy would be shining, like Paul Stephen, in table oratory. Anon she would gaze complacently at her daughter, and

wonder which of the three gentlemen present—all of them highly eligible—might be her dear child's partner for life.

When the party broke up, pleasant allusion was made to the prospect of hearing Mr. Stephen in the church on Sunday next; Mr. Graham, in particular, being greatly interested in the forthcoming event.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"A strappin' lad he takes the mither's e'e."—*Burns.*

The pleasing duty of seeing Miss Forman safely home from Linnburn devolved upon Mr. Graham, and, when bidding her good night, he promised to look in next day on his way to Lochdale.

There was nothing particular to keep him in the glen on Friday, and besides, he was eager to get home to relate the great discovery he had made. Charged with such delightful news, Graham could not be otherwise than happy and doubly happy, too, that he was to return again on Saturday. It would never do for him, poor fellow! pent up in the smoky city all the year round, not to stay all the time he possibly could among the hills: Oh, dear no; especially as he had promised to his kind Linnburn friends to come and hear Paul Stephen preaching on Sunday, and then spend the afternoon with them. Moreover, by so doing, he could all the more easily accept Mrs. Gray's invitation to Craighill on the Monday following. These were irresistible attractions, the pleasure of which he would never for a moment dream of foregoing. What a lucky fellow!

Well, on Friday morning, sometime after breakfast, he started for Lochdale. On nearing Rathie Inn he heard the sound of a piano—most welcome music to him; causing him to whisper—"All, all is food for my too, too poetic soul!" In two minutes he was in the best parlour of the inn, seated by the piano beside the fair performer, the charming Miss Jessie. She was playing the *Overture to Guy Mannering*, a favourite of his, as he entered. She at once rose to welcome him, and sat down on a chair away from the piano. Very soon, however, he begged her to resume playing the overture—he was so fond of it. With a gracious smile she immediately complied.

The first bar or two thrilled him with delight, making him feel

somehow as if piano music had never so charmed him before. He could not but take most kindly to the fair spirit who was ministering so richly to his enjoyment. But, indeed, his eyes were charmed quite as much as his ears. Now he gazed rapturously on the white fingers dancing nimbly over the keys, but oftener his gaze would be riveted on the happy face which glowed and smiled in sympathy with the music. It was such a treat to watch her expression as she dashed off the air always sung to the words—

> Yestreen a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
> And sair wi' his love he did deave me,
> I said there was naething I hated like men—
> The gude forgie me for leein', for leein',
> The gude forgie me for leein'.

That Jessie was keenly alive to the humour of the song was abundantly evident; moreover, the coy maiden seemed to throw herself with more joyous abandon into the music, words not being the medium of expression.

Graham could hardly stand it—he felt he could fling his arms round the enchanting gipsy and kiss her right off! "Come! come! now, Miss Forman, don't take so much wicked fun out of the music. I know fine what it is you are laughing at."

She stopped playing and regarded him archly.

"How do you expect that I can trust Mr. Leadbetter to such alluring wiles? If you're going to copy the heroine of that song when he comes to see you—I must——"

"Oh, but I won't behave that way to *him;* for your sake, if not for his own, I shall try to be a little more truthful."

"Very good. And don't forget to take a ramble with him through the den. If you do, I am sure he will never be done singing—

> We'll meet beside the dusky glen
> By yon burnside."

What a lively fancy you have, Mr. Graham; you have painted Mr. Leadbetter in such bright colours that I'm afraid I won't have the pleasure of seeing him. He will think Rathie far too dull."

"Keep your mind easy. It will be no fault of mine if he doesn't find his way north here, the very first time he has business at Redmuir. I must say, though, that my friend is a very fascinating fellow, and I may have good cause to be jealous of him." Graham looked slyly at the young lady while he thus spoke jestingly.

"Oh, now, Mr. Graham, don't say so. I know quite well that *your* heart is elsewhere!" Then turning quickly round on the stool she dashed off a continuation of the overture.

Graham said nothing; he looked enquiringly at the lady while she went on playing, and mused. "And so this young, seemingly artless maiden, has divined my secret! What prophets women folks are in affairs of the heart. I spoke not a word of love, and I tried to be as courteous and attentive to her as to Miss Webster. How could she then make the discovery?"

He felt pleased—very pleased indeed—at being told what he knew himself to be true. And was it not strange that he should find hope in Miss Forman's remark about his heart being elsewhere? a remark which might have been one of her stereotyped phrases, learned at the boarding school, meaning little or nothing, and at the most might be only a "draw" or a "feeler." But Graham's perceptions were electric—were quick as a woman's. Not the remark simply struck him most; rather it was the way it was uttered and the sudden resumption of the music, as if to conceal her emotions, or, more likely, to evade any questioning. Yes, there was hope most assuredly; if there were not, Miss Forman, being an intimate friend of Miss Webster's, and a frank, generous lady, would have managed somehow to tell him gently to beware of going too far on the ice. But certainly there was nothing in her manner to lead him to infer that Miss Webster was either engaged, or that she favoured another.

Still briskly went the music; and the laughing, sweet tempered little minx seemed absolutely to revel in the enjoyment of her own brilliant performance, well knowing all the while what were the sentiments her eloquent fingers were interpreting. And, equally well, so did the attentive listener.

After playing a few minutes she wisely paused to allow an interval for conversation. Crossing her hands upon her lap she listened demurely to Graham's compliments; after which they talked over yesterday's events and the forthcoming Church services by Paul Stephen. She also made some enquiries about Mr. Scrymgeour in a way which shewed he had impressed her a good deal.

Although the talk did not flag for a moment, Miss Forman snatched up another piece of music, saying—"with your permission, Mr. Graham, I shall now play to you *Lord Rathie's*

Welcome; it would never do for you to go home without hearing *the* tune of the parish."

Graham was delighted. He had never heard *Lord Rathie's Welcome* to his knowledge, and it was very kind and considerate of her.

Jessie was just in the middle of the *Welcome*, a soul-stirring march, when mine hostess suddenly entered, as if the tune were a signal for a gathering of the clans, and she had hurried to the rendezvous.

"Sic a lassie that is for music, Mr. Graham; she would thump awa' th' haill blessed day if I would lat her. Ay, an' ye've been playing *Lord Rathie's Welcome;* you'll mak' me believe its the flower show day. I'm sure she's juist deavin' ye, Maister Graham."

"Oh no, not at all, Mrs. Forman. I am very much delighted with the music, I assure you."

He then made some complimentary remarks on her excellent management, and he thought her highly entitled to get a proper hotel built.

She seemed much pleased. "I maun gie ye a dram oot o' my ain bottle the day, Maister Graham, efter yer kindness to Jessie. Ye see his Lordship winna alloo me to sell speerits, but, of coorse, I keep a bottle for my ain freends. Play awa', lassie, till I come ben again."

The family bottle was soon brought, and healths were drunk after the good old country fashion.

After a very agreeable crack, and when Graham was making signs of leaving, Mrs. Forman said—"Ye're gaun hame th' day, Maister Graham—ye're surely no to tramp to Redmuir are ye?"

He answered such was his intention. Being a fine day and nothing to carry he had no doubt he would enjoy the walk.

"But there's nae occasion to walk, Maister Graham. Jessie an' me are gaun in wi' th' dog-cart, an' we'll be very glad to gie you a lift if you care for it. This is a market day in Redmuir, an' we've some shoppin' to do."

Graham, of course, could not refuse such a kind offer, and said that, as they were going into town at anyrate, he would only be too glad of their company and the drive.

That matter having been settled satisfactorily, Mrs. Forman next proceeded to consult her guest on a matter of importance.

"By-th'-by, Mr. Graham, as ye come frae Glesca, and are a man

of business, I wish ye would gie me yer opinion aboot some Railway bonds I boucht for Jessie this summer. There's sae muckle roguery i' th' warld that I would like to mak' sure that thae bonds is a' richt. Bring the papers, lassie, till I lat Maister Graham see them."

Miss Jessie was absent two or three minutes searching for the documents. Meanwhile, the wily mother improved the time by telling her favoured visitor that she had put a thoosand pounds in Jessie's ain name as a marriage tocher; "some fowks think I did wrang in puttin' sae muckle money in her ain name. Maister Wood, th' Banker, wha got the bonds for me, said it wisna usual for parents to invest sae muckle in a dochter's ain name. But I wadna listen to him. I could easy spare th' thoosand pounds, an' as Jessie has been a gude, kind dochter to me, I've the maist perfect faith in her, an' am sure that naething wrang 'll happen tae the money because I've gi'en her a' th' power o't. I'm to lippen her at onyrate."

Jessie handed the papers to her mother, who at once passed them to Mr. Graham for inspection; remarking, "you'll ken weel, nae doot, Mr. Graham, aboot the four Glesca Railways, an' you'll see there's a bond by ilka ane o' them for twa hundred an' fifty pounds. I was advised no to put a' th' eggs in ae basket."

Graham looked at the Debentures very carefully with all the air of a professional man expert in scrutinizing such documents. After the first glance at the papers, he remarked that all the four railways were reputed to be sound and profitable undertakings, and that in any event, as the bonds were preferable, they might be considered as safe as the Bank of England. Then after closely examining the amounts, the signatures, the seals, and the stamps on the Debentures, he said he had no hesitation whatever in pronouncing the bonds to be genuine, and the investments good and safe.

"I'm muckle obleeged t'ye, Maister Graham. Noo, Jessie, you've heard what a Glesca lawyer has said aboot yer railway bonds; so you need hae nae fear about them."

Graham opened his eyes wide at this speech. "Pardon me, Mrs. Forman, but if you refer to me as the Glasgow Lawyer, I am sorry you have made a mistake. A particular friend of mine, it is true, is a lawyer in Glasgow, and it is through him that I happen to know about such documents."

"Oh, to be sure, Maister Graham; it's me that's made a mistake. Yer freend, Sally, was tellin' me about ye and yer companion, Maister Marchmont, an' I've mista'en you for the lawyer. Oh, weel, there's no muckle hairm dune, I hope; an' ye've satisfied me jist as weel as yer freend."

The Debentures were again returned to Jessie to be placed in her own repositories; after which she was to give the stable boy instructions to get the dog-cart ready. The mother whispered a confidental word or two in Mr. Graham's ear, and then hurried away to put on her bonnet.

Very soon they were all in the conveyance. Jessie took the reins and shewed Mr. Graham, who sat beside her, how gracefully she could hold "the ribbons"—her mother being very proud to let such a well-bred gentleman see how highly accomplished in every way was her only and beloved daughter.

It would, perhaps, have added considerably to Graham's pleasure if Mrs. Forman had remained at home, but as such a course might not be quite judicious, it was just as well the mother accompanied them.

The drive, however, proved to be truly delightful; pleasant talk being kept up all the way. But the talking did not prevent Graham indulging an undercurrent of thought. "And so John, who drove me from Redmuir, was quite right about the thousand pounds: there couldn't be the ghost of a doubt about it now. Well it is surely a high compliment to be taken thus into the family confidence. Oh, very flattering, indeed!"

At first Graham believed that the Bonds were exhibited to him with the real *bona-fide* desire of having his opinion as a Glasgow gentleman without any ulterior motive, especially as he was erroneously credited with being a lawyer. But on reflection it was pretty obvious that Mrs. Forman's motive was to let a probable suitor for her daughter's hand know for certain what her marriage portion would be, and thus stimulate and encourage him in his courtship. He was fully alive to the flattering compliment, but in the meantime it could hardly be said that 'Barkis was willin'.' "I think, however, Jessie would suit Leadbetter admirably," mused Graham, "and I hope she will take his fancy."

They arrived at the cross of Redmuir fully a quarter of an hour before train time. As Graham had promised to return to Rathie on the morrow, it was easy for all of them to say good-bye; not a

shadow of pathos need there be in their brief farewell. Just before parting they were talking gaily about the lively time they would have when he returned to the glen—what delightful drives, and what charming concerts! So all were exceedingly merry and light-hearted when they cordially shook hands and said good-bye.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley."—*Burns.*

After parting with Mrs. Forman and her daughter at the cross of Redmuir, David Graham thought if ever there was a tide in his affairs which promised to lead him on to his ideal of domestic happiness, that tide was now assuredly rolling at his feet. What bright prospects in store for him when he returned on the morrow to Rathie!

To begin with: a drive up to Glen Capel with Miss Webster and Miss Forman, which Jessie's mother had with such kindly forethought arranged for them; they always went to Capel to see the annual athletic sports, but she saw no reason why the girls should not have an extra drive when they had the chance of a gentleman to look after them; although it was a pity—a great pity—Mr. Graham would not be able to go with them to the games. Then "the Kirking," to hear the Reverend Paul Stephen; for various reasons that would be a rich treat to Graham; for, apart from the enjoyment of Miss Webster's society, he would have the intellectual delight of criticising the sermon to her and her circle, and thus probably further advancing his suit. And on Monday—really it seemed too good to be true—they were to spend the afternoon at Craighill with the Factor's family, when a visit to Rathie Castle would also be planned. Moreover, if he stayed in the glen during the rest of his holidays, a fortnight still, doubtless other trips would be taken—all of them of more or less interest. Would he come out of all these engagements scathless? Would he leave the glen as light and free as when he first entered it? He feared not. As a proof, he already felt a mild fever in his heart which would inevitably come to a crisis.

On his homeward way to Lochdale, the lover fever troubled him but faintly—so full was his heart with joy at the prospect of

meeting his folks to tell them the romantic and wonderful discovery he had made at Linnburn.

No one could be happier than his mother when she learned from his own lips—and to her he gave more details than to any of the others—what had been the happy result of his visit to his grandfather's. She had been long anxious to see her son taking a wife: now there seemed a fair hope that her fond wish was within measurable distance of being realized. After hearing all he had got to say regarding Miss Webster, the mother, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed—"Now, David, I do hope when you go back to-morrow you will make it up between you and Miss Webster at once; you allowed the lass to slip through your fingers before—take better care this time."

David's face beamed with joy. "I must have given you a very favourable impression of the young lady when you venture to give me such a strong advice—even without seeing her."

"Well, you see, like myself, Miss Webster is the daughter of an industrious farmer, and no doubt has had a good up-bringing, and as you are highly pleased with the lady, I feel as if I could take kindly to her."

"You are just like Sally, mother. Sally says that I have only to speak the word and a bargain is made. You are taking no account of rivals—the probable rivals—I referred to; and even supposing I was the favoured individual, you surely don't suppose that I could gain the victory in a few days. Indeed, I hardly think it would be wise for either of us to surrender so soon. Miss Webster knows she is worth the winning, and, like a superior woman, is not likely to dispense with the wooing: lightly won, lightly esteemed, you must remember."

"Very well, David, I leave the matter to your own judgment."

This conversation tended to enhance his mother still more in his high esteem. He knew that, like his father, she was very unworldly, but he hardly expected her to sympathise so readily with him in his feelings towards Miss Webster—a lady whom she had not seen, and who, perhaps, had only her sweet self to offer as all her marriage dower.

His father was out on some church business when David returned from Rathie and published the thrilling news. Not till evening, when the old people were alone by themselves, did Mrs. Graham have the pleasure of relating their worthy son's adven-

tures. The father listened with much interest, and rejoiced to believe that a settlement in life was not far off now from David. "I do rejoice with all my heart that David has found out that lady again," observed the tender-hearted father, after musing for a few moments. "I remember he was much impressed with her at the time; indeed her memory haunted him like a pleasant dream, and again and again he somehow managed to refer to Miss W. in our conversations during those New Year holidays. And I was a good deal struck by a remark which he made, in a rather pathetic tone, as he thought of the lady disappearing from his sight—in all likelihood for ever. 'Is it not a sad thing,' he said, 'to meet with a young lady—one so lovable and intelligent—one who had been to me like a gracious and affectionate sister for the time—time unfortunately far too short! that she should pass away and be seen no more: mingling, as it were, like a drop in the great ocean of humanity never again to be recognized.' And yet, after three years and a half, he has found her again, and his admiration of the lady is not abated one jot or tittle. Is it not wonderful?"

On Saturday forenoon, David went along the Cawdor road for a walk. Ben Katelow was 'glowing in the sun's golden light,' and the region beyond was no longer a vague dreamland to him, but a veritable paradise where he had found his Eve. Country people trooping into market, seeing a gentleman standing gazing steadfastly towards the hills, would lift their eyes, too, in the same direction to mark if any unwonted phenomenon were engaging his attention, but perceiving nothing unusual, hasted on, probably muttering to themselves, "the man is crazy, or dreaming."

He was very glad he had not another night to wait before setting off for that beloved Mecca of his heart; he had only his dinner to take, then—hurrah for the highlands! To give him a proper appetite for dinner, as well as for sentimental reasons, he must walk as far as The Haws. He could not really hope to prosper in his love suit unless he paid his regards to the dear old farm—peeping in, of course, at the old smiddy door; but, indeed, every smiddy was now an object of tender and romantic interest. No need to narrate the thoughts and feelings which stirred his heart as he moved slowly along, casting his eyes on all the familiar scenes, with ever and anon a fond glance towards Ben

Katelow. He was brimful of hope and unalloyed happiness. So joyous was he during that enchanting walk, he never for a moment entertained this saddening thought:

> Never morning wore to evening,
> But some heart did break.

He had yet to learn that a telegram had arrived for him. When it came his folks at home wondered much what it could be about, and were considerably exercised as to whether they should hand it to David when he returned, or wait till he had dined. Telegrams came so rarely to that quiet household, and when they did come, each one caused so much excitement, that they could not help deliberating as to the best time for delivering the one addressed to David. They had reason to suspect that the message was from Mercer & Co., on some urgent business, probably necessitating David's immediate return to Glasgow; if so, it would be most vexing, for they knew his whole heart was bent upon returning to Rathie in the afternoon. So they decided not to destroy his appetite, and thus far counteract any evil tidings. In the circumstances, Mercer & Co. had no right to assume that a telegram would find Mr. Graham in Lochdale, so that a delay of half-an-hour or so in handing him the message was neither here nor there.

Accordingly he enjoyed his dinner in happy ignorance of what awaited him. The meal over, his father did not deliver the telegram all at once; he saw that David was in high spirits, and that a sudden and violent reaction would not be good for him. So in his quiet characteristic style he tried to moderate his son's exuberant hopes of enjoyment—winding up his paternal homily with—"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." Thus prepared, the message was put into his hand, not with the solemn air as if it contained a matter of life and death, but rather as if forgotten: "Oh, by-the-by, David, there's a telegram lying in the shop for you: I hope it won't interfere in any way with your plans."

David's countenance fell; an expression of anxiety and pain passed over it while he read as follows:—

"*Manager of Edinburgh business taken ill. You will require to fill his place. If at all possible return on Monday morning for instructions.*"

Bringlow (the junior partner of Mercer & Co.) was the sender. Graham feared that before breaking the envelope. He knew that

Bringlow would gladly spoil his holiday if he could. He augured nothing good from the cold-hearted sinister way Bringlow received his reminder that he was leaving for his three weeks' holiday; still, so long as his friend, Mr. Barnhill, was a partner, he did not think that Bringlow would venture to injure him seriously. What was to be done? Would he obey the summons? Oh, it was a thousand pities he had come down to Lochdale yesterday—that he had not at least waited over Sunday, so that he might have conscientiously said he did not receive the telegram in time to return on Monday morning. His next move in the game of life was a most crucial and vital one—so it seemed to him; it was, shall he run the risk of losing a good situation—*a la* all the world for love, and the world well lost; or do the duty which liest nearest him, and trust the consequences. He was angry—terribly angry at Bringlow—and not in a proper mood for judging wisely. He had slipt into the backshop after perusing the telegram, not wishing to shew his troubled visage to any chance customer. His father, too, had quietly followed him as if feeling that his presence was needed to allay the rising storm.

"Low blackguard!" cried David passionately, tossing the telegram contemptuously from him.

The meek and gentle father looked at his son with feelings of surprise and tender pity: surprise, because during all the nine or ten years David had been away from home, he had never seen even so much as his countenance ruffled during his frequent visits; he was always so pleasant—so happy and desirous to make every one else happy—tender pity, because he loved his first-born fondly, and was grieved to the heart to see him so moved, knowing well that it must be something very serious and aggravating that could so vex him.

Shutting the door softly, the father sat down beside his son to try and soothe him. He looked at him sympathisingly a few moments without uttering a word, and was cheered to see his features gradually becoming softer and brighter—looking as if paternal counsel would not be lost upon him. "I hope, David, you will see it to be your duty to obey your master!" he began in a most persuasive tone. "Hard as it no doubt is in this case, I am sure you will find that obedience is the wisest policy—yes, just let us answer the telegram at once" (rising to go for a telegraphic form), "and then, if you like, you can relieve yourself of your bad blood."

"My dear father, I have always tried to be obedient, but I am not at all sure that it is necessary for me to comply with this imperious request, because I know there are half-a-dozen—three or four at least in the warehouse—any one of whom is well enough qualified to go to Edinburgh. That is what troubles me most. Why should that mean, malicious fellow, Bringlow, pester me during my well-earned holiday?"

"Well, David, I grant you may be right so far, but remember it is not wise—it is not right—to argue in such a matter. You think there are others equally qualified to go to Edinburgh, but seemingly it is not your master's opinion; at anyrate, he is acting as if he thought otherwise, and you are clearly bound to yield to his authority."

"If you knew all the circumstances, father, you would better appreciate my feelings; you would understand why I hesitate to be kicked about by that man, Bringlow—contemptible earthworm that he is!"

"No doubt, no doubt, David. Well we can talk it over again: meantime you will kindly please me by writing an answer. Robert will despatch the telegram, and then your mind will be so far at ease. Believe me, you won't regret doing so."

Then placing a telegraphic form before his son, David, without further parley, but still agitated, wrote as follows:—

"*Telegram just received. As requested, will return to Glasgow on Monday morning by first train.*"

"Now you will breathe more freely, David, and I am well pleased you have taken my advice."

"Well, you know, I couldn't bear to do anything that would give pain to you; indeed, rather than do so, I never told you before how this man Bringlow annoys me. Pardon me for troubling you about him just now, but I feel impelled to take your further advice and relieve myself of some bad blood. The fact is, I believe Bringlow is trying to pick a quarrel with me (there being no love lost between us), so as to have some excuse to give to Mr. Barnhill for dismissing me. My dear father, you have always—I may say—been your own master: you know nothing of the indignities which a servant has to suffer. I have always tried to do my duty faithfully—to be obedient, respectful, and even humbly deferential towards all my employers; but I must say it goes bitterly against the grain to be deferential towards Thomas Bringlow—he is such

a low, sneaking coward: nevertheless, even towards him I have never forgotten that he is one of my masters. I used to get along with him very well, but somehow he seems to have taken offence at me; and he is one of those mean, despicable creatures who will never forgive what they construe as an offence against themselves. You have no idea of the man. For instance: there are fellows in the warehouse — worthless fellows, morally considered — whose leisure time is spent chiefly in billiard-rooms, music-halls, or the public-house: eye-servants every one of them, and yet these men contrive somehow to be favourites of Bringlow. And what do they do, think you, to gain their master's esteem? Oh, they seem terribly busy or frightened whenever he comes in sight. When he approaches they are most deferential—disgracefully deferential, I would say—and each one is off like a shot to obey his slightest behest. To a weak mind all that is very flattering. But how do these same fellows behave behind his back? Talk of their master disrespectfully—as Tam, or T. B., and often mimic his peculiar ways."

Here some one knocked gently at the door, and Robert popped in his head. "Father, Andrew Thomson wishes to see you for a minute." Andrew was the beadle of the church, and had come to speak to elder Graham about a session meeting to be held on the morrow.

During his father's absence David had time to collect his thoughts, if that were needed, which was not the case: for Bringlow's doings had, unhappily, been pressed upon his attention too frequently, so that his mind was made up long ago regarding the course of action which he intended to pursue in the warehouse—at least so long as Mr. Barnhill was a partner.

He rather began to consider what sort of letter he should write to Miss Webster, explaining his inability to return to Rathie as promised. But he had not proceeded beyond the first sentence when his father joined him again. Before resuming his tirade against Bringlow, he asked if the post for Rathie had left; if not, he would like to send off a few lines at once. He was told that the postman had gone—even before the telegram had arrived. The news was not displeasing; he would have all the more leisure to pen his projected epistle.

After getting out some more of his bad blood, his father was making some consolatory remarks when again called to the front shop. David thought he had better clear out: he was interfering

with business. So he went up to his bedroom, where he would have peace and quietness to write to Miss Webster.

It was a very pleasing as well as a consoling duty: for surely writing to a lady is the next best thing to speaking to her. Graham was a neat, pretty writer, and an elegant missive from him to a lady of Miss Webster's taste and culture might prove a barbed arrow shot by Cupid. But how shall he begin? how shall he address her? in particular, what is to be the invocation clause? as Mr. Marchmont would say. The most natural form seemed to be, Dear Miss Webster! How the word dear in its present conjunction thrilled him as perhaps it had never done before! His hand actually trembled when he began to write. Pausing for a moment or two, and again considering how very friendly the lady had been with him, why not boldly begin, My dear Miss Webster? Oh! what a happy mortal he would be if he had only the right to use the possessive pronoun in its full significance! There was Jonathan Weathercock addressing as "My dear Miss W." a lady to whom he had never spoken—although he greatly admired her. But that was a poetical license which would not do in this case—not in the first letter at anyrate. How delightfully perplexing! With Miss Webster's sweetly smiling face so vividly in his mind's eye, what a luxury to run up the scale of endearments—from dear Miss Webster up to my own darling Mary! as if she were listening with downcast eyes and modest grace to every honeyed syllable he was uttering!

But he must really begin his letter—to draft it at least. After a good deal of weighing of thoughts, balancing of phrases, and choosing of words (for, of course, he must be doubly careful in writing to a school-mistress), he eventually produced a scroll of which the following is a fair copy:

LOCHDALE,
Saturday, 20th July, 18—

DEAR MISS WEBSTER,

The enclosed Telegram reached me to-day—too late to write you by the first post.

I cannot tell you how extremely sorry and vexed I am at being thus prevented returning to Rathie this afternoon, but have little doubt you will consider the Telegram a sufficient apology for not coming. It is most unfortunate, for I must confess I was looking forward to my return with unbounded delight. It is a bitter disappointment: moreover, this business order in the middle of my holidays troubles me in more ways

than I care to write about. But there is no alternative: duty must be attended to before pleasure.

I shall, however, indulge the hope of seeing you again at Linnburn before your holidays are over. Perhaps the manager, whose place I am to fill, may be soon better, and again—hurrah! I shall be a bird of freedom. I know well whither I should like to fly; indeed, if I had only the wings of a dove I would not resort to this method of making my apology. And what a world of anxiety and speculation would thus be saved. As a lover of song—nay, simply as a man of feeling, I cannot help saying at this crisis—

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here!"

I beg to offer you all my most sincere thanks for the great kindness shewn to me during my visits to charming Linnburn, visits which I shall cherish as the happiest and most romantic of all my golden memories.

With kindest regards to yourself and all your beloved home circle,

Believe me to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

DAVID GRAHAM.

P.S.—On second thoughts, I send only a copy of the Telegram, as it has not yet been confirmed, and it may be advisable for me to have the original, in case of any mistake.

D. G.

Miss MARY HELEN WEBSTER,
Linnburn, RATHIE,
By REDMUIR.

After dispatching this letter Graham felt as if the sting were taken out of his disappointment. Besides conveying an apology to Miss Webster, he fondly hoped the tone, and even the language of the epistle, would convey the impression that he cherished a special regard for her; and, if right in believing this regard to be mutual, she would certainly keep the field clear until his return. He need not, therefore, unduly worry himself about any advantage to be taken by his rivals, who had the supreme felicity of being near his adorable.

And in the evening, after listening to his father's wise and loving counsel—counsel inspired by a true heart and illumined by a long Christian experience—he was fully persuaded that the Sovereign Disposer of all events had a gracious purpose to fulfil in separating once more for a time two kindred souls after having kindly and most unexpectedly brought them together again after a lapse of three years and a half. Mysterious and inscrutable are His ways to us poor human mortals; for we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. Our hero was convinced that the deepest

wisdom lay in patiently, humbly, and even cheerfully following the cloud step by step, not desiring to look beyond it, but hoping and believing that before long it would again lead him to the glen flowing with milk and honey—to him the veritable Land of Promise.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Then in the Bass's dungeons strong
Was chanted Babel's captive song,
And kissed their bonds those sterner few
Whom threats nor torture could subdue."—*Anon.*

"I said Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep."
Sir Walter Scott—Marmion.

At five o'clock on Monday morning, when David Graham rose to prepare for his journey to Glasgow, the access of religious joy of the previous day, which bestrewed the path of duty with flowers, had cooled down, just as the rosy hues of yestereve had changed to the cold, misty grey of the morning. Face to face with the stern reality of again resuming business, he felt afresh how hard it is to bid farewell to love: fortunately his sense of duty did not depend upon the ebb and flow of his blood, so that his resolution to proceed wavered not for an instant.

He was well aware that of two who love the one who remains is more to be pitied than the one who departs; and he inwardly sympathised with Miss Webster, for he could not help believing that his non-return to Linnburn would disturb her peace of mind. He hoped, however, the arrival of his letter would restore her equanimity.

On his arrival in Glasgow he went straight to the warehouse, and, with as good grace as possible, duly presented himself before Mr. Bringlow as your most obedient servant. Bringlow seemed a little surprised when he beheld the victim of his malignancy standing dutifully before him, and grinned and chuckled as if he quite enjoyed witnessing the evidence of his delegated power. Graham bore the insult with a Christian meekness worthy of his father, waited quietly for his orders, and then hastened to obey them with as much seeming respect towards his undeserving chief as he could force himself to assume.

Graham had a special liking for going to Edinburgh. So much did he admire the "modern Athens," no sooner was he seated in the railway carriage than the river of his thoughts ran towards Scotia's darling seat with such force as nearly to make him forget Linnburn. Thinking of Edinburgh conjured up the great Sir Walter, who sang so eloquently of the "Queen of the North—mine own romantic town;" and as these glowing terms were in Marmion, in which a namesake of his chum, Marchmont, figured in scarlet coat and blue vest, with a banner depending from his trumpet, as one of the heralds and pursuivants attending the Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, a pleasant train of association was opened up.

Now he was hurrying to the poet's birthplace, the "Empress of the North," and historic memories were crowding upon him, affording a deep solace in his great disappointment. Oh, how grateful he felt for the stores of knowledge he had been able to lay up! Ardent admirer though he was of the fair sex, he was truly thankful that his only books had not been woman's looks. But he was delighted at the prospect of gazing once more on the Edinburgh ladies, so widely famed for their grace and beauty; to see whom promenading on a sunny afternoon in Princes Street—the Madeira of the city—is a sight never to be forgotten. Unfortunately it was July, and the elite would be all out of town: for, like the belles of the western metropolis, the fair Athenians "danced all winter and dooked all summer." Happy thought!—he would go to the east coast and behold them flirting and disporting themselves in their showy costumes by the seashore. Pretty well acquainted with the watering-places on the Clyde, he would now like to have a peep at some of those on the east coast. Indeed he had long cherished the wish to make a pilgrimage to North Berwick. An enthusiastic admirer of Marmion, how could he fail to be imbued with an eager desire to gaze on Tantallon Castle? a lover of song, what more natural than a longing to behold the Berwick Law? over against which the boat was rocking while the love-sick swain was drinking out of a silver tassie a service to his bonnie lassie; a poet of the Covenanters! his heart burned with emotion at the thought that while at Tantallon Castle he could feast his eyes on the Bass rock —the amazing Bass!—at one time the Bastile of Scotland. Happily, too, for seeing the ladies, North Berwick was the most fashionable summer resort. Well, he hoped to have that pleasure on the afternoon of his first Saturday in Edinburgh.

Mercer & Co.'s business in Edinburgh was only a retail shop which they had taken over from a bankrupt (they being the chief creditors) with the view of realizing the stock to the best advantage; but as the shop turned out a paying concern under their own management, they were still keeping it on. The manager was a Mr. Ferret, who had been transferred from the Glasgow warehouse, where, of course, Graham knew him very well. Ferret was one of Bringlow's favourites, and Graham did not like him at all, being disgusted with his unblushing obsequiousness. This much, however, may be said of Ferret, that while he sacrificed much of his manhood (if he had any?), he was free from the heinous vices which disgraced some of the other favourites. He was one of those men to whom business seems everything: so intent was he on pushing the trade that he never dreamed of taking a holiday unless absolutely compelled by the state of his health to do so; and, being a careful man, he had not till now broken down, notwithstanding many years assiduous attention to business.

Graham knew Ferret was still in the shop, and he was not a little anxious to see him, so as to form some idea how long he would have to occupy his place. Arrived at the shop, a short interview explained everything. Bringlow had been through lately, and being in a generous mood, suggested to Mr. Ferret that he should really take a few days at Portobello, along with his wife and family; trade was quiet, and it would be so easy to send a man from Glasgow to look after the business in his absence. After seeing and hearing Ferret, Graham was more than ever satisfied that, in urging the Edinburgh man to take a holiday, Bringlow did so from the double motive of giving pleasure to one, and pique to another—namely himself. However, he was not to give way to melancholy; matters might have been much worse: as it was, the dark cloud was already turning its silver lining. "In what way?" you will ask. Because it was arranged that Ferret would come into town to attend the shop on Saturday—he could not bear to be absent on Saturday—and he was sure four or five days at Portobello would set him up, and bring back the colour to his face, which Bringlow said was too pale for him to be healthy. Graham, of course, did not try to dissuade him from his laudable intention of coming up to town on Saturday. Not likely. It fitted in too well with his darling project of going to North Berwick.

To enhance the pleasure of the trip he bought a "Guide Book to North Berwick, and its Environs," which he perused diligently in the evenings. Moreover, there was a good library in the lodgings, which enabled him to refresh his memory with the historical facts bearing upon the Bass Rock and Tantallon Castle; so that by the end of the week he was well primed with information.

At a quarter past two on Saturday afternoon, he started for North Berwick, and was hopeful of accomplishing all his plans, and returning to Edinburgh in the evening. In case, however, anything unforeseen should occur, he left word that he might not be back till Monday morning. He was glad he took this precaution. Before going to North Berwick, he intended leaving the train at Drem Junction, and then walking to Dirleton to look at the "loveliest village of the plain," according to the Guide book; but somehow he did not hear the porter calling out the name, and he was hurled on to the terminus. He was sorry at missing Dirleton, for he did not well see how he could do justice to Tantallon Castle and the Bass Rock, and also the pretty village the same afternoon. This circumstance, combined with the charming weather, he thought quite sufficient temptation to stay over the Sunday. It was not every day he was on such classic ground.

As no time was to be lost he set off at once for Tantallon. On the way he thought of his friends at Linnburn. His poem on the Battle of Drumclog had drawn from Miss Webster such a cordial expression of interest in the struggles of the Covenanters, it would be no small pleasure to tell her all about the famous Bass.

He did not linger long in North Berwick—so eager was he to get to his destination. Passing through the town, he was cheered by the sight of some pretty ladies, whose smiling faces told of healthy exposure to the sun and the breezes. And just on the outskirts that sunny afternoon—such is life! quite another picture presented itself, being a group of rustics returning from a funeral. This solemn spectacle seemed altogether out of place, on a fine summer day, in a neighbourhood which Graham expected to find all alive with health and gaiety, with nothing to remind him that our bowers of love and bliss are often entertwined with cypress. And yet these men in sables were eloquently suggestive of the sad times of persecution, when ministers of the Gospel had to march along that same road as prisoners to the Bass.

The first glimpse of the Bass rock gave a more cheerful turn to Graham's thoughts. The melody of "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine" rose instinctively to his lips, while his eyes were glancing towards the ocean, trying to fix at what spot the boat was rocking at the moment of farewell.

No mention being made in the Guide Book about admittance to Tantallon Castle, and having caught a glimpse of the top of the ruins, he went straight on without asking for the key at the adjoining farm-house, which he ought to have done. Fortunately, it so happened there was a party already in possession, as was abundantly evident when he drew near the outer gate, which was open, and through it streamed the lively sounds of dance music and merry voices.

On passing through the buildings, he beheld on the green sward of the inner court, open to the sea and in full view of the Bass, a gay company of young ladies and gentlemen in the full swing of a country dance to the inspiriting strains of a flute and fiddle. What was to be done? Was he to consider himself an intruder and retire? He answered the question by quietly moving about among the ruins—guide book in hand. While scaling the stairs he was out of sight of the party, but they no doubt saw him afterwards carefully examining the colossal ruins, and even measuring with his walking stick the thickness of the walls, which at some points were exactly twice the length of it. And as ever and anon, he consulted the guide book and made pencil jottings, he would be looked upon as no common observer; an impression which would be deepened when the solitary tourist planted himself on the wall projecting into the sea, and appeared to be earnestly making a sketch of the ruined castle.

While so engaged, a gentleman of the pic-nic party, after a short parley with the others in the interval of the dance, to Graham's surprise, left the company and made straight for him. What could be his mission? He was not kept long in suspense. The commissioner begged to be excused for troubling him, but as they were short of gentlemen they would be very pleased if he would come and have a dance with them, if he were not particularly engaged otherwise. Graham thanked him for the very kind invitation, and said he would be very glad indeed to have a dance, if quite sure the presence of a stranger would not restrain their hilarity. Being assured heartily that his addition to the

company would increase the fun, as in dancing the more the merrier, provided the sexes were equal, he at once accompanied the gentleman. He did so gladly, and his joy was much heightened before he had been many minutes among them: for, wonderful to relate, it turned out they were not all strangers to him—he knew at least one lady!

Before being introduced to the general company, he was led towards the commissariat; the most conspicuous objects there being half-empty strawberry baskets, flanked by lemonade and ginger beer bottles, and a little apart from these was a case containing bottles of a larger growth and darker hue, supposed to hold liquor of a greater potency, doubtless intended for the bearded portion of the party. As Graham emphatically belonged to that class, the master of ceremonies, with a nod towards the dark bottles, asked him what he would have: adding, "we have some fine claret cup, perhaps you would prefer a glass of it this warm day?"

He chose the claret cup and found it delicious. After a few sandwiches and strawberries, well washed down by the choice nectar, he was fortified for approaching the company of some sixteen or eighteen ladies and gentlemen, who were conversing in groups, and seemingly waiting for the stranger before resuming the dance. In one of these groups stood a young lady whose back was towards Graham as he advanced. Something in her form and air struck him forcibly as resembling that of a young lady he had met the other week, and her name was just rising to his lips when she turned slowly round, and looked at the newly arrived guest with a demure smile, blended with certainty and doubt.

"Miss Forman!" exclaimed Graham suddenly; and while the two shook hands, some of the ladies blushed, partly in sympathy with Miss Forman, and partly out of admiration for her handsome friend.

The introductions being over—"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined," cried an enthusiastic damsel, whose emotion had been pent up too long, and who was evidently eager to receive some attention from the new comer, while the flute and fiddle were flinging out their merry music.

"Let us have 'Triumph' now," said the master of ceremonies, and the couples forthwith arranged themselves: Graham quietly leading Miss Forman to the foot of the dance, so anxious was he

to learn the latest news from Glen Rhymen; in particular, whether she had seen Miss Webster before leaving, and if they all went to the church last Sunday to hear Paul Stephen. It was indeed glad tidings to be told that, while they were much disappointed that he did not appear, as fully expected, they, the ladies, both indulged the hope after his letter came, that somehow he might be able to be present at the Flower Show and the Games. And how Miss Webster envied her going to North Berwick, for who could tell but that she might come across Mr. Graham in her rambles. Miss Forman did not tell him that his non-return to Rathie, and his departure for Edinburgh, decided her to accept the invitation to visit friends at their summer quarters in North Berwick. What about that? Well, to be sure, it would be flattering to be told that so nice a girl would have remained at home for his sake. But, oh! nothing to the joy now derived from the special interest and attachment, which her ingenuous confession had clearly shown, her friend, Miss Webster, had manifested towards him: what inexpressible bliss filled his bosom at the mention of her dear name—such rapturous hope was inspired by the few, simple, artless words of the fair creature by his side. He longed to embrace her! For such an access of ineffable joy, was it not worth while to have suffered all the bitter disappointments? Oh, the beauty of the sea to him at that exquisite moment—the deep blue sea, sparkling in sunlight! Oh, the freshness of the green turf, so firm and elastic, on which he stood with impatient feet—so overflowing with happiness, and so keen to clasp his partner round the waist—unspeakable privilege of the dancer! and whirl her through the pousetting with all the passion of a lover.

The dancers were not easily tired. How could they—under such exhilarating influences as the cooling, strong sea breezes, and the rich old emerald turf, on which the feet rebounded as if it were india-rubber? At length, after endless rounds of "Triumph," they all squatted down on the green sward in full view of the Bass. Graham was in the centre of one group, among whom were Miss Brown and her brother—two members of the family Miss Forman was visiting. Naturally, the talk fell on the Bass rock, now brilliantly lighted by the westering sun. What a contrast that sweet idyllic picture to the dark and stormy times of the Covenanters! But this was not the time to give utterance to gloomy thoughts, and Graham chose rather to refer to the sunnier and more playful

facts connected with the Bass; and this he was encouraged to do by Mr. Brown, an intelligent-looking young fellow, who remarked that he had seen Mr. Graham consulting his guide-book, and would like to know something of its contents. Mr. Brown was promptly and eagerly seconded by the ladies, Miss Forman being one of them. The group were listening with deep interest when the Master of Ceremonies came bustling about, crying "Feet! feet! ladies and gentlemen; you know we have two or three dances yet—come away! come away!"—cracking his finger and thumb by way of emphasis: "it won't do to sit long on the grass while we are heated."

Very pleasant though it was to rest on the velvet turf, they recognized the wisdom of the M.C. and sprang to their feet; knowing that when the dance programme was finished they were to go to the inn at Canty Bay for tea; after which, if the water proved smooth enough, they were to have a sail to the Bass.

Flute and fiddle were forthwith sounded. With immense spirit the dancers went through the "Haymakers," and very soon restored the circulation to its natural briskness—and a trifle more.

When they rested again the groups were pretty much as before; and as the sea, and the rock, with the solan geese ever flying about it, were constantly before their eyes, a renewal of their former talk was inevitable. And so Mr. Graham, as the guide-book man, was called upon to give them a few more interesting facts.

Again the M.C., looking his watch, intimated that they would require to change their camp, as it wanted just about five minutes to tea-time. Our hero was kindly invited to tea along with them in the hotel at Canty Bay, a few minutes' walk in the direction of North Berwick, where they would be delighted to hear from him more about the Bass rock and the castle.

When all were seated at the table, the picture was a most charming one. Naturally, Graham, Miss Forman, and the Browns gravitated towards each other; and no doubt the rest of them were grouped according to their affinities or friendly relations. They were all very merry, glowing with health and happy excitement.

After tea, Mr. Butler (the M.C.) withdrew to consult about being rowed over to the Bass; returning soon with the opinion that it would be injudicious to ferry across—there was too great a swell on the water. So they agreed to sit still for a while, and have a song or two instead.

A pause ensued—no one seemed inclined to begin. After a

few minutes of playful banter, and one after another had been asked to favour the company without success, Mr. Butler begged Mr. Graham if he would kindly open the concert. "It is not very courteous," he said, "to ask our guest to sing first, but we have found your company so entertaining, Mr. Graham, that we consider you one of ourselves, and you will excuse us for not treating you as a stranger."

Cries of "Hear, hear; yes, yes; Mr. Graham will give us a song."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Chairman, for your compliment. I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, after the very kind way you have treated me, it would be very ungrateful on my part not to do what I can to please you. Well, I have lately been humming a song, which I think would be very suitable on this occasion, and I shall try it." Loud applause. "The song is Burns's famous one—'Gae bring to me a pint o' wine,'" more applause. "Under the shadow of the Berwick Law," pointing towards it, "you will agree with me that the lyric is highly appropriate." Chorus of "yes, yes, certainly."

This graceful little speech made the company feel very easy about the forthcoming song, and all composed themselves to listen with eager curiosity.

Having a fine, robust tenor voice, and being in splendid form, Graham sang with such dramatic energy and skill that quite electrified the company: the expression on every face was one of rapturous delight, sustained till the song was ended, when the pent up enthusiasm broke forth in acclamation.

This was most gratifying to the minstrel, and he felt so thankful he had been able to do something in return for the generous hospitality of his new friends. But sweeter far to him than the tumultuous cheering, was the gentle voice of Miss Forman, when she whispered in his ear, "You have done splendid, Mr. Graham." Only she of all those present could guess why the singer threw so much tenderness into the line—"'Tis leaving thee, my bonnie Mary." How glad he felt that one of the hearers, a gracious and generous lady, would bear a faithful report to his mistress dear—for so he loved to regard the maid of Linnburn. She had not yet heard him sing, and as she was passionately fond of music, it could not fail to deepen her interest in him and favour his suit, when she learns how well he acquitted himself at Tantallon Castle and Canty Bay.

When the party broke up, the Browns, knowing that Mr. Graham was anxious to see Dirleton, kindly volunteered to go thither to church with him on the morrow. They would have gladly, also, offered him a bed, but their house was full to the door. He thanked them, said good night, and went direct to the hotel which they recommended; where he found very comfortable quarters indeed, notwithstanding the extra busy season.

(To be continued.)

TO MY BROTHER.

AN APOSTROPHE.

LOOK far back into other years, and, through the mists of a quarter of a century, I see again thy manly form, oh! my brother. Once more I feel thy strong, yet gentle hand, guiding my infant footsteps. Again I hear our sister lilt her cheery song, and again I see our parents, one busy in the yaird, the other tending the bonnie flowers that bloom around our cottage home. Again I see the summer sun sink in the golden west, and a tear steals down my cheek at the picture of that happy home. Alas! since then, thou hast gone to join our baby brother in "the silent land." One parent, too, hath passed away, and the dear old head of the one remaining is white and silvery now with age and care. No cheery sang from the clear voice of our sister now brings the joy upwelling in my heart, for her lot hath been a hard one, and the music, heard only at wide and weary intervals, is tinged with pain and sadness now.

I am a stranger in the happy fatherland, and dwell far from that loved spot: strangers fill the places of those we loved and who loved us, but the scene is still the same. The peaceful vale, surrounded by its everlasting hills, is lovely now as ever. The same bright sun still shines upon the same auld hoose. The darksome firs still rustle in the wind. The purple heather still clothes the moors. The boys still paidle in the burn, and rove through woods and moors bird-nesting, but they are not the lads we knew. The lassies still run barefoot on the greensward and pu' the gowans, but they are not the lassies of our youth. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." Some, like thee, have "reached a fairer region," and the rest have gone to toil 'mid the city's smoke and din for daily bread.

The wild curlew still screams above the marshland, and the plover still utters his plaintive wail as the stranger disturbs his solitude, but never again shall thy foot brush the dew from the heath. Never more shall the timid rabbit scud into his hole as he

sees thy form approaching. No gentle song of cuckoo, or of cushat dove, shall ever strike thine ear, now lying cold and still in that far-off land. The corn-craik may pipe in vain, the wild flowers throw their wealth around, but thou shalt not hear the one, or pluck the other. Thy primroses once more deck the earth in all their golden glory, but, alas! thy loving eye shall no more rest upon the fairy carpet, nor thy loving hand tenderly fondle them, and as I gaze upon thy favourite flower, a flood of memories sweeps over my soul as each pale bloom reminds me of my brother.

My visions of the past are all that now remains to me of thee, and the joy gleams of gladness, conjured up by the sight of each wild flower, or sound of wild bird's carol, are marred with the shadows of past sorrows and of present vain regrets. Oh, what a strange, short chequered life we live! "Oh, fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting? Why thus beguile us poor sons of a day?" Alas! we cannot penetrate the mystery here, but thou hast solved the problem, and soon we, too, shall cross "the bourne whence no traveller returns."

The flowers shall bloom on. The trees shall wave their dark plumes. The moor shall purple over with heather. And the burn shall sing its everlasting song, but we shall pass away and be forgotten, and "the place that knew us once shall know us no more for ever." And as the dioramic page of memory once more leads us to the present, again the bitter cry bursts from my riven heart—"Oh, Aleck, my brother, my brother! Would to God I had died for thee!"

L. M. H.

SKETCHES FROM IRVINESIDE.

By JOHN MUIR, F.S.A. Scot.

"Irvineside! Irvineside!"—*Burns.*

IV.

P in the valley here we are not wholly an illiterate people. Most of us can read a little, and sign our names, which function we are called upon to perform perhaps once or twice in our lives. Some of us have books which we endeavour to persuade our neighbours we understand; but this is fully more difficult than reading the books, even without understanding them. The majority of us, however, find the weekly newspapers sufficient to satisfy our curiosity regarding earthly matters; and for religious literature, the liberal distribution of tracts by the various bodies who adopt that method of converting sinners, more than gratifies the longings of the most pious. Those of us who like, occasionally, to get a taste of the poetry of life, and live in the ideal world of romance for a time, find an easy method of transporting ourselves, through the medium of the "Penny Horribles."

Up in the Institute, on the Deuck Island, we have collected a very considerable library of perhaps four thousand volumes of general literature. For the extremely modest sum of one shilling a year, we have free access to its shelves; and, for double that sum, the privileges of the entire building, which includes the usual suite of apartments appropriate to such institutions. There we can smoke; play a game at the dambrod (draughts), summer-ice, or carpet bowls; while the very intellectual gamesters play chess. In the reading-room, we can look at the papers if there is a good breach of promise or aristocratic scandal worth reading; and, if not, then we can take a nap without infringing the rules, or incurring a fine. Those of us, whose thirst for knowledge is not so unquenchable as for stronger waters, spend our shillings in procuring the liquor that best agrees with our taste. Some of us drink too copiously, and have to answer for our drouth by appearing before the magistrates. I notice, however, that the young men

who drink deeply of the Pierian spring are rather respected by the magistrates, and are never asked to appear on a Monday morning before their Honours. Some of us profess not to see this fact very clearly, but it is a fact all the same, and need not be discussed here.

The better class young men, as becomes their social standing, find an outlet for that portion of their intellectual energy, not exhausted by their business or profession, in the Literary Society, which meets during the winter months. We meet to read, and listen to papers being read, on almost every subject under the sun. I was going to say beyond the sun; but, considering the temptations to write about Mars and its supposed inhabitants, and the wealth of subjects suggested by every branch of human learning, we have been uncommonly modest, considering our age. For most of us have just reached that period of life when a young man will write an essay on Newton's *Principia*, Stellar Evolution, the Migration of the Aryans, or the Homeric Epic, with the confidence of newspaper reviewers. The New Woman not having appeared in our midst, at least not with that aggressive distinctiveness which emboldens her to seek admission to what are conventionally thought to be the peculiar arena of the males, we are quite a bachelor society. But we are not entirely devoid of chivalry: for, when any of us attempts a paper on "Is Marriage a Failure," or any such subject, we always invite the young ladies to come and listen to our wisdom: and although they giggle and titter a good deal, especially at the heckling of the essayist, we attribute this not to any lack of good breeding (for which the locality is famous), but to their good nature and desire to encourage our efforts for the enlightenment of mankind. We sometimes ramble, in more senses than one, into the country, and fancy we are solving the deepest problems of geological science by looking at a fossil; and Linnæus himself might have learned from us much that would have helped him in his system of classification. But, of course, we pride ourselves, as most literary societies do, on our essay writing. Most of us take bookish subjects, for obvious reasons. It is easier to write about Gœthe, Shakespeare, or the invention of the steam-engine, than about the old customs of the place, the children's rhymes, or any other subject lying at our door, so to speak. At least, we seem to think so, and so does the librarian who has to supply us with the literature bearing in the subjects we take up.

The old customs and rhymes are fast passing away, never to return. It will be time enough to record them for the benefit of posterity when everybody has forgotten all about them.

Some of our members like to be original; and when a man has an itching after originality, he is sometimes driven to sore straights, and not unfrequently forces the same circumstances on others. Frank Leman, the philosopher of our little society, found himself and us in this predicament. We called him the philosopher, not because of the profundity of his ideas, or on account of his absent-mindedness, which we have heard are characteristics of the philosophic mind, but for the plain reason that he is the gravest of our members. And a philosopher without gravity is no philosopher at all. Frank had been attending the magnetism and electricity class, taught in the Institute during the winter months. Even at school, the master had the greatest difficulty to confine Frank's attention to his text-books. Times innumerable he was caught drawing men's faces on his slate, where he should have had a compound sum; and the inside cover of his copy book clearly demonstrated that all the golden head lines he had written, in all the various styles of handwriting, from full text to civil service, had sunk no farther into his heart than to make him rebellious. We anticipated, therefore, that intangible manifestations of energy, like magnetism and electricity, were certain to lead his mind in curious directions, which nobody could foretell. When the following session came round, instead of giving the title of his paper, like an ordinary Christian, to be printed in the syllabus, he was entered thus: "Dec. 22, Essay, by Mr. F. Leman." Every artifice to elicit the nature of the mysterious "Essay" having failed, there was a large attendance of members to hear the following paper:—

SCIENTIFIC LOVE.

An old schoolfellow of mine, presently residing in Paris, knowing I possess a smattering of French, and mindful of our boyish days, has sent me two volumes of *Essais par de la Badine*, containing a rather miscellaneous collection of essays on all sorts of subjects, some of which are whimsical enough, others again original after a fashion, and a few of a more serious turn, mostly on religious and kindred topics, but all conceived and written in a style which we should expect from an author bearing the highly

suggestive name which figures on the title-page. Further, notwithstanding an essay on *Comment on peuvent faire poet*, which may be translated. "How to become a poet," there are several pieces of verse; and although I have never been a great admirer of the Gallic muse, I may say that the verses of Monsieur are in no way inferior to some effusions I have read in that language.

Thinking that the members of our Society might be interested in the speculations of Badine, I have attempted to translate one of his pieces—the twenty-first essay of the second volume, bearing the somewhat strange title, *L'amour selon de la science*, which is rendered in the words of the title of my paper.

Jean Jacques de la Badine is not entirely unknown to students of French literature. He is known also as a linguist and a deep student of English literature, and I confess to have felt not a little gratified on finding that the last essay of the first volume is entitled *La Fontaine et Burns le poet ecossais*. With this formal introduction, I may now, in political phrase, call upon M. de la Badine to address himself to his subject.

"Those who have been in the habit of interesting themselves in the general topics of the day, as mirrored in the newspapers, but more especially the columns devoted to the law reports, must have been struck with the great increase of breach of promise and divorce cases. These occur in every rank and condition of life; and as they are not confined to one nation, but grow apace with civilization, it may be worth while enquiring into the cause of this unhappy and dishonourable termination of matrimonial felicity.

"Although many reasons have been adduced to account for the origin of infidelity between the sexes, a moment's reflection will suffice to convince us that there is only one explanation, and that is, a want of love between the parties concerned; or a gradual diminution of mutual affection. This is so painfully evident, that we may safely state, that to remove this would be the only effectual means whereby a sure and satisfactory remedy could be effected.

"It is strange, that while science, art, and literature have been throwing light on almost everything bearing on human life, that these, as yet, should have contributed little or nothing towards the solution of this most important question. We are of opinion that it is to science (not moral science) that we are to look for an early settlement of the difficulty.

"The development of magnetism and electricity, and their

application to the useful purposes of life, must have aroused the admiration of the most unthinking. The unscientific, and even the illiterate, are aware of the curative properties of magnetic belts, magnetic feet-warming apparatus, etc. In electricity the progress has been greatly augmented of late, and this phenomenon bids fair to become one of the most potent factors in modern civilization. Nor are its wonders confined to the mechanical world; for, since the days of Galvani (whence our word Galvanism) down to the present time, its practical application to the pathological treatment of rheumatism, paralysis, lock-jaw, epilepsy, chorea, etc., electricity is already known as a remedial agent.

"It would be strange if the human body did not contain the electric fluid, seeing that almost everything in nature is susceptible of being magnetized or electrified. Bodies which are magnetized, or electrified, are well known as having very pronounced attractive and repulsive properties. Our theory then is, what we may call, for want of a shorter and more expressive, title:—'Decayed love restored in the hearts of either sex by electricity and magnetism.'

"To convert our Divorce Courts into laboratories. These to be furnished with magnetic and electric machines. People who feel their love decreasing go to these laboratories, and get themselves magnetized or electrified, as the case may be, thus making themselves more attractive to others: in the same way that a magnet attracts iron-filings, pins, needles, etc., or a piece of common brown paper, warmed at the fire, and then rubbed with a common clothes-brush, if held over the hair of the head, will cause many of the hairs to stand on end, presenting a very curious phenomenon, so also will the unfortunate people attract their wife or husband, or even sweetheart.

"It is not necessary for the persons suffering from the malady in question to be always under the treatment. Bodies magnetized to the point of *saturation*;—that is, have as much as they can contain, remain magnetized for a long time.

"It is especially worthy of note, that the hardest bodies capable of being magnetized, steel, for example, retain their magnetism much longer than bodies of a softer nature. This is noteworthy, as some very hard-hearted people would gladly avail themselves of this means of increasing their love. But care would have to be taken, lest, by mistake, the male and female were alike magnetized

or electrified; in which case, instead of attraction, we would have violent repulsion: as bodies charged with like electricity repel each other; bodies charged with unlike electricity attract each other. This same, of course, applies to magnetism.

"People who have been deceived by the semi-quack apparatuses already referred to, will probably have little faith in our theory, and will be disposed to doubt the efficacy of our system. But novelties are always condemned; for the world hates nothing so much as innovation, much and loudly as it cries for progress.

"I may state, that so far as I can understand the writings of Badine (who has a peculiar quality of vagueness), he seems to have a profound contempt for everything metaphysical; in this resembling the late Matthew Arnold. In short, he is a kind of modern Montaigne, astonishingly independent in his way of thinking; but, unlike the ancient Montaigne, wonderfully stupid in his *modus operandi* for the propagation 'de la moralite.'

"In concluding, I have to express my regret at not being able to advise the members whether the foregoing is meant to be taken seriously; or whether M. Badine is not satirising our corrupt social system and its nauseous discussion of such subjects as: 'Is Marriage a Failure?' 'Is Life Worth Living?' or 'How it feels to be Assassinated.'"

After finishing his paper, Frank took his seat with a self-satisfied air. During its delivery I was every now and then saying to myself: "Well, if ever we had a grand set-to, it will surely be to-night." I am no orator myself, although holding the post of secretary, and so I confine my elocutionary powers to the calling of the roll. The president, however, and some other members, have a guid gift o' the gab, and, as may be conjectured, are not averse to displaying it, as, indeed, we are all too prone to do with our gifts.

After the essayist had finished, the president filled out half-a-tumbler of water and drank it off, and sat wiping his moustachios longer than was necessary, considering the amount of liquor he consumed, and the not over-luxurious growth of hair on his upper lip. He sat with his eyes fixed on the toes of his boots, and his hands plunged deep in the recesses of his trouser-pockets, like a man in a brown study. He made no attempt to speak, and neither did any of the other members, which seemed strange, as, on every other occasion, it seemed to be who should be first and longest

on their feet. I felt inclined to break the silence, but my natural diffidence prevented me. We sat in this enchanted manner for perhaps ten minutes, Frank twisting his manuscript nervously, raising his head and looking around the room several times. I could see that his face was flushed, and his eyes shone as I never remember to have seen them before. At last, he put his papers in his pocket, rose, and as he passed down the passage leading to the door, the whole meeting, as if by tacit consent, burst into a loud laugh and followed him. When we got to the door he was nowhere to be seen.

Next morning at breakfast, as I was entertaining the family with an account of the previous night's strange doings, the postman brought a letter which read:—

"SIR,—Please delete my name from the roll of the Junior Literary Society, and oblige,—FRANK LEMAN."

Not long after this Frank got a situation in a provincial town, in which he has made a very creditable figure. He has published a complete translation of Badine's works. I enquired for it at the Institute Library, but the librarian had not bought it, thinking that the author, mindful of old times, would have presented the Institution with at least one copy containing his autograph. But, as this has not yet, and probably never will, come to pass, I have been obliged (with reluctance, fearing there may be many errors) to give the foregoing from my official shorthand notes.

Mary Stewart's Farewell.

(Translated from the French—Beranger).

Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que Je dois tant cherir!

Les Adieux de Marie Stuart.

Adieu, thou charming land of France,
Which I must cherish ever!
Mine all thro' childhood's happy dance,
'Tis death to make us sever.

Oh, country, I have chosen thee!
From which I'm banished now;
Hear the sad farewells of Marie,
Oh, France! and guard her vow.
Fair winds are blowing, anchor weighs,
And must we quit the shore?
O God! thy waves thou dost not raise,
My sighs thou heed'st no more.

When in my loving subject's eyes
The glowing lilies shine;
Much less the queenly rank they prize
Than beauty's charm divine.
In vain do sovereign honours wait,
On sombre Albyn's shore;
I'd only wish for royal state,
To reign o'er France once more.

Love, glory, talent and *esprit*,
Too much enchained my youth:
In Caledonia's wild countree
My lot will change with ruth.
O mercy! terrible presage!
A dread assails my heart;
In dreams, what does my sight engage?
A scaffold set apart.

France, from the midst of sudden fears,
Thy royal child, Marie,
As on this day which sees her tears,
Will turn her eyes to thee.
O God! too swift the vessel's flight,
Too soon we sail 'neath other skies;
Anon, the misty veil of night
Blots out the coast from yearning eyes!

Adieu, thou charming land of France,
Which I must cherish ever!
Mine, all through childhood's happy dance,
'Tis death to make us sever.

J. G. CARTER.

UNREST.

URAL seclusion—viewed in the concrete—is an unbearable torture to a city man. The environments may be all that are pleasing to the eye, and the sylvan shades prove inviting to the senses, but there is ever present the inevitable fact that the sojourner is cut off from his most intimate associations, which makes his heart long for that intercourse only found in the busy marts of commerce. Wedded to solitude as the days are welded into weeks. Kept in the quiet while the hum of men gathered together comes to him as if he stood in his recognised niche on the Exchange. Sleeping while only the lark's song, and the bleating of the sheep, denote their presence in the meadows. Dreaming of business joys and cares by night, reframing his dreams in the morning dawn. With that gnawing predilection that has its birth in custom he longs with an intense weariness for the hour marked on the time-table that limits his sojourn in the shires. Even sportsmen who pay big rents for moors and fishings are not altogether proof against the mesmeric influences of the city when they find themselves divorced from their London houses. The snow falls very, very softly on the fields. It settles on the stubbles and partly melts, wetting the dry hollow stems. The earth is silent, silent the hill-side. The whole landscape is still. Trees are dark and cold viewed from the window, and nature appears to have slackened its reins for a while. All the strength, energy, and activity of the soil seems subdued and visibly lies dormant. The valley and fields are distinctly silent; so utterly devoid of life that it seems like treading on holy ground to walk along the turnpike. Down the feal dyke a sense of being deserted comes home to the heart when the first snow-flake falls. It falls to mark the turning of the year. It flutters between cloud and earth, and floats soft and feathery before the eye. Down it drops, and the heart too gives of its substance as the earth has already done. One cannot get away from the whiteness that so quietly alters the red and green of the fields. The morning toilet becomes somewhat of a dread when the

snow-flakes cling to the window-sill. It takes the glow of the parlour fire to reassure one that the golden days are not yet passed. People of snow-clad lands do not feel this discomfort. They have no cosy parlour for comparison. But with a sportsman it is otherwise. Seated in his shooting-box, a shiver passes over his body as he notes the first flake dropping outside his window. A day goes by and he is off, dogs and guns, bag and baggage, to the city, where the medley traffic hides the white flakes and kills the cold silence. The sportsman's soul is crushed for the time, for it takes a robust city heart to beat against the storms and solitude of the hills. I am within almost an hour's journey per rail of four cities and many more towns, yet I can live out the days of ice and snow in happy contentment. The pendicles, the farms, the villages, and even the roadways may be covered and anointed by the white flakes of early winter, but this fact does not debar me from seeking in the year's requiem a pleasure and an abiding profit that holds me firmly to the open fields. The crofter is hid in the deep ravine, mid fir-clad valley and snow-topped mountain. In the wooded hollow the children play, and the chime from the parish church echoes along the water-edge and across the hill. It may be uncongenial work to walk the road through mud and wade almost shoe-deep where the cart-ruts mark the stiff pull of the farm-horses. It may be so. It is so in reality and in sober earnestness. But it all depends on the human mind, how much and how little consideration is to be given to the fact. To one being it will be all but unbearable, to another bearable, and to a third a pleasure. Nature possesses many minor natures, cut up into curious shapes and designs. Every item of human nature works out its path in its own fashion, and carves its own channel to God's acre. The casual visitor or the tourist on a brief holiday finds sermons on rural Scotland at every turn of the road. Unconsciously he listens to the lessons taught by the ploughman, the crofter, and the roadman. There is an inexhaustible mine of ancient and modern story deep in the shires—an unlimited catalogue of plant and animal life to be framed by the naturalist who visits the rural parts at intermittent times. There is the beauty spread out upon the face of the earth —mapped out upon the table of the land. There is the quiet of the dawn, and the still voice that tells of peaceful eventide. Provinces of green and brown, kingdoms of dark woods and crystal streams, pass under the searching eye of the field-glass. The

deeper the mind goes the greater is the depth. On the surface there appears no jar or strife, no pain, no war, no internal struggle. The trout leap in the millpond and the smooth portions of the stream, and the plovers search the sandy banks and muddy islands formed by the spates of years. Partridges, pheasants, hares, rabbits, and other creatures roam within gunshot of the visitor's temporary home. Insects, bats, and birds occupy their respective places on the map of nature, and daily act their part in the arena of the fields. Above, the clouds by day, the stars by night, work mysteriously, beyond the knowledge of the telescope and the human eye and brain that search the heavens. During August and September visitors to the hills see all the colours ever changing, loaded with the life of striving plant and animal. They see them all on the surface, but beneath the tree crests and grass there is a greater life lying undisturbed. The city man has no time to investigate; the sportsman only pauses in his hours of physical labour to mark down a vagrant covey. Over the heads of lovely caterpillars, and through the clumps of wild rasps and beds of cranberries, he crushes towards the goal. Millions of creatures, each in their own peculiar way, are working underfoot. The spiders on the heather, spinning their webs from stem to stem, see their tents torn, limply clinging to the heather-bells.

This failure to observe is by no means confined to the city man and sportsman. Both those men may be endowed with the faculty to observe and study natural objects, but, broadly considered, the majority are minus that spark which lights the flame of pure love and devotion for rural life. If the city man be devoid of true sympathy with the life of the shires, than one might look in confidence to the dwellers scattered over the land. The farmer, crofter, ploughman, gamekeeper, and many others, live and have their being under the open dome of moving clouds. Select any one of those mentioned and hold out the scales. The farmer longs for the city, and envies the rich merchant in his white vest, on which the massive gold is linked together. Yet his youth and days have been of the fields, and he hesitates in his mental selection—only he loves to keep to the old way if he could import the money and the luxury of the city magnate. The crofter knows a friend in town, who, without apparent toil or well-directed energy, has earned a competency, and the crofter secretly worships the hope that at some remote date he will do likewise.

The farmer and the crofter see the cuckoo in the springtime of the year. In the early morning sun the birds fly over the fields, calling loudly as they return once more to their Scottish haunts. At night the weird echo of their notes comes constantly from the spruce fir-woods where they hide. Ferns and firs start life at the keeper's doorstep, and high up the ridges where the whins are beat into pale green by the wintry blasts, and the sheep have stunted the growth of the bushes. Heather alone blooms in the mist and storm around the glens of bracken. The blue hares and the ptarmigan wander across the frail limits of vast estates, and the deer pass from one cairn to another, planting their feet on the land claimed by several lairds. A keeper sees all this daily, and yet his heart goes out to the sights within the walls of the city. The monotony dwelling within the boundary of his possessions at times depresses him, and the love for human intercourse creates a strong desire to see the busy streets and listen to the murmur of the crowd. So accustomed are the people of the shires to the sights and sounds of the country that they forget to pause and think of the beauties that a city man would admire. They have looked so long in the mirror that the face of nature becomes a recognised allegation of fact and fancy. The influences on the mind and heart take unto themselves shapes that are cold and formal. The stars and the moon come and go with the seasons, but seldom is the brightness of Venus admired in the still hours of the evening. Mars and Jupiter are reproduced in the waters of the reedy dam, and the white ripple of a sailing moorhen across the miniature sea is unheeded. The wonderful collections of wild life in the fields around the farms and crofts that remain unnoticed, undisturbed, and innocently ignored is astonishing. The whole landscape is full of Glory, and yet the great mass of the people only look upon the scenes as

> "Red ploughed land,
> O'er which a crow flies heavy in the rain."

In May I was early astir in hopes of seeing the cuckoo *en voyage* northwards. As I waited, a rustic appeared within the hedges and approached. As he passed my garden wicket I accosted him. I queried if he had heard the bird this year, and if he had seen the harbinger of summer. He crosses daily the very hill that harbours a number annually, and I had hopes of gaining some reminiscences of the bird-land he should have been familiar with. For twenty-

six years the man had traversed the same road. He had crossed the bridle-path on the moor, hugged the pine woods on his way to the Hilltown, and rounded the shoulder of the northern hill, through the scattered hamlets at its base. The very flowers might have been fixed upon his memory, the trees, the meadows, and the swamps. Yet those twenty-six years had proved unprofitable in this special direction. He had done his duty and gained his wages, but the love of nature had no abiding place in his heart. Without a sign of regret, but rather a look of pity for me, he confessed he had never seen the bird, but thought perhaps that he heard it once during one of his journeys last year. He was by no means confident, however; but as we spoke a pair came from the lower ground, and the sight seemed to bear sunshine to the hills. I pointed them out against the clear clouds, and he heard them calling, for they were only a short distance overhead and the air was still and the wind hushed. After looking a little time he decided these were not the birds he had heard. In fact, he granted he had never heard, far less seen, the cuckoo before. That man had for a quarter of a century all but lived in the cuckoo-country, and remained in gross ignorance of the bird's presence.

In my young days I hunted through the realms of the insect world. My range did not extend over ten or twelve miles from my home. Within that space I collected the lepidoptera, and reared the caterpillars of the rarer species. I did it in my leisure hours—almost alone and untutored. There was practically no one to guide me in my studies, and even my collections were judged to be Indian specimens by most of the intelligent citizens of my limited world. There was only one man who understood my mission, and he was the last individual I would have taken kindly to in my despised hobby. That man was a commercial magnate, and a person of high social position. I was catching insects by his garden hedge late one evening, and he accosted me and discoursed agreeably on the elevating influences of my pursuits. He even used the net, and was anxious to learn the names and life histories of the winged creatures we secured. I left the vicinity of his mansion healthier in heart than I had been for years. That same evening a policeman (lately from the rural parts) stopped me in my operations, and I verily believe does not know yet what my pursuit meant. Here was a man of city training, and whose whole life had been given over to the claims of the marts of the world,

who in the corner of his heart found a place for the perhaps minor but no less interesting pursuits of our nature. On the other hand, a country-man, whose early days—even to manhood—had been spent in the haunts and dwelling-places of the insects, knew neither my calling nor the names of the victims I secured.

Almost a year ago I had the honour of a visit from a Scot who had been divorced from his native land for over forty years. He came to me with the request that I would go over the ground he loved so much in boyhood. I acquiesced willingly, and we had a four hours' stroll round the village, along the burnside, and over the cairn. Returning towards evening, he confidently remarked that he could realise the loveliness of the scenes we had passed through, but altogether failed to notice the profusion of animated life I so often mentioned. He wanted to get nearer to nature, and suspected I used a microscope and a binocular in my wanderings. This discouraged me somewhat, for I had accepted his wayside remarks as visible and inward signs of his appreciation. I could give no satisfactory reply, nor explain away the impotency of the position. To me the birds and insects, the herbs of the fields, the cattle on the pastures, and the homes from which the blue smoke trailed in the warm noon sun—all and more than all was present, gathered round my feet, and as I walked the land seemed clothed with a garment of many living colours. Since then that four hours' walk has appeared in print, and my friend presented with a copy. His acknowledgment indicated he would prefer in future to read in place of walking in search of nature's secrets.

The innate gift of assimilation appears absent in many people. They may open the book and read, and may even be diligent students, and yet the want of that power annuls the growth of the seed which is sound in itself, although it never blooms nor flowers in the sunlight. It is not mere inattention, but rather a cold indifference. It is not that lethargic spirit that creeps over the moral powers, and forces its tendrils round the human heart. It is the indifference bred in the bone of the cottar, and which permeates the arteries of the man on the pavement. The instinctive love for nature is paralysed, and the eyes while open are blind. Left in their own respective positions they turn their eyes and their minds with a calm intuition towards their callings, and forget and indeed dislike too much of that loveliness that knows not gold. It is seldom a crofter is a botanist, although he digs his

bread at first hand from the field roots. I have more faith in a village cobbler or a blacksmith as members of science circles. Dick, Edwards, and Duncan lived hard to enjoy the sweets of liberty of mind and body. They came out from their duties as boys from schoolroom to playground. They worked on the dull side, but lived in the sun. In such men there is an individuality that stamps them true readers of their earthly mission. They are distinguished by their neglect of questionable pleasures and passions, and their elevation above the cupidity of commercial intrigue. Labour, love, and light are their gods.

A. NICOL SIMPSON.

THE MURDER OF CAIRN-O'-MOUNT.

A BALLAD.

Do you mind yon old and hoary man,
With the haggard cheek and eye,
Whose big broad breast was often heav'd
With a deep and smother'd sigh?

Do you mind how he aye would quail and start,
As through some sudden fear,
And timidly over his shoulder look
Though there was no one near?

And ever he muttered some secret words
The sighs and starts between;
And we said, "What ails the aged man?—
God grant his hands be clean!"

It was a gloomy autumn day;
The sullen breezes sweeping,
A mournful mound of wither'd leaves
O'er the summer flowers were heaping.

And a Preacher came to our lonely glen,
A man of fame and power,
Who could stir men's hearts to their utmost depths,
Or sweeten the anguish'd hour.

And he bade us all with humble hearts
To the holy fane repair,
For he had a message direct from God
To tell the people there.

And soon from many a sylvan nook,
And many a moorland sheiling,
The young and old together met
In the house of prayer are kneeling.

And that strange old man met with the rest;
With them on his knees he fell,
But whether he mutter'd his secret words
Or pray'd, I cannot tell.

The Preacher chose a startling theme
From the world's early day,
When the first infuriate murderer rose
And lifted his hand to slay.

And he told, in deep and thrilling tones,
How Abel's blood was found
To raise its cry, like an injured thing,
For vengeance from the ground;

And he said, "The avalanche may hide
The vale in eternal snow,
And the ocean roll till the day of doom
O'er the secret deeps below;

"But a deed of blood can never be hid;
For, though in darkness done,
The torch of heaven will light it up
Till it gleam like the mid-day sun."

And he said, "Last night, in a dream from God,
I saw a recent tomb,
Where a murder'd form was laid to sleep
Till awak'd by the trump of doom.

"And I feel impell'd by the Spirit of Truth
This judgment to declare—
That the murderer hears my voice this day,
And mingles with you in prayer.

"On earth's dark secrets heaven can pour
The light in a streaming flood;
Eternal Justice thou can'st not foil—
Stand forth, thou man of blood!"

There was silence deep in the house of prayer,
Till a thrill through each chill heart ran,
As the strange old man stood up and wept,
Crying, "I am the guilty man!—

"O heaven, have mercy upon my soul!
And bless'd be this hour for aye!
For it lifts a secret load from my heart
That has crushed it for many a day;

"For since these hands were stain'd in blood,
A spectre, day and night,
Hath threaten'd to stab me with glittering blade,
But I've pray'd in vain to smite.

"Yet over my shoulder its red right hand
Still lifted the brand on high,
But never would plunge it in my heart,
That I might bleed and die.

"And O! the agony, worse than death,
To bear a blameless name,
Yet ever to dread that the truth would be known,
And cover me deep with shame!"

And he told how a trivial strife arose,
That a word had power to quell,
When he smote his fellow-labourer dead,
And buried him where he fell!

"And now ye may bind me, and hold me in ward;
I have nothing to hope or fear
From the mercy or wrath of my fellow-man,
For the finger of God is here."

No solemn tribunal in judgment sat,
No gibbet its victim displayed;
Yet long ere the last leaves of autumn were strewn
In his grave was the murderer laid;

And as that deed of blood was done
Unseen by mortal eye,
So none but the slumberless eye of heaven
Beheld the murderer die.

And the lated traveller yet on the hill
Hath an old man aye by his side,
Whose ceaseless whisper at parting and hail
Is, "Murder ye cannot hide!"

The Cairn-o'-Mount is one of the Grampian Mountains, over which the public highway from Kincardineshire to Aberdeenshire passes. It lies some miles to the north of the picturesque little village of Fettercairn—in fact, the parish of Fettercairn is supposed to have derived its name from the *Mount*. The story of the murder will be found in one of the Maitland Club publications entitled "Analecta; or Materials for a History of Remarkable Providences, mostly relating to Scotch Ministers and Christians. By the Rev. Robert Wodrow, Minister of the Gospel at Eastwood."

Wodrow's account of "The Murder of Cairn-o'-Mount" is as follows:—

"November 9, A.D. 1729. Mr. William Brown tells me the following accompt he had, when last in Perth, from Mr. James Mercer, Minister at Aberdalgie, as to what was generally believed as to Dr. Rule, Principal of the College at Edinburgh from A.D. 1690 to A.D. 1703, and the thing was so notour that it could not miss to be observed. The Doctor, going to some church meeting in the north, could not obtain lodgings at a small change-house at the Cairn-o'-Mount, as the Sheriff and some other gentleman had engaged all the beds, even those of the landlord and family. Unwilling to encounter the hill at night, he was glad at last to put up in a deserted house, about a quarter of a mile from the inn, which the landlord endeavoured to make as comfortable for him as circumstances would admit of, but did not seek to conceal that the house was 'haunted with an apparition.' After commending himself to God, the Doctor went to bed, putting out the candles, but leaving the fire burning. 'He had not been long in bed till the room dore is opened, and an apparition, in shape of a country tradsman, came in, and opened the curtains without speaking a word. Mr. Rule was resolved to do nothing till it should speak or attack him, but lay still with full composure, committing himself to the divine protection and conduct. The apparition went to the table, lighted the two candles, brought them to the bedside, and made some steps towards the dore, looking still to the bed, as if he would have had Mr. Rule rising and following. Mr. Rule still lay still till he should see his way further cleared. Then the apparition, who the whole time spoke none, took an effectuall way to raise the Doctor. He caryed back the candles to the table, and went to the fire and with the tongs took down the kindled coals, and laid them on the deal chamber floor. The Doctor then thought

it time to rise and put on his clothes; in the time of which the spectre laid up the coals again in the chimney; and going to the table, lifted the candles, and went to the dore, opened it, still looking to the Principal, as he would have him following the candles; which he now, thinking there was somewhat extraordinary in the case, after looking to God for direction, inclined to do. The apparition went down some steps with the candles, and caryed them in to a long trance, at the end of which there was a stair, which caryed down to a low room. This the spectre went down, and stooped and set down the lights on the lowest step of the stair, and straight disappeared. Mr. Rule, after a little waiting to see if anything further should cast up, lifted the candles, went up the way he came to his room, and went to his bed again, when he was no more disturbed.' The Doctor, thinking there must be some murder in the case, sent next morning for the Sheriff, and caused him to have the ground opened near the spot where the spectre disappeared, when 'the plain remains of a human body wer found, and bones, to the conviction of all.' The Doctor next entreated the Sheriff to call the country people together, 'and he would give them a sermon, and see if any hint could be had of the murder.'

"The Sheriff condescended—the people were convened; and the Doctor preached upon some subject suitable to the occasion, and told what had hapned, and earnestly dealt with the consciences of his hearers, if they knew anything of that murder, to acknowledge it, now that God in his providence had brought it to light. In the time of his sermon an old man, near eighty years, awakened and fell a-weeping, and, before all the company, acknowledged that at the building of that house he was the murderer. He and one of his fellow-masons fell into a debate, and came to high words, on a summer morning, when the rest of the workmen wer not come up to their work; and he killed the man with one stroak of a hammer, and buryed him under the first step of the stair; and the matter was never known."

The bringing of a murderer to justice after the lapse of many years on the information imparted to some person by the spectre of the party murdered, seems, if we are to believe our ancient records, to have been very common in the olden time. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd's works abound with such stories. One of the most romantic and wonderful is that of the Pedlar who was murdered "late, late, late on a Saturday night" by the Miller

of Thirlestane Mill. This fine ballad Hogg closes with the appropriate moral:—

"The thief may escape the lash and the rape,
The liar and swearer their vile hides may save,
The wrecker of unity pass with impunity,
But when gat the murd'rer in peace to his grave?"

"RASHIEBOG,"

A BRAES OF ANGUS GENEALOGIST, SMUGGLER, AND ASTRONOMER.

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."
—*Goldsmith.*

THIS remarkable man was known all over the shire, and even much beyond it, under the name of the little Highland farm which he cultivated—*i.e.*, Rashiebog. This farm lay some ten miles to the north-east of the town of Kirriemuir. Old Rashiebog bulked largely in my mental vision in the days of my childhood. I had so often heard him spoken about as a wonderful character—a Highland cotter or crofter, who, with little or no education of the schools, had somehow acquired a fine knowledge of the science of astronomy—as a man who, though he had lived all his days amid the solitude of the Highland mountains, yet knew the world and the people thereof—yes, and could read them like a book: a man who, although he spurned the religious pretender, was himself deeply imbued with the spirit of true devotion to the Maker of all things; that he said in his own quaint way, "God is present with us in every breath we draw, round about, behind, before, and a man may be a great theologian, and yet far, far frae the gates o' heaven."

I had also been told of his wonderful predictions of the weather to come—of how on one occasion when in Kirriemuir he took home with him provisions to last him six weeks, at the same time informing some of his Kirrie friends that he was doing so as a heavy snow-fall was to take place, so that he would not get back until the end of that time for more—and that this prophecy came true and added yet another bright jewel to his already well-adorned crown of fame.

"Rashiebog" was an old man, or I should say a man well up in years, before I was born, and he was upwards of fourscore until I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance at his own little

homestead in Glenquiech. It was on a day in the first week of the glorious month of August. The weather was magnificent, the heather was in full bloom, and the sweet fragrance which the soft western wind blew from it was both refreshing and delicious.

The small thatched "clay biggin'" in which our philosopher dwelt, homely and rude as it was, yet, as seen in the bright sunshine of this lovely August morning, was far more picturesque than many a finer dwelling. A few dozen hens of the black Spanish breed were clucking, clucking around the front, and only, door, picking up scraps for their breakfast. Sandy Campbell, who was not confined to any "crue," but could take a dander at his own free will over the hills, was at the present time engaged eating a hearty meal from a big "trough" set at the end of the dwelling-house. The old man told me afterwards that this pig was on the hills all day, and always returned to his meals just as regular as if he had been a hired servant.

"Dauvit" was sitting on a low stone bench in front of the cottage, very busy making "tattie creels" with long saugh wands that grew in the burn near-by. The reader can see the exact figure I saw in our Portrait—the same coat, the same hat, set on the back of his head, for, like other great men that I have known, old Dauvid Ogilvy, so far as the adornment of his person was concerned, had only one suit for Sunday and Saturday and all the other days of the week. Greatness of mind and foppery do not often go together, although strange to say sometimes they do.

He nodded to me in a very friendly way when I came up to his side. We passed the usual salutations of "grand weather," "hope your well," and so on. I then told him I had come to see him without an introduction, and that I was so glad—so very glad—to meet and have a talk with a man so famous as himself. My words of compliment did not seem to elate him in the least. All he said in reply was, "Ay, ay, laddie; an' noo that ye hae seen auld Rashiebog, fat dae you think o' 'im?"

I took a long look at the strongly marked features of the old man—at his firm, determined mouth, his bright, clear eye, and at his broad, high, intellectual forehead—and at once realised that I was in the presence of one of nature's gentlemen—a man who, as Burns said of his Edinburgh friend, Captain Matthew Henderson —"a gentleman who held the patent of his honours immediately from Almighty God."

We first talked about the great and wonderful improvement of agriculture in this part of the country, now and when he was a boy. I could see that old Rashie held, with all the deep thinkers on this subject, that the only way to improve any country was first to make good roads in it. "Ye see," he said, "this was the way the old Romans always did. When they had subdued a nation at the point of the sword, the next thing they did was at once to begin and mak' gude roads. In the first forty years of this century that my recollection goes back to, before the days of railways, all our produce had to be carted to Dundee or Arbroath or Montrose, these being the nearest seaports. The farmer had to leave his farm about five o'clock in the morning and walk to the nearest seaport—sell his grain—dine on cheese and bread, washed down with home-brewed ale—and walk home the same night to load his carts and get them away by midnight, so that they might be back by the evening of the next day." "Each ploughman," he said, "was allowed from sixpence to one shilling for drink and food."

"Na, na, you're right when you say, laddie, that in thae days there was nae dog-carts nor gigs for the master, nor silk gowns for the gudewives—pianos an' singing masters for the farmer's daughters. The master had to put up wi' 'Shank-Naigie'—the gudewife wi' home-spun oo, an' the hissies got a coggie put in their hands an' were sent to milk the kye, an' yet there were times even then that bawbies were made like slate-stanes. For the four years before Waterloo, when Bonny was making sic a way o' doin' in the warl', from 1810 to 1814, the average price of a quarter of wheat was £5; and then after 1814, came the grand crash, an', O! sic times o' poverty and distress that nothing has been seen like them, thank God, again in this century."

In the course of that summer in which I first visited old Rashiebog, I had many an interview with the old gentleman. He told me all about his family, that he was now the only representive of the Rashiebog Ogilvys alive; that they were descended from Baron Ogilvy of Lintrathen and Alyth, and were, therefore, scions of the Ogilvie's of the "Bonnie Hoose of Airlie." David's mother, besides, was one of the Royal House of Stewart, so that the blood of kings ran in our old philosopher's veins.

In 1805, his family entered Rashiebog when he was only eight years of age, and the stocking, he said, belonging to his father at that time was "twenty ewes, two cattle an' a horse beast." When

David grew up he could do anything. The ploughs and carts were his "ain mak." The cart ropes were made from his horses' tails. The raips for the cornyard were made from heather. He at one time bought a turnip sowing machine, and when he got it home he would not use it as "he had nae confidence in thae new-fangled things at a'," but still continued to sow his turnip seed with his own home-made hand-box of his own construction. He was the same with clocks and watches. It was a saying of his that there never should be a "tick-tock anower the door o' his Hie'lan' Hame." He was in the habit of measuring his time, and that correctly, by the sun and the stars. A man who knew him well speaks of him thus: "Born and nurtured in the lap of nature our prophet's observatory was conveniently situated. His knowledge and portrayal of the telescope and its objects are worthy of a Herschell or a Nichol. The sky had been his picture and the world at large his picture book. He can descant on the glories of the heavens as a Hervey. He in his old age scans the frailty of the human family and takes his lessons from the book of, and worships, Nature and Nature-God."

Regarding his smuggling adventures, David had many, but he was generally very fortunate, though he made many narrow escapes. His idea of the smuggling was that "there was no sin o't," and among all his encounters with the preventive men, he only lost at one time "an auld pot, no worth tuppence," and he had brewed many a thousand gallons. At last he was taken, summoned for £100 of damages, but he got off for half-a-dozen pounds, and, he remarked, "they micht as weel hae fined me a thoosand, for I'll never try to pay." At one time one of his friends was fined £200. This not being paid, the man was put in prison. David wrote a letter to the Prince Regent on his friend's behalf, and, in the old man's words, "there sune cam' an order to open the door."

The want of space necessitates that I should close this present sketch. At some future time I will return to the subject, and give more in detail the facts connected with the strange life-history of the wonderful old man, for he really was one of the curiosities of the nineteenth century. This remarkable character passed away to a brighter and better land on the 12th of January, 1892, in the 96th year of his hale, ripe old age.

Highland Seer Series.

No. V.

"For that which is unclean by nature, thou can'st entertain no hope! no washing will turn the gipsy white."—*Firdusi.*

My friend and I had been now five days under the roof of the old Highland Seer, partaking of his generous hospitality, and enjoying a rare intellectual treat in his companionship. I can assure you I have not been able, as yet, to record a tithe of the tales, stories and traditions, that constantly flowed from his lips in conversation.

On this, the morning of the sixth day of our sojourn in the Seer's cottage, we were all three sitting in the book-room. The weather, which had been up to the night before all that could be desired by tourists out for a walking holiday in the Scottish Highlands, had suddenly broken down. A terrific storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a heavy down-pour of rain, and furious blasts of wind, had completely changed the aspect of the lovely glen. What before had been beautiful, bright and gay, was now terrible,

fearful and awsome, the little strips of water that ran down the sides of the mountains, like silver threads glittering in the sunbeams, were now gushing and hissing, and springing from cliff to cliff like as many angry demons.

The burn which cut the little glen in two was:—

> "Roaring frae bank to brae;
> And bird and beast in covert rest
> Did spend the heartless day."

We also kept under cover, and to wile away the time we were discussing, in keeping with the war of the elements, gloomy topics:—

> "O Warlocks loupin' round the wirrikow,
> O ghaists that win' in glen, and kirkyard drear."

At length our conversation turned on wolves, wild boars, and badgers, and our host told us many a strange tale about these wild animals when they roamed in the mighty forests, which at one time existed in Scotland. He also told us about the "were-wulf," of the Teutonic nations, signifying, he said, a man-wolf. These were-wolves were said to be Sorcerers who, having anointed their bodies with an ointment which they made by the instinct of the devil, and then, putting on a certain enchanted girdle, they, to use the words of an old writer on the subject, "do not only unto the view of others seem as wolves, but, to their own thinking, both have the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they wear the said girdle, and they do dispose themselves as very wolves in worrying and killing, and waste of human creatures."

Nor was it wonderful that a raging wolf should be supposed to be possessed with some demon more fearful than its own insatiate appetite, when he went about devouring everything that came in his way—the sheep in the fold, the child in its cottage bed, and even digging up newly-buried bodies from their graves.

It is to the terror also that the wolf inspired that we are to ascribe the fact of kings and rulers, in a barbarous age, feeling proud of bearing the name of this animal as an attribute of courage and ferocity. Brute power was then considered the highest distinction of man, and, alas! this sentiment is not mitigated by the refinements of modern life, which conceal, but do not destroy it. We find among our Anglo-Saxon kings and great men, Ethelwulf, the noble wolf; Berthwulf, the illustrious wolf; Eadwulf, the prosperous wolf; and Ealdwulf, the old wolf.

Hollingshed mentions that, in 1577, wolves were very destructive to the flocks in Scotland, and, it is said, that the last of this ferocious race in Caledonia perished in Lochaber, by the hand of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, about a century afterwards.

Then the Seer said, to further illustrate the subject, he would relate to us the wild tradition of:—

THE DEMON OF THE ALYTH FOREST.

"In some of the ancient idolatries, the wolf was regarded as a sacred animal. Veneration is still paid to it in some quarters of Hindostan, and, as far as the natives are concerned, it is allowed to roam unmolested as little as possible, for they believe that, where one is slain, misfortune is certain to befall the district. They say, in their figurative style of language, 'The curse of wolf's blood clings to the soil,' and point to, and name quarters, where wolves having been slain in past years, misfortunes afterwards befel the districts where such had taken place, of such a serious nature, that the inhabitants, to avoid starvation, left them in order to escape a miserable death, leaving their homes ruined, desolate, and the land, which they had once cultivated, gradually falling back into the condition of a jungle. Through India, there still occur cases of sucking children, who had been carried off by wolves, being adopted by them, and on coming to any age, consorting with them on their expeditions as one of themselves, and, when observed, recaptured. The difficulty which had to be gone through, is narrated before they could be trained to abandon the savage habits which had been once acquired by companionship with such animals. Cases of this kind are recorded in this country as having taken place in former generations.

"It is possible that some of the traditions of the ravages, committeed by unearthly monsters in ancient days, were caused by the actions of these human beings who had been carried off, and adopted by wolves escaping the emergencies of forest life, and reaching mature age, when their appearance, at a distance, seen perhaps only through bushes, &c., would be an uncommon one, not easily explained by every one, and their ravages, in order to satisfy the pangs of hunger, would be of a savage description. Tradition goes that, in ancient times, a part of the Alyth Forest, on the south side, got an unenviable notoriety through the ravages of a monster; the like of which no hunter

had ever seen before. Young persons were carried off and devoured; the number of victims, carried off in a short time, reaching to a good number of lives. All attempts to capture and slay him were tried, but all had proved fruitless. The monster roamed the forest uncontrolled, and seemed likely to do so for years. But at last, having carried the daughter of a neighbouring proprietor away, and devoured her, her lover determined to end the career of a monster like this, although, in doing so, he should perish for the benefit of the district, and thus rid it of what had been as a scourge. In contact with such an active monster, a coat of mail, from its cumberous weight, was to place him at a disadvantage. He, therefore, procured for himself a thick overcoat, made of plaited hair. Donning this garment, and arming himself with a dagger of the foremost quality of workmanship, he went to the part of the forest in which the monster was known to make his lair, to look for him. The young man had searched nearly the whole day, when at last, with a loud yell, a savage-looking form bounded upon him from a small clump of bushes, and, by the impetus of the spring, felled him to the ground by the mere force of its rush. The hair doublet did its work admirably, and in a manner half-choked him, through its filling his mouth to such an extent. He could have bitten through plate mail as if it had been silk. Although prostrate under the monster, as he had the arm and hand which carried the dagger free, he quickly used it. A few well directed stabs were all that was required. One of them had pierced the heart. With a wild yell, the monster rolled to one side and expired. On examination, that he was really a man was quite evident, although he was covered with a coat of long, thick shaggy hair, a common provision of nature against the vicissitudes of nature when exposed to the inclemency of the weather and winter storms. No explanation was ever got of how he came to be living such a life, so they buried him where he had fallen, and turned to their usual daily pursuits. There is every likelihood that he had been one of those who, carried off by wolves whilst mere infants, are often adopted by them, and all trace of them being lost, grow up among the flock of wolves as savage as themselves. Grown up, and driven by some cause from the district in which he had been reared, it would thus come that, when slain in the Alyth Forest, nothing would be known in the district that would throw light on his antecedents.

"Down to the present day, an eeriness hangs over the spot. A gamekeeper, in the past generation, was passing through the quarter where the tragedy had taken place in ancient times. Seeing something unusual in the bushes at a short distance, he raised his gun and fired. On a sudden, his gun was knocked up, and his right hand lacerated in an unaccountable manner. He was found in a senseless condition, but never gave any particulars as to what he had seen when he fired, or what it was that had assailed him, and inflicted such injuries upon him. Another party crossing through the same quarter one autumn evening in pursuit of game, having a vicious dog along with him, on a sudden, felt that his dog was walking uncomfortably close to him. On looking down to see what was the matter, he saw that his dog was in a manner cringing with terror, for, on his opposite side, was what appeared to be a gigantic hound. He at once walked to the edge of a clearing where the mysterious hound, who had accompanied him to it, suddenly disappeared. He at once went home. Another autumn evening, a ploughman, on his way home, when passing by that quarter, heard cries as if some infant was meeting with a violent death, issuing from the wood. Drawing a clasp-knife, and placing it open between his teeth, he at once rushed to the rescue. The more he searched, the more he was puzzled to find the exact locality of the sounds. At last, convinced that there was something more than common in the sounds, he abandoned the search, and fled with all speed home, the knife still between his teeth, and his hair erect, carrying his bonnet on his arrival. On telling his story, he was laughed at, that the noises had been made by owls. But, to the day of his death, when the subject was mentioned, he always affirmed that the noises which he had heard there that night could not have been made by owls, and that he saw what defied his powers of language to describe. What did he really see? He never gave the least information about what it was. An alteration having taken in the place in the manner of conducting the business of the district, fewer people pass that way now than the number that used to make it a thoroughfare in past generations. But these few at times own that, when doing so, they feel a strange experience; the reason of which they do not understand. Sounds arise on the midnight breeze unlike anything they ever heard before, and, in the dim moonlight, glimpses are got of fleeting

forms to which they can give no name, or an accurate description, and they are glad when they get safely past this mysterious quarter.

"How comes this mysterious influence to be at work still? Is there any reality in the sacred influence of which the wolf was believed to be an emblem, and for which he is still respected in Hindostan? In many heathen countries he was an emblem of the Sun-God, and his name, in some old languages, when translated, shows that opinions were held of him which agreed with attributes of the sun. In the connection with these ideas concerning the wolf, handed down from ancient creeds, what does this reputed haunting of the spot, by a mysterious form, mean? The poor infant, deprived, in some unknown manner, of his parent's care, fell in among savage animals, and grew up to maturity a savage like themselves. He knew no other than what his surroundings had taught him, and he followed it. Attracting attention, he was thus cut off without any attempt being made to ascertain what he really was, and so capture him alive, and bring him back to the same level as mortal men. Some ancient creeds held it as part of their belief that there were those who, from some defect in their earthly life, although at last they were disembodied, did not pass away from this earth, like human beings of a higher scale of intelligence, but became *Earth-walkers*. The being in question never had the opportunity to qualify himself for the duties of mortal man. When cut off, as he was, did he become an *Earth-walker?*"

John Morrison,

POET, MUSICIAN, AND TRAVELLING SHOWMAN

BY

DONALD J. JOLLY.

CHAPTER X.

LEAVE KEITH—BRISK BUSINESS IN BUCKIE—PATRONISED BY GORDON OF CLUNY—"MILL O' TIFTIE'S ANNIE"—VISIT HER GRAVE—OLD SIMON PROUDFOOT BREAKING UP—VISIT THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

WE remained with our caravan in the "Squar" at Keith for another three days after the escapade described in the last chapter; not that we did any business in the show line, indeed, we did not open for exhibition, as old Simon said I required rest and a little nursing to bring back the equilibrium of both body and mind after my trying adventure. So vigorous was my constitution, and so quickly does the system recuperate when young, that by the end of the three days I was physically completely recovered, although, mentally, scarcely the man I was before.

We did not take the direct road to Aberdeen, as it was necessary, in the prosecution of our business, to visit all the towns and villages on the route.

On leaving Keith, our first day's journey of fourteen miles brought us to the thriving fishing village of Buckie, even at this time one of the most important fishing stations in the Moray Firth, and we fixed up our caravan on the green at the foot of the brae.

We were largely patronised by the fishers, who had just completed a very successful season, and the really wonderful performance of our dumb friends tickled the fancy of the fishermen so much, that we did good business for an entire week.

The fame of our show even had the effect of attracting the lord superior, Gordon of Cluny, on the second night we opened, to see our performance, and this brought many of the well-to-do people of the district also.

At the end of the week we shifted to Cullen, from thence to Portsoy, then to Macduff. Our next stage was Cuminestown, and as we were now in a hurry to reach Aberdeen, we only stopped one night at each place, at the most two.

The weather had now broken down, winter was approaching, and I could see that the fatigue of the road, and the duties of the entertainment, were beginning to tell sorely on my kind old friend, Simon Proudfoot.

I did what I could to lighten his work, but it was not possible to relieve him when the performance was going on, as it required our combined energies to entertain the public.

When we arrived in the market-town of Turriff, which we did in the market-day, I thought that old Simon was to be laid up altogether. We consequently did not open, and next morning proceeded to the beautiful village of Fyvie, an easy stage of five miles.

Here, leaving old Simon to rest in the caravan, I took a stroll to view the castle and scenery surrounding Fyvie, as it appealed strongly to my poetic temperament, being the theatre of the beautiful old ballad, "Andrew Lammie, the Trumpeter of Fyvie." I wandered

> "Up and doon in Tiftie's den,
> Where the burn runs clear and bonnie,"

and examined with great interest the entrance gate to the castle, above which stands a representation in stone of the famous Andrew Lammie, with his trumpet in his hand.

In all my peregrinations, in Scotland, England, and Ireland, I have never lost the chance, when in the neighbourhood, of visiting the scene of famous drama, ballad, or novel.

He who has traversed the Trossachs has a higher appreciation of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," than he who has never seen the sublime magnificence of the scenery that inspired the poet's lay. "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow" require to be visited before the ballad can be thoroughly appreciated, and if we have not wandered by the river Leader in Fair Melrose, we cannot understand half the beauty of "The Broom of the Cowdenknowes."

I wandered about Fyvie repeating the beautiful ballad, and by chance met the dominie of the village, with whom I entered into conversation, and having as well as myself a love for ballad lore, he kindly showed me the various places mentioned in the ballad

such as the Bridge of Sleugh. The lines having reference to this bridge says—

"With tears I'll view the bridge of Sleugh
Where I parted last with Annie."

This old dominie told me that it was a received superstition in that part of the country, that when friends or lovers part at a bridge they never meet again. He also took me to the churchyard, where we saw the gravestone of Annie, with the date of her death thereon—1631, and probably my own recent sad experience made me repeat over Annie's grave with greater fervency than I would have done a week before—

"Then will I speed to the kirkyard,
To the green kirkyard of Fyvie,
With tears I'll water my love's grave
Till I follow Tiftie's Annie.

Ye parents grave who children have,
In crushing them be canny,
Lest when too late you do repent!
Remember Tiftie's Annie."

I sought the caravan that night with a sorrowful heart, for the sad fate of Tiftie's Annie brought strongly to my remembrance my love disappointment with Nancy Faa.

Old Meldrum was our next stage, and here we diverged a little from the direct route to visit the romantic little town of Inverurie, which is beautifully situated on a peninsula formed by the river Urie on the north, and the Don on the south, and one of the most ancient Royal Burghs in Scotland. From the town you can get a fine view of the peaks of Bennachie. Near here was fought the Battle of Harlaw, in 1411, between Donald of the Isles and the Earl of Mar, nephew to the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, during the captivity of James I.

"Then as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went
I met a man, and bad him stay,
Requesting him to mak' me 'quaint
Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
Then he entreated me tak' tent,
And he the truth sould to me schaw."

Simon Proudfoot, who I think had the cream of all this country's ballads by heart, repeated to me, as we drove along to Aberdeen,

the whole thirty-one double verses of this historical ditty occasionally dilating at length on the various personages who took part in the battle.

CHAPTER XI.

REACH ABERDEEN — GLOOMY WEATHER — DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN—SIMON'S PARTING ADVICE—HIS DEATH.

It was a bitter cold day in October when we at last made Aberdeen.

The sun had not shown his face for days; the keen east wind pierced one to the very bone, and occasional showers of snow, added to the dreary desolation.

How much does the condition of nature determine the condition of the mind. In sunshine we are glad and buoyant, and

> "When the rotten woodland drips,
> And the leaf is stamped in clay,"

we are morose, and sad, and melancholy.

I have now to record one of the saddest events of my life. The time had come when I was to lose the kind old fellow who had proved more than a father to me. I was shortly to realise the truth of the philosophical aphorism, "death is often as great a change to those that are left behind as it is to those who have gone before."

I will never forget the calm serenity of mind, the quiet courage, and the complete absence of anything like fear or doubt with which Simon Proudfoot met the grim king of terrors.

Towards the latter end I had called in the doctor to see if anything could be done to prolong his days. The leech told me that my friend would in all human probability die that night or early next morning. He had not slept much for days, but this afternoon, I remember, he had sunk into a sweet, peaceful, pleasant sleep.

I sat beside his bed with his hand in mine, waiting anxiously for him to awake, as I believed it would be the last time I would have an opportunity on earth of conversing with him.

As I looked on the fine old face with its intellectual brow, finely chiselled nostrils, delicately pencilled eyebrows, clean-cut mouth, and decisive resolute chin, I could not but think here lay one of

nature's nobility, and that the rabid radical and senseless socialist may stump and rave about one man being as good as another, and so on, but surely we have only to use our eyes to convince ourselves that there are in the human family as mighty differences—mentally, morally, and physically—as there is between the soaring eagle and the hedge-sparrow; the lion of the forest and the sightless mole; the proud charger, decked in all the panoply of war ready and eager for the coming fray and the poor down-trodden, spiritless donkey, with scarcely sufficient energy to trundle along a costermonger's barrow.

Some such thoughts were occupying my mind when, with a slight start, my old friend opened his eyes, and perceiving me watching at his bedside, he smiled benignly on me.

"Ah, John," he said," "I have only one great regret, and that is that I cannot be with you a few years longer, in order to mature your mind and disposition for the higher realms of thought; but as this cannot be, give what I am to say the undivided attention of your intellect. I borrow the language, but the words are words of wisdom. 'Let nothing that affects your physical body, or the circumstances in which you are placed, disturb the equilibrium of your mind. Never expect any favours from anybody, but be always ready to assist others to the extent of your ability, and according to the requirements of justice. Never fear anything but to offend the moral law, and you will not suffer. Never hope for any reward, and you will not be disappointed. Never ask for love, sympathy, or gratitude from anybody, but be always ready to bestow them on others. Such things come only when they are not desired. Learn to distinguish and to discriminate between the true and the false, and always act up to your highest ideal of virtue.' These doctrines, my dear John," he continued, "are not new. They have been taught by Buddha, Christ, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mahomed, Plato, Luther, and Shakespeare, and every reformer who had the wisdom to know the right, and had the weal of humanity at heart. To learn them is easy; to realise them is difficult; to adopt them in practical life is divine——."

He ceased speaking; a cloud seemed to pass over his features; the eyelids gave a slight flutter, and the lips trembled——.

So passed from its earthly tabernacle all that was immortal of this good, brave, wise old man.

(To be continued).

AFTER pondering on Scottish Art for the month, I was compelled to acknowledge that I had no current notes of any value to record. I struck out the "Notes" from my heading, kept my eye on Art, and thought anew. On Art I have three distinct questions, to which I will try to give three distinct answers. First, what is Art? What are its properties, its characteristics, its boundary lines, and how can we define the same? In answer to this, I first of all sought counsel of the dictionary, and there found a very evasive meaning attached to what is a very definite and tangible thing. "A thing executed with skill" is loose and vague, there is no indication of the necessary amount of skill, or of the success of its application. It certainly required skill to produce the works say of G. F. Watts, or of Puvis de Chevanne, and these we call works of Art. But the meanest vendor of wax-cloth and muslin styles his productions *Art Fabrics*. Jews in the slums sell prints and inferior paintings, which have something in common with the productions of our great men, and they, too, call themselves dealers in *Art*. How flexible must be the word that applies equally to these things which, though like, are so widely dissimilar.

* * * * * *

I again looked to the same source, and sought the word picture, "A painting or drawing representing the resemblance of anything." Now it occurred to me that many of the present day exhibits, which boast the proud title of Art, are so distorted in drawing and colour, that one might truthfully say they resemble "nothing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath." The goods of the poor

Jew, however, convey a resemblance of something that we know, no matter how cheap or vile the execution may be, if it does not resemble something he knows better than expose it. From this I conclude that a work of Art may or may not be a picture, and a picture may or may not be a work of Art.

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On further thought, it seems to me that it is the function of Art to idealize the earth, its mission to reveal the beauty and loveliness of life, and its ultimate end to leave the world in possession of a record, nobly written, that will tell of the highest aspirations of man, his triumphs over human discords, and his sympathetic inspirations of divine harmonies, an inheritance to his children for their joy, and the development of their minds. How necessary then is a term under which to classify the multitude of productions that, though serving another purpose, fall short of fulfilling these conditions. We require a name for the "works of skill" which are not Art, a name for the verses which are not Poetry, a name for the jerry-built huts which are not Architecture, and a name for the writings which are not Literature.

* * * * * *

Of question two, I thought "how far do we appreciate the priceless inheritance of all the love, and thought and work, of our fathers in past ages." What of the number of monuments and noble buildings, that have been ruthlessly destroyed in the petty quarrels of sect, party or nation, of the accumulated wealth of Ecclesiastical Art, work of all kinds, that has perished by fire, at the hands of some thoughtless Vandal; how every day brings record of sales in which the works of old masters change owners, rich speculators buy and sell them as they do shares at the Stock Exchange, not because they possess any love or reverence for the work itself, but because, at a more favourable season, they will realize a good percentage on their money by another sale. If a few should exert themselves for the right preservation of these treasures, it is generally at a time when the interests of self are secure, and press not upon the indolent minds of the would-be champions. What, too, of the mass of people who have lived, live now, and will live, without seeing or knowing the value of these things, the treasures which are free and open for their use has apparently no fascination for them, they have no power to appreciate such. Others again come minus the interest, they look through galleries

from beginning to end, but, like the man of old, straightway forget what manner of thing they have seen.

Seemingly, then, this rich inheritance is only for the few, and this also is corrupted far too often, the man of recognised power, the man of guineas, carries off the treasure, and, like the miser, glories in the selfish and exclusive possession of all he can lay hands on.

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Of question three, I considered "the means adopted at present to disseminate a knowledge of these works, and of our present day education in Art."

Of late years one can see that we have made vast strides in the right direction; many agencies have been set agoing, and have accomplished much.

To see the remaining beauties of Painting and Architecture in other countries, the facilities of travel have been greatly increased. Photography assists those who cannot take advantage of this, and publishing descriptions is an easier matter than it was. At home we have libraries and museums, containing books and copies of what is beautiful or instructive in the Art of all ages; and schools, too, have been established for the teaching of old methods, and the encouragement of new effort.

Will these, in the end, accomplish more than has been done in former times, or are they simply the necessary machinery to do our present-day work? Shall we be able to boast of having brought the masses to the right appreciation of the beautiful—in short, will the Millenium of Art be ours?

In this age of Education we must guard against over-anxiety. We may teach the doctrines of Art to the loiterers in the highways and byways; we may cheapen and degrade it to compel the attention of the uninterested. But the Godess will brook no ruthless intrusion, she remains enthroned and undefiled in the inner temple, and until we have purified the masses in the fire of preparation and worship, they cannot taste of the joys within. I fear if too much is expected of the present-day schemes for the teaching of Art, that the result will undoubtedly be confusion worse confounded.

J. YOUNG.

Echoes from the Sanctum.

As was only natural after the talk I had about men and things with the great *Julius Cæsar*, my thoughts often turned in that direction, musing and wondering why such things could be—why the great men of the past should be permitted to revisit

> "the glimpses of the moon,
> Not like pale ghosts or disembodied creatures,
> But with their flesh, their bones, their limbs and features."

I had got the views at first hand, what one of the great men of the past thought about our present state; but, after all, it was only the opinion of a man of action. I was anxious to know what one of the old Greek philosophers would say on the subject—what a man like Plato, for instance, would think of our social system. I have been reading his dialectics lately on theology, psychology, and physics, and I confess I am much in love with the wisdom of the old Greek.

On a fine evening not long ago I was again on the hill I spoke of before, the full moon was casting her soft light around on bush and tree. The scene was beautiful—the little town to the north lay sleeping in the valley, bathed in a flood of moonlight, and a little to the west of it lay a fine sheet of water, which in Scotland

we call a *loch*, glittering like gold in the soft yellow light of the moon. From where I stood on the top of the hill I heard the town's clock strike eleven. I was just thinking of taking my way home—indeed, I had turned my face in that direction—when I saw in the distance the figure of a man, who seemed to be wanting to come up to me. I accordingly stood still and awaited him. I noticed that his shoulders were very broad, and I remembered that it was from the great breadth of his shoulders that Plato, whose real name was Aristocles, got his name; some say from the word *Platon*. He walked, I saw, with great grace and dignity; his face was noble, thoughtful, and pale; his hair so gray that it was as white as snow. When he came up to my side, he looked for a few minutes very attentively in my face, and then, while he shook me by the hand, he said:—

"I can see the marks of thought in your face, and therefore to you I can open my mind on subjects of vast importance to the human race."

"My name," he continued, "is Plato; my great master was the renowned Socrates, one of the wisest of all the ancient sages. He and I often framed plans for the elevation of mankind, and I can see very well that our influence is not altogether dead in the world.

"Do not suppose that it is my mere ghost or shadow that is speaking to you. Know that it is the real soul of Plato, still filled with a strong desire to do all the good he can do—and to warn you of the traps and pitfalls that base and false men lay for the ruin of his brother man."

"I shall listen," I said, "with all attention, and I hope my understanding may enable me to profit from all you say—and I will, moreover, act upon it, as far as I can, if it be for the good of all."

Plato seemed well pleased. He wiped his fine brow with a white napkin, and then said:—

"You are a mercantile nation, and you make all things for money. You seem to care for little or nothing else but money-making, and work under such conditions will always be mainly spurious and bad. My works were not written for money at all, but for the sake of truth and right and justice. Had I written for money I might have prostituted the gifts of genius, and sold them in the market where slaves are bought and sold, and that would have been very offensive to the gods and to my own soul.

"Your senators seek office, not for the good of the state, but that they may fill their own coffers; your lawyers plead in the courts, not for the love of justice, but for the love of money. One of your own minor Scottish poets paints a very true picture of how this love of money, or 'sillar' as he calls it, percolates through the very smallest interstices of present-day society:—

'Wi' sillar, baith churchman an' layman will prize ye;
Without it, your ain flesh and bluid will despise ye:
An' preachers may preach, and vain moralists bluster,
But a rich man at a' times can easy pass muster.
Though, when mortals are sleeping and starnies are blinking,
Ye whiles waste the dark hours in raking and drinking;
Though in trade's hurry-gurry an' higglin' an' jargon
Ye whiles tell a whid, just to help on a bargain;
Though ye crush your poor workers wi' strong hand an' steady,
Kennin' weel a' the time that they're ower low already;
Sit warm on your hearth-rug an' birsle your shins,
Your bawbees will cover a great many sins.
A sinner that sins on his rich money-bags
Is anither thing clean frae a sinner in rags.
For sillar, though auld, beauty's fresh-blooming charms
Will drap like ripe fruit in your cauld shrivelled arms;
For sillar the Papist is pardoned and shriven,
An' drives sax-in-hand through the portals o' heaven;
For sillar the gospel-expositor preaches;
For sillar the stiff man o' nouns an' verbs teaches;
For sillar the M.D. prescribes for the dying;
For sillar the quack plies his puffing an' lying;
For sillar the lawyer sells counterfeit passion;
For sillar the sycophant bends wi' the fashion;
For sillar the hack scrawls, the party-scribe scribbles,
The mob-leader bullies, the place-seeker quibbles.'

Ah! all this is too true. Your ministers preach, not for the love of God and man, but for position, power, and pelf. Your newspapers are printed and sold to make money—ay, and every one of them is only too happy to play any tune, if it is likely to bring in the coppers, not caring a copeck for the wise management of the state. Alas! your system of commerce is a system of cheatery and deception, and the only outcome can be but degradation and decay, and then death.

"Your national wealth is very great, but the use it is put to is to overfeed one party and starve another. This is, in a sense, proof that you are still savages who delight in cruel actions against each other. In your great cities and towns you erect fine

monuments to your great men, but all around these monuments can be seen daily the worst specimens of human depravity and suffering. The beggar screams and whines for alms beside your gorgeous palaces, and he finds few or none to pity him. The policeman beats him back to his den in the slums—if he has a den even there; more often he must sleep at night under the arches of the bridges, and then for so sleeping there, or in an out-house or a barn, he is taken up before the judge, who at once sends him to jail because he had no money to pay for a bed. The slums in this rich nation of yours are the most hideous places in the whole world. They are the product of mismanagement and misgovernment, and so long as your chief characteristics are greed, pride, vanity, and ignorance, as long, without any hope of betterment, will you wallow in the mire of corruption and filth.

"Not long ago my old master Socrates and I were speaking about Great Britain. He said that you were really a great nation in many respects, but that you were now under the evil influence that had ruined all the ancient nations. When I asked what this evil influence was, he said it was dishonesty. Dishonesty, he said, strips a nation of all that is grand and noble in her life, because it sinks into her affairs, and thus polluting them they become corrupt. He who flatters the mob to delude them cannot and will not have the following of the good and the wise. The basest thing that a man of intellect can do is to take the life of a nation in order that he may get power, and wealth, and position."

Plato then stood still for some time, as if in deep thought, then turning to me he said:—

"I have spoken enough to you for one night. Well, you ponder on what I have said, and, for the sake of the eternal verities of truth and righteousness, I conjure you to make the *good* your rule of life. I will see you again and tell you more."

With a grave look on his noble face he held out his hand. I took it in mine—next moment he had disappeared.

Then I heard sweet music come down from the heavens to my ear, and I thought, surely like this is the song of the angels. The moon and stars shone brighter than ever I had seen them shine, the loch sparkled and glittered in the valley below; then looking up to the sky, I saw it was flaked with beautiful banks of clouds. One cloud hung right over the spire of the old parish church: this cloud was in shape like unto a dromedary, with long, charmingly-

coloured streamers hanging around it. So gay and bright and beautiful were the colours of these long streamers that it struck me they could only have been painted by the hands of angels of light. After gazing on this fine sight for some time, I walked slowly home. My chance meeting with the old sage Plato had supplied me with food for deep reflection for some time to come.

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I would like to say a word or two more about Kirriemuir's famous novelist, J. M. Barrie. We expect that the out-spoken remarks in the article on him will be taken in good part by the whole big host of Mr. Barrie's friends. I know that Mr. Barrie will welcome them himself, for one would think that the change to a little drop of vinegar after such a surfeit of sweets would be refreshing and wholesome. He must long ago "have felt the fulness of satiety," for a more belauded writer does not live. Now and then, to be sure, a free lance, like Andrew Lang, would shoot a dart at him. Shortly after the "Little Minister" was published, the redoubtable Andrew pronounced it to be "an incongruous mixture of Sir Walter Scott and the *Family Herald*, and that the plot of the story is improbable if not impossible, and that some of the characters speak bad English, and that the novel generally is more than *two steps backwards*." It is very sad that the infallible Andrew should say such things about our pet Barrie. But the pity is, 'tis true.

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Let us take one peep at the other side of the picture. This is a passage from a review of the "Little Minister," signed by W. M., which appeared in the *Bookman*: "Mr. Barrie reminds us often of Goldsmith, and in nothing more than in his bold defiance of probabilities under the creature impulse of a generous emotion or a riotous sense of fun. Gavin goes out to quell a riot in which his flock are engaged — a most graphically painted riot it is. He exercises all the terrors of his spiritual authority. He launches curses at the wild gipsy girl who is the heart and soul of the disorder. He sternly calls her "woman!" and admits that he could have throttled her. Yet a little later, when she puts a clod into his hand and bids him throw it at the officer, he obeys. It is an outrageous violation of probability, although Mr. Barrie does prepare us for it by making his Little Minister jump over a gooseberry bush after a most solemn and impressive interview with his pre-

decessor in the charge of the Auld Lichts. But it is delicious invention. To apply realistic tests to it is like stamping on a flower. And so with the happy ending. Babbie is more fortunate than her first-cousins in fiction, 'Madcap Violet' and the 'Daughter of Heth.' Was it probable that a creature so selfish would settle down into the 'douce' wife of an Auld Licht minister? By the end of the story we are in no mood to pursue such a question. We could not have forgiven Mr. Barrie if he had acted differently, any more than we could have forgiven Goldsmith if he had killed off 'Olivia.'" This is very high praise indeed. I wonder which of the two critics is the fool—Andrew Lang or W. M. They can't both be right. I vote for Lang.

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Of course I know I will be called an ass for holding such a view, but I don't care for that. Perhaps it is true, and asses have always had a strange partiality for thistles. Still I am of the opinion that this silly mania of stupid critics will shortly have exhausted itself, and that common sense and reason will again have an innings. Before I leave Mr. Barrie and his writings, let me give a little gem of his full of wit and humour—a genuine little picture of human nature, not very well known, as it has never appeared in any book, so far as I know. It was written for one of the American magazines, and appeared therein some years ago. With this preface I will lay it before my readers, so that they may judge for themselves.

* * * * * *

"I had just returned home from an evening at the play, or rather from visiting my friends the Robinsons, which is much the same thing. If you don't mind my pipe I will picture you the drama.

"Robinson, an amiable man, save when his shoe-lace breaks, sat alone and glum in the study. His teeth were clenched, his face was pale, and he stared hard at the fire. He welcomed me with an effort, and then forgot me. He is a business man, and I am not; so I concluded that the stocks or debentures had fallen or risen (or whatever it is these things do which plunge those who know what they are into despair). I tried the drawing-room, and there found the two little girls crying, and Mrs. Robinson on the couch with her face to the wall. This was serious, and seemed to me to mean at the best a 'corner' in the stocks.

"*It* was not stocks, however, my hostess told me from behind a

handkerchief—it was Bobby. Had not her husband shown me the letter?

"Bobby is the heir, aged seven, and I concluded from his mother's tragic tones that he had run off to be a pirate or an engine-driver, leaving a written statement to that effect on his dressing-table. I softly withdrew from the drawing-room, and returned to Robinson, who, with trembling arm, handed me the 'letter.' It was from the master of a school to which Bobby goes by train daily, except during the bird-nesting season, when other matters claim his attention. The letter read thus:—

'Dear Sir,—I regret to have to apprise you of the fact that I had to-day to cane your son severely. He is the youngest boy I have ever caned, but his delinquencies have of late been so frequent that no other course was open to me. This communication will doubtless cause you pain, but the punishment will have a beneficial effect, not only on him, but on the other boys of his age, whose leader in mischief he has been. They will no longer make a hero of one whom they have seen publicly chastised. The disgrace of the punishment, indeed, is greater than the punishment itself. That Robert may feel his shame more keenly, I have read this letter to him, and he will be the bearer of it to you.'

'And where is Bobby at present,' I asked when I had read this terrible letter.

'Crying his eyes out in the nursery, no doubt,' answered Robinson. 'Of course I should have him here, but I can't face him, I can't face him. I don't blame his master, but——my dear friend, think of it! The youngest boy ever caned in the school! The marks won't wear off his hands for a week, and think of his agony of mind every time he looks at them. Bobby is a sensitive boy, otherwise I should not take it so much to heart.'

'Why not bring him here,' I said, 'and tell him that if he turns over a new leaf all will be forgotten.'

'Forgotten! How can I expect him to believe that? I know that if I had ever been caned in my school-days, I could not have got over the shame for years. Besides——'

'Besides what?'

'I must not seem to take his part against his master, who is, I know, a most conscientious man. No, Bobby must bear the disgrace. But that does not make me feel less keenly for him. My hands, I assure you, are tingling as if I had been caned myself.'

"I found the two little girls still moaning at the drawing-room window—the younger lest Bobby should die, and the other because his friends would tell their sisters, who could never again be expected to esteem the name of Robinson.

"Mrs. Robinson was for the moment not on speaking terms with Robinson, because he seemed to think that Bobby should continue to go to 'such a school.' If Bobby had misconducted himself, surely the blame lay with the master, who did not understand that he was a boy who could best be ruled by kindness. She had never had the least trouble with Bobby. No, he was not in the house. He had run out immediately after delivering the letter, and she had searched for him everywhere in vain. His pride had been broken. He would never be the same boy again. He was afraid to be looked at. He was no doubt hiding somewhere in the cold night, and he had not even on his greatcoat, and he would catch his death of cold.

'If he does, mamma,' asked the older, brightening, 'will the master be hanged? and oh! oh! do you think we could get tickets?'

"The night was dark, so we lit a lantern and set out to look for the unhappy Bobby. At last we found him—in Mr. M'Kinnon's stable. We looked through a crevice in the wood-work, and this was what we saw:—

"Bobby, in tremendous, spirits was the centre of a group of envious and admiring youths, some of them school-fellows, and other ragged lads of the village. If they began to brag, Bobby stopped them short with—'That isn't nothing! you didn't never get caned!'

'Yes, I did, though,' insisted one.

'Let me see your hand,' retorted Bobby. 'Oh, he! he won't! and 'cause there's not no marks on it.'

'Let me see your hands again, Bobby.'

"Bobby held out his hands as promptly as if they contained a diamond.

'By gum! I say, Bobby, come and play with me to-morrow.'

'Let me walk beside you, Bobby, and I'll give you my cross-bow. It's broke, but——'

'Bobby, I'm the one you like best, ain't I?'

'I'm the youngest he ever licked!' cried Bobby in a transport of delight. He began to strut up and down the stable.

'Well, then, you needn't bounce about it like that.'

'So would you bounce if it had been you.'

'I'll be caned to-morrow.'

'So will I, and then I will be as good as Bobby.'

'No, you won't,' thundered Bobby. 'Though you were all caned twelve times twelve, as is a hundred and forty-four, I would always be the first, I would—I'm the youngest he ever caned. So would you bounce if you was the youngest he ever caned.'

'But, Bobby——'

'Look here, you chaps,' broke in the hero of the day. 'I ain't not to be called Bobby any more. You'll have to call me Robinson now. He called me Robinson when he caned me.'

'Gum!'

'And what's more, I'm the youngest he ever——'

"The other Robinson here retired with a hopeless look on his face. Mrs. Robinson seemed less humbled. I came home reflecting."

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The Evergreen—the spring part or number or division of which was published the other day—has met somewhat hostile criticism. However, though opinions as to its merits may differ, it is certainly a very interesting work. It has sprung from the combined action of a group of the younger school of Scottish writers, students, and men of science, whose historic sympathies are trying to bring back to Edinburgh her old prestige as a literary centre. A striking characteristic of the *Evergreen* is the revival of Celtic ornament and design, which is to be a special feature in the decoration of the four parts. In September we are to have the Autumn parts, and next year the Summer and Winter. The number before us contains Essays, Stories, and Lyric and Ballad Poetry. I do not altogether agree with the writer in this month's *Bookman*, but if his strictures put more life into the management, the world will gain, and Professor Geddes and his colleagues at the University will not be any the worse. This reviewer's verdict is, as I said before, rather sweeping. He says, "The stories are not first-rate; the essays are vague; the poetry is but indifferent good; and the pictures are just as bad as they could possibly be;" and then he holds out the olive-branch by saying, "It may for all that be the first sprout of a vigorous plant, whose fruits will be pure and wholesome to the taste."

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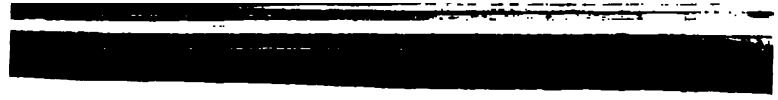
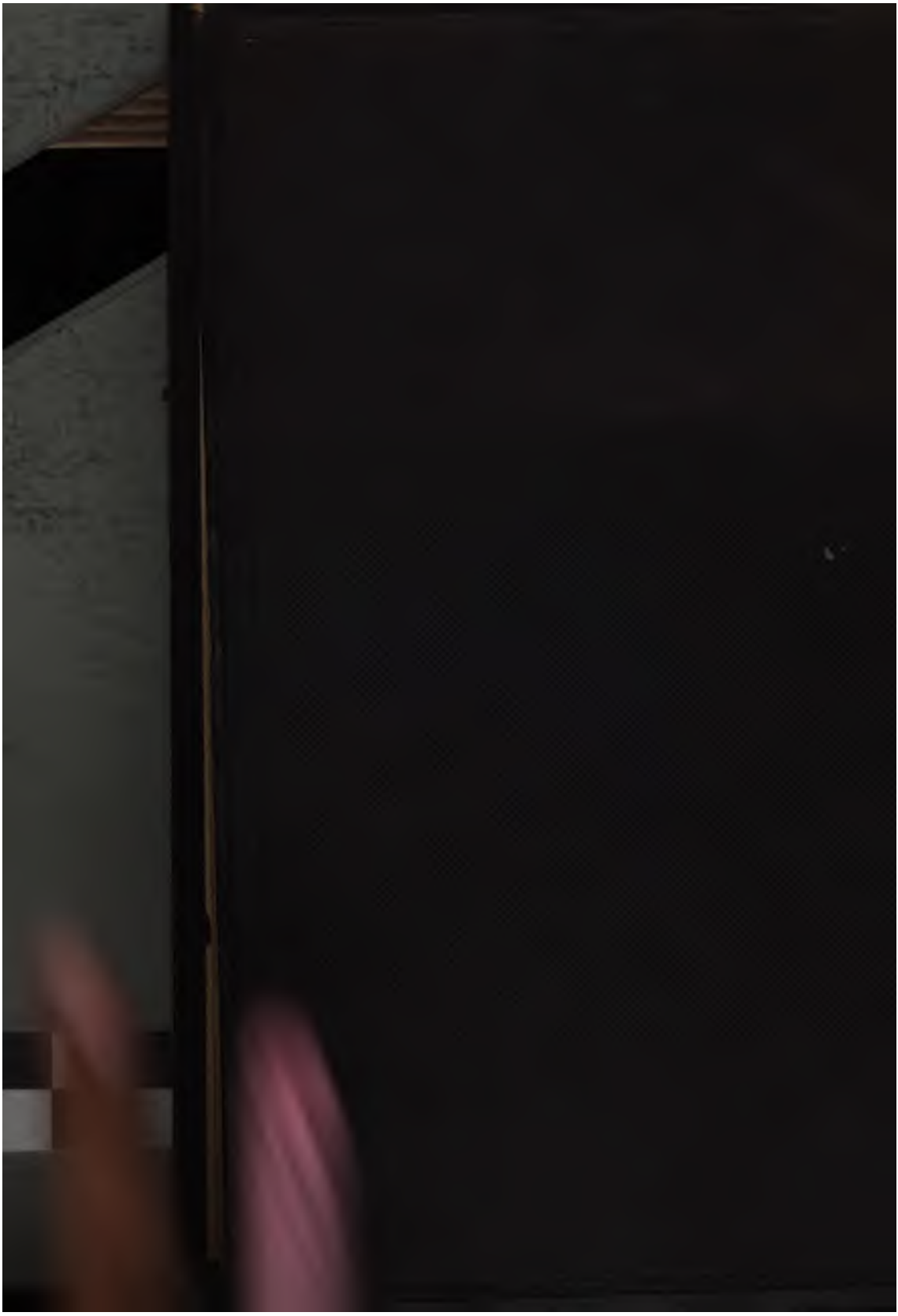
Professor Geddes has a charming article on "The Scots Renaissance," from which I would have liked to have made many extracts, as it so finely expresses my own feeling about the immediate future of Scottish literature. I have only room for one:—"The Literature of Locality, we are told by many reviewers, has had its little day, and is subsiding into mere clash o' kirkside, mere havers o' kailyard; so doubtless the renewal of locality may polarise into slum and respectability once more. Be it so: this season will also have its term. One day noble traditions long forgot will rouse a mightier literature; nobler localities still unvisited bring forth more enduring labours for their crown. Though Charlie may no come back again, though the too knightly king, so long expected back from Flodden, lie for ever 'mid the Flowers o' the Forest, though Mary's fair face still rouse dispute as of old, the Wizard's magic book still waits unmouldering in his tomb. The prophetic Rhymer listens from Elfland, Arthur sits in the Eildon Hills, Merlin but sleeps in his thorn. For while a man can win power over nature, there is magic; while he can stoutly confront life and death, there is romance. Our recent and current writers have but touched a fringe of their possibilities. The songs of militant nationality may lose their power, the psalmody of Zion no more stir the sons as it was wont to do the fathers—yet gentler voices may reappear, older runes win a reading:—

> 'In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
> Instead of the voice of monks shall be lowing of cattle;
> But ere the world come to an end,
> Iona shall be as it was.'"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